JOHN ALLEN AND HIS FRIENDS

BY

ANNA O. ALLEN

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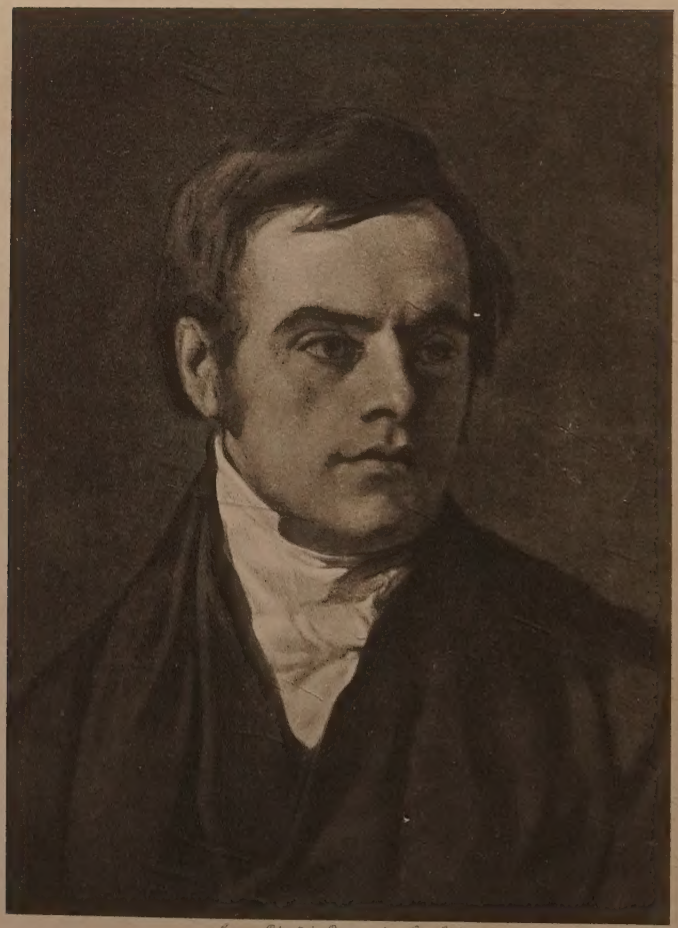

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JOHN ALLEN,

1844.

From a painting by Samuel Lawrence.

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BY

ANNA OTTER ALLEN

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FOREWORD

At my friend's request, I prefix to this very interesting book these few lines of hearty commendation. I never met Archdeacon Allen personally, and only became acquainted with his widow and daughters after his death. My particular friendship was with Miss May Allen, the well-known and highly esteemed missionary of the U.M.C.A. at Zanzibar, who in later years worked under Bishop Blyth in Palestine and Egypt. To her the Archdeacon, in earlier days, addressed the letters printed in Chapter XXV.

The book is not a biography in the ordinary sense. The title is rightly *John Allen and his Friends*, as the "Friends," from Tennyson and Fitzgerald and Thackeray to the young Winnington-Ingram who is now Bishop of London, lend to the successive sketches their peculiar interest.

Eugene Stock.

PREFACE

This book is not a biography. Its interest lies in the light it throws on the ways, thoughts, feelings, and interests of the University men in the days of Tennyson, Fitzgerald, and Thackeray.

Most of the letters from Fitzgerald have appeared in Mr. Aldis Wright's *Life and Letters of Edward Fitzgerald*. Some of the family letters are taken from Mrs. Litchfield's *Emma Darwin*. The letters of Thackeray to Fitzgerald appeared in Lady Ritchie's account of her father in an edition of *Vanity Fair*. A letter of Mrs. Tennyson's to her son is from Lord Tennyson's Life of the poet. Extracts from Sir James Stephen's Diary are taken from an unpublished Life by his daughter, Caroline Stephen. Julia Wedgwood's letters are taken from her published Correspondence with Mrs. Russell Gurney.

The scene in Lichfield Cathedral in the Introductory Chapter may, at any time, be virtually true, but is assuredly non-historical.

A. O. A.

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INTRODUCTION

TRINITY SUNDAY, 192– (?)

GLOWING in the sunshine of a peaceful Sunday morning, Lichfield's hoary Cathedral looked down upon the picturesque houses around it, as an old priest with the reflection of a serene glory on his face gazed from a village altar upon the simple people gathered there.

A small procession, the candidates for Ordination, attracting little notice, were wending slowly westwards. A verger with an imposing wand, a few men in surplices, an impassive Chaplain bearing a crook, a stately Bishop, the purity of whose robes was embellished by a hood of geranium-tinted silk, passed along, white against the grey-green tree-trunks and brown earth, like a drift of snow on a February morning.

The Cathedral doors stood open; the soft, deep swell of distant music, the echo of a hymn, was heard, and then the high folding-doors closed, the bells stopped ringing, and there was silence in the Close.

The inner life of men in uniform is difficult to conceive of. Were those twelve novices, marching beneath the intersecting boughs of lime-trees, sprinkled now with flakes of the most joyous green nature knows, all of the same mind, all thinking the same things? Surely each is an individual with a "heart beating to the accent of its own music."

One among the Deacons, his eyebrows contracted with temper, was muttering within his breast: "Young cub! young cub!"

Neither the Bishop nor the Bishop's dog was thus mentally apostrophised, but the Bishop's Chaplain, a man with a boyishly shaped head and a small mind overburdened with official details. "I wish you would be so good as to remember where you walk,"

he had said irritably to this tall deacon, as the men in their new surplices stood awaiting the Bishop. They were right, and the Chaplain wrong, as the matter chanced, but doubtless much was involved in the order in which they presented themselves to the episcopal hands at the altar.

So, deaf and blind to his surroundings, then furious with himself for his own petty condition of mind, this intellectual man after the strain of a week's preparation entered the high-arched building, where he had hoped that a publicly pledged sacrifice of his life's duty would coerce in him some fresh attitude of surrender.

Then the solemn influence of the dim high roof, and the distant Lady Chapel full of chastened brilliance, with the measured music of the processional hymn, stole over him, and his soul was rapt beyond self in an enthusiasm of devotion.

The sermon introduced the service. The preacher, a slight man with a great brain, a large flexible mouth, and a weary face, gave out his text quietly: "If any man will come after Me, let him take up his cross, and follow Me."

"It may seem strange to you, my brothers," he began, "that I should choose these words on this happy day of your self-dedication to the glorious office of a priest of God. What life can be nobler than the life to which we welcome you?" And with long-sustained sentences which never missed their mark, a pleading tone pervading his whole utterance, now ringing itself aloft as into the "Song of Spirits," now sinking in cadences of melodious heartiness, he pictured the joys of a priest's life, pictured him bringing comfort to the weary, solacing the aged, brightening the smiles of children, restoring the fallen, supporting the weak, and magnified his nearness to Christ in the administration of the Sacraments, until, abruptly checking himself, he cried: "But whose followers are ye?—who is your Master?" And, suddenly changing his voice, brought into view, with awed passion and fiery poetic emphasis, "the Man of Sorrows," the bowed form of a Christ crowned with

thorns—" Will you choose Him for your King ? " he asked ; " then your hands must be pierced, and your heart rent, the burden of souls shall lie upon you," and, with uncompromising severity, his glowing thoughts breaking forth in apt, burning words, he depicted a human soul staggering under the load of an awful responsibility.

That haughty Deacon sat among the other candidates leaning forward, his ivory-tinted face quivering with painful emotion, his long fingers clasped convulsively. " And who is sufficient for these things ? " the preacher continued. " Brothers of the blood-stained Cross, has the Master left us ? Is He unmindful of His own ? Nay, is it not His Spirit that dwells within us, urging us forward, giving us courage to press on through difficulties, words to speak in the sharpest crises of men's souls ? It is His arm that grapples us to His side, His ear that bends to hear our weakest whisper of appeal. The joy shines down the sorrow ; the glory transcends the shame."

When the inspiring utterance ceased, our Deacon found himself moving on towards the rich brightness of the altar, while the words " How beautiful upon the mountains," softly sung in varied appeals of harmonised melody, echoing through the groined roof, seemed to linger there " as loth to die."

Consciousness during the rest of the long service was merged in ecstasy. And when he knelt before the Bishop and the strong hands rested impressively upon his head, an unexpected thrill shot through his soul, and some fierce resolve to serve till death went up to God.

The awakening to daily life jarred upon his mood. The long luncheon-table ; the many black coats ; the freshly shaven, rather hungry faces ; the plentiful plates of thickly cut beef ; the under-toned talk of relieved minds in shy souls ; the Bishop's weary voice, so much attuned to church services as hardly to retain an every-day pitch, laboriously making conversation for the men at his end of the table, remained with him unforgotten through life.

" Splendid sermon," said a man on his left.

"Very beautiful indeed," responded the Chaplain, looking up from his beef.

"The man looks as if he were over-working himself," put in our Deacon.

"Yes," went on the Chaplain sententiously, "the soul, like a sharp knife, is wearing through its sheath," the "sh's" of his sentence whistling through the air like the lash of a whip.

"A wonderful oratorical gift," said another; "it was all extempore."

"I should hardly think so," contended a sharp-eyed young man, who had done some good papers for his examination and knew it. "Such chiselled sentences no more fall together by chance than the stones of yon Cathedral could be hurled by the caprice of an earthquake."

"It is scarcely logical, is it," said the Chaplain, brushing some imaginary crumbs from the side of his now empty plate, "to compare the thought of a preacher, even if guided by an extempore effort, to the caprice of an earthquake?"

"There's a burning power in the unpremeditated art of strong emotion, clothing itself in unconsidered yet eloquent words, which no studied address could ever reach," pronounced a fresh speaker, a man with a beard, an ex-Congregational minister, who had passed through the Theological College.

"It is not a question of burning power, but of the dry fact of the choice of words," urged the sharp-eyed young man petulantly. "The choice selection of words to-day was undeniable; I only question whether any unpremeditated effort could have produced it!" He spoke with a sneer.

The Chaplain interfered; one of his vocations as Bishop's Chaplain was, as he expressed it, "to smooth people down." "I should imagine," he began authoritatively, "that the sermon to-day was first written, then carefully 'got up' (not learnt but studied), then possibly even rehearsed in the study. What Mr. H—— said was probably not exactly what he wrote; it may have even sometimes, so to speak, transcended

it. But a man who could preach such a sermon as that would hardly be justified in not committing his thoughts to paper."

"It was a great help to me," said a sturdy fellow who had not yet spoken.

The bearded divine whispered something to his neighbour about "not trusting to chairs and tables for inspiration."

The haughty Deacon, looking across the table, said gently, "You do not surely think God's Spirit would be any the less likely to help a man because he put much effort or even drudgery into his preparation for so solemn a work as directing others?"

The man could not be angry with him, he spoke so pleasantly.

After luncheon the Chaplain, a kindly man at heart, made overtures of courtesy to the well-set-up young man, who, excusing himself, went for a solitary walk, to review life with its banished hopes and ambitions, its present renunciations and responsibilities, with all its future possibilities.

Entering the Cathedral at the north door, and passing by a transept to the Lady Chapel, the Latin of an interesting epitaph arrested his attention:

JOHANNIS ALLEN

PEMBROCKIAE NATUS A.S. MDCCCX. DECESSIT A.S. MDCCCLXXXVI
INERAT ILLI
PIETAS ERGA DEUM TANQUAM OCULIS PRÆSENTEM SINCERA
VULTU SERMONE HABITUQUE IPSO COMMENDATA
CUM SINGULARI MORUM ET NATURÆ SIMPLICITATE CONJUNCTA
VIR SUI GENERIS
BONORUM OMNIUM AMOREM ÆQUABAT
INTER AMICOS HILARIS
LEPORE QUODAM AC SALE SPARSUS
BREVITATIS DILUCIDÆ STUDIOSUS
OMNIA PALAM NIHIL PRESTIGIAS AGEBAT
JUSTITIÆ VINDEX ACERRIMUS
PROPOSITI TENAX ADVERSUS PRÆPOTENTES INTREPIDUS
PAUPERIBUS QUOTIDIANO USU CARISSIMUS
ALIIS CONSULEBAT SEMPER SIBI NUNQUAM

Carelessly he construed it thus:

"John Allen lived as one ever seeing God before him, recommending his unfeigned piety by his

countenance, his conversation, his bearing, and by the singular simplicity of his character. A man on whose like we shall not look again. The affection felt for him by all good men he lovingly and dutifully returned. Gifted with a bright sense of humour, he was cheerful among his friends ; intolerant of obscurity and prolixity, all that he did was straightforward and transparent. Ever a stout champion of righteousness, he held to his purpose fearing the wrath of no man. To the poor he was dear by his daily visits to their homes. He knew no master but One, that is Christ. Always the servant of others, he never served himself."

Then the perplexed Deacon reviewed the lovely Lady Chapel in the mellow light of the rich windows set in its gloomy walls like the jewelled gates into a diviner world, gazed for some minutes on the heroic features of the great Missionary Bishop secluded in its own niche, and, passing from the building through its sunny south door, walked by the Pool to the Tomb of its Saint, and round again towards the Cathedral spires, which, purple against a brilliant sky, quivered at his feet in the dreamy surface of the water like a lofty purpose in a wavering heart. As he walked he pondered the picture of that far-away pastoral life, contrasting it with the somewhat hurried routine of his own theological training. Sincerely endeavouring to discipline himself for his ministerial labours, he had kept all his five chapels a day without murmuring or even yawning. Such attendances had cut up his reading-time a little, and his lawn-tennis afternoons more than his football hours ; for he had practised his games as vehemently as the rest ; such things are infectious at a Theological College. On returning to the Cathedral half an hour before the evening service, in seeking Selwyn's grave he found beneath his feet a small granite tablet inscribed : " John Allen. God be merciful to me, a sinner." The Chaplain passed by, sunning himself for ten minutes before he went into

Church again—"What about this man 'John Allen'?" he inquired. "Did he fail like the rest of us? or, at any rate, some of us?"

"No, he was a fine fellow, a friend of Tennyson's. I think he shone more and more as the perfect day drew on. They say he glorified a procession, he was so beautiful to look at."

"Did you know him?"

"He was before my time. My father knew something of him. In his last years he was Master of a curious old Brotherhood in this place. The Bishop of London was his Chaplain, and used to fill the little Chapel yonder as he has since filled St. Paul's."

"Why did they put that verse on his grave?"

"I suppose it was his wish. He was a very humble man. Quite in his old age he would visit the cottages in his daughter's district here, and, taking the babes in his arms, put his hands upon the little heads and bless them, and even attend the Bible-class and take his place among the men. He kept a remarkable Diary at Cambridge recording the ebbs and flows of his spiritual life; it is in the Trinity Library now. They will show it to you if you ask for it. They have his scrap-book too, full of Thackeray's, Fitzgerald's, and Alford's drawings."

"The man must have been in earnest."

"He did not hold many services, though."

"Perhaps he found his temple among the cottages of his flock. I have sometimes wondered whether there is not something Jewish in our view of these temples built with hands."

"Well, an old Bishop called him a Pillar of the Church, but it would be a regular *bouleversement* of our ecclesiastical system if you meddled with our ideas about the Temple."

"But it must have been an awful life's history for a man of that sort to bury himself for some forty years in a remote parish. Rather a waste of his powers."

"We are not sure of that. He is still remembered there, though more than a generation has passed away.

A man who followed him for a month or two, and afterwards went out as a missionary to Melanesia, said a very remarkable thing about his parish. Not only that he did not suppose there was another parish like it in the kingdom, but that he himself had learnt more than he could say from the yokels in that country place. I can lend you some of Allen's letters if you would care to look over them."

"I should like to read his Diary. One wants to watch a man climbing. Once *on* the Highway he has reached his goal."

"Yet there must be progress all through."

"Well, I shall have plenty of time on my hands at Green-end!"

"Just the time to make much of. Dean Pigou taught himself music and some branch of natural science in the year of his first curacy, and made good use of both of them in after-life."

"I have no turn for science, and am a duffer at music."

"You might do worse than learn John Allenism."

"Not seriously?" said the amazed Deacon.

CHAPTER I

COLLEGE LIFE IN THE DAYS OF TENNYSON AND HALLAM

EARLY in the last century that College lying under the shadow of the glorious old Abbey where kings are crowned and buried—where the broad river,

> " The most loved of all the Ocean's sons
> By his old Sire, to his embraces runs,
> Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
> Like mortal life to meet eternity "—

sent up to Trinity a young Samuel dedicated to the service of the Most High.

A public school had tested his vocation.

" God grant you may always feel the abhorrence of the vice taking place in College that you express in your letter," his father wrote in 1824, " and that you will always pray to the Almighty for His divine assistance to enable you to withstand the temptations you must meet with as you pass through life."

He was more than once compelled, for expressing his abhorrence of some pictures forced upon his attention and refusing to look at them again, to toast bread at the fire with his naked hands; once he was in considerable danger of his life through a pewter pot being flung at his head, and once was roasted before the fire until he fainted. He ascribed his resistance to evil to the prayers of his parents and to verses from the Book of Proverbs taught him by his mother.

This horror of sin was characteristic of John Allen. Someone who knew him in his later years said, " A look of intense, almost physical, agony rested upon his countenance when he heard of the death under shameful circumstances of one of Her Majesty's Judges. " O my God," he cried, his whole frame trembling with

such emotion that he seemed about to fall, "surely it cannot be true?"

At Cambridge the magnetic force of a life hid with Christ at once made itself felt. Unendowed with wealth, without introductions, with few claims on any man's notice, admitting no easy-chair to his room lest men should tempt him to waste his time, he would sit of an evening with a folio on his knees on a straight-backed chair before the fire. To these rooms, up a double or treble flight of stairs in the Central Tower, Thackeray would mount, and, sitting there through the evening, drawing as he talked, leave the table strewn with his sketches; here Alford[1] awoke him in the morning to read with him, and Fitzgerald[2] sought him; the learned Thompson,[3] Blakesley,[4] Spedding,[5] Hallam, Tennyson, Trench,[6] all felt the attraction of the Man within the man.

And of what was their talk?

> "*Jan.* 26, 1830.—When alone talked to Fitzgerald about thinking seriously of religion; he went away promising to think of it. I gave him Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*."

Then follows a prayer. Seven years later Fitzgerald writes to Allen for another copy of this book to give to a friend.

> "*Feb.* 3, 1830.—Began looking over an essay, but Thackeray came in. We had some conversation, when I affected him to tears. He went away with a determination to live a new life.
>
> "Fitzgerald and myself afterwards in tears.

[1] Dean Alford, author of *Commentary on the Greek Testament* and *Queen's English*.

[2] Translator of Omar Khayyám.

[3] Master of Trinity.

[4] Dean of Lincoln.

[5] Editor of Bacon.

[6] Archbishop Trench, author of *Trench on the Parables*, and many poems.

"'O God, grant it may be found hereafter that I have not lived in vain.'"

"*Feb.* 7, 1830.—After Chapel Thackeray came up. He expressed some doubts of Christ being God; we read over St. Matthew together, and he was convinced. Went to bed very late, but I hope the day was not spent in vain."

God gives Himself to the soul which is most lavish of its secret wealth. A man's character is the one thing in the world he can be sure of influencing, and the one thing he can carry out of it.

John Allen writes on the opening page of his Diary:

"*Jan.* 1, 1830.—O my God, as I write day by day, the vices into which I have chiefly fallen may I by the help of Thy Holy Spirit work out in fear and trembling my salvation; so that each day, as it brings me nearer the close of my life, may also bring me along the road to Heaven. Lord, Thou hast promised to hear them that call on Thee. Teach me to pray; teach my efforts to rely only on Thee."

The sinful habits referred to are catalogued at the foot of each page of his Diary as he gave way to them:

"Indolence."—(Heads the list on most pages.)

"Pride.—Self-complacency in my own powers when I have the advantage in conversation."

"Want of Charity.—I am the most uncharitable man in the world, and yet I hate to hear of my own faults."

"Neglect of God's Ordinances."—(When he whispered in Chapel.)

"Folly.—I cannot tell how it is, but I certainly have a secret wish to be thought clever. This is vanity and folly of the lowest order; it is mean; yes, more, it is wicked. O God, grant me, I beseech Thee, power to be careless, entirely careless about the world's opinion in matters indifferent, so that

ever keeping my eye fixed on better things, I may pass through this life as on a pilgrimage in very deed most transitory."

"GLUTTONY."—(When, after fasting all day on bread and water to humiliate himself, he ate brawn for supper.)

In one of his sermons he said later: "If, when carving at table, I keep the best piece for myself, I am a child of Satan."

A comparison drawn between the vices he combated and prayed against in his youth, and the virtues distinguishing his character in mature life, would hearten any man in striving against sin.

"*Monday, Jan.* 2, 1830.—Read two sermons of Doddridge's and one of Baxter's. Said my evening prayer with more fervour and collectedness than I am wont. Thank God for it."

"*Jan.* 4, 1830.—Up very late, wasted my time. Alas! alas! how soon one falls if one begins to walk a little in the right path. This comes of being self-confident and thinking we are able to stand by ourselves.

"O God, I know I am weak; I can do nothing without Thee. Pour down on Thy servant the outflowings of Thy Holy Spirit, so that I may be preserved in the Way of Salvation."

"*Jan.* 11, 1830.—Whispered in morning Chapel with a fellow. Why should I be ashamed of men knowing I am trying to be good?"

"*Jan.* 15, 1830.—Passed the most unprofitable Sunday I have ever spent in my life. I have not been to any place of worship all this day."

One of the Dons told him it was a pleasure to hear him read the lessons in Chapel; the satisfaction this gave him he condemned as a sin. His reading was simple, but, as he read God's Word, he listened to His Voice.

"*Saturday, Jan.* 28, 1830.—Spent two hours preparing myself for the Sacrament."

"*Sunday, 29th.*—Meant to have risen early to prepare again for the service, but was late for breakfast. How soon are my best resolutions broken!"

He was had up and reproved for his late hours, for, although his conduct was approved as exemplary, he was sometimes out until three in the morning.

"*March* 9.—Walked on the Trumpington Road with five men, and made a great noise."

His daily pleasant walks were with Alford; such men would have deemed the mad pursuit of nothing on the grass a waste of the time they could spend boring for their native riches, gaining access to poetry and the powers that constitute character; realising the Heaven above them and the abyss beneath them. There is no book and no pleasure in life to be compared with the pleasure of conversation; in such hours men have glimpses of the Eternal, of the far-darting lights and shadows of a more majestic world; intimations of a power native to the soul.

Sometimes, indeed, some of them may have let their spirits evaporate in single-stick or in firing off pistols, and of an evening they often played whist or chess. Alford was with him daily: they read the Greek Testament together and talked of publishing in concert a commentary on the Bible extracted from old English divines. Their tears fell as side by side they listened to Hugh James Rose[1] preaching in Great St. Mary's.

The bond between Allen and Thackeray was so close that when, this year, the latter left the University without taking his degree, he persuaded John to follow him to town, having found a Mastership for him in a school in Pimlico. But Allen's father would not hear of his son's interrupting his education.

[1] See Dean Burgon's *Twelve Great Men.*

"*April* 30.—Determined by God's help to reform my life. 'O my God, cure me of my extreme indolence. Teach me to know myself; cure my vanity.'

"Surely there never was one so wicked as I.

"Read Doddridge."

During the summer vacation his parents reproved him for the waste of his time. His father, who thought he ought to stand half-way up among the Wranglers, was not satisfied with his work, and asked to see his Diary, which John declined to show him. When his mother spoke to him he wrote, "All mothers, I suppose, think their sons geniuses."

In August he joined a reading party with Alford and Blakesley.

"*Aug.* 2, 1830.—Up late; read some Newton; after dinner a little Plato. After tea went down to Southsea; talked about slang, school roughening manners, and so forth. I have been reading in Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress' of the case of God's hiding His face from us. How blessed I am, and how thankful I ought to be that I never recollect this happening to me; for, although numberless times have I wandered from Him in sin and error, He has ever been the kindest Father to me, receiving me with open arms did I but think of Him; supplying my soul with holy thoughts did I but ask for them; and sometimes wrapping my spirit in transports when I reflected on His mercy in holding out to me the means of grace and hopes of glory."

"*Aug.* 3, 1830.—After dinner read Coleridge's 'Aids to Reflection.' I am often afraid that when I think of becoming a clergyman, I am not wholly without thoughts of taking orders as a maintenance; yet at other times I feel confident that I could be fully contented with mere sustenance for my hire. O Lord, do thou so temper my soul that I may be wholly regardless of temporal

possessions, and may press forward cheerfully through poverty to those riches which neither moth nor rust can corrupt."

At Southsea a lady's charm attracted him, but on hearing she was married he dismissed her image from his thoughts.

"*Aug.* 9, 1830.—Up just after six; read Aristotle, the second section of Newton, a little integral calculus. Dined at three; read an hour at Plato, and then went to work at asymptotes with Alford at Mason's for two hours; later read Sophocles for two hours."

"*Aug.* 10, 1830.—This day Alford gave me a bit of advice. There are few persons who ever did me this kindness. I hope that I shall be truly grateful for it."

"*Aug.* 11, 1830.—Thought much of Fitzgerald; there are some bright spots in everyone's life, which are not only most sweet to look back upon, but so affect us for the remainder of it as to make us perceptibly happier and perhaps better. I have many such. My intercourse with most dear Fitzgerald is not one of the least brilliant. O God! my blessings are beyond all that anyone could be worthy of, much less I—wicked, foolish I."

"*Aug.* 25.—Read Conic Sections till eleven a.m. I begin to like Newton excessively; his mighty genius throws an atmosphere of delight around him which is pleasing to breathe."

"*Sept.* 4, 1830.—Walked from Portsmouth to Southampton to see Fitzgerald, who was passing through. On reaching his hotel I found he had gone to bed."

"*Sept.* 5.—Got up and went to Fitzgerald's room, who jumped and almost cried for joy to see me, dear affectionate fellow! After breakfast, though very stiff, walked with him to Netley Abbey, and tried to make him steady in his views on religion.

"We had some pleasant chat about Cambridge men; we walked about the town and after dinner saw the sun set most gloriously over the hills and waters.

"Thought not a little of Fitzgerald."

"*Oct.* 10, 1830.—Cambridge. Talked with Spedding about Bacon."

"*Oct.* 18.—Saw Charles and Fanny Kemble act; was much pleased with their acting. Determined to give up theatre-going; it is a sin."

"*Oct.* 19.—Spedding repeated some of Alfred Tennyson's poetry."

"*Nov.* 8.—Met Alfred Tennyson."

"*Nov.* 30.—I have had a great pleasure to-day: a letter from my dear James, who having often written to me about my work, now interests himself in my spiritual welfare. A very affectionate letter and unspeakably precious, filling my heart all day with happiness and thankfulness."

"*Jan.* 1, 1831.—Met Arthur Hallam and Frederic Tennyson at Garden's rooms. Hallam read out Wordsworth."

"*Jan.* 5.—Heard Irving preach on the office of the Holy Ghost."

"*Jan.* 11.—Gave myself to God to be His servant unto my life's end."

"*Jan.* 23.—Determined to read nine hours a day."

"*Jan.* 31.—Spedding and Thompson fetched me to sup at Alford's to meet Brookfield and Hallam."

"*Feb.* 2.—Met again for a debate. Hallam opened on the character of James I in a wonderfully fine speech. Alford uttered two paradoxes and Thompson spake a jest."

"*Feb.* 4.—Resolved to give up dancing."

"*Feb.* 5.—Irving expounded part of the Prophet Joel. He preached a very fine sermon on the answer of the wicked servant in the Parable of the Talents. 'I knew Thee that Thou

[1] Afterwards Dean of St. David's.

art a hard man, reaping where Thou hast not sown and gathering where Thou hast not strawed ; *therefore* I hid Thy talent in the earth.' "

" *Feb.* 12.—Heard Simeon preach on ' Turn ye, turn ye, oh House of Israel, why will ye die ? ' " (This year he went regularly to hear Simeon preach.)

" *Feb.* 23.—Made a resolution to play cards no more."

" *Feb.* 24.—Walked with Thompson in the cloisters, where he gave me the heads of Wordsworth's conversation."

" *Feb.* 25.—Met Alford, Spedding, and Alfred Tennyson, and walked with them about town."

" *Feb.* 26.—Garden and I formed an old English Divinity Club to meet every Sunday evening."

" *March* 6.—Divinity Club met at Thompson's to read Hooker. A most pleasant evening, and I trust a profitable one."

" *March* 8.—At Garden's rooms, where Hallam read out to us some of Moore's philosophical writings."

" *March* 21.—Read over the Articles to see if I could honestly sign them."

This spring Thackeray was in Weimar. He made a pen-and-ink sketch of the " great lion of Weimar " for Allen, doubtless the best portrait of him at that age extant.[1] In Thackeray's opinion the old man was probably even handsomer then than in his youth. Here he stands with his hands behind his back in a long coat,[2] a grey or drab redingote with a white neckcloth and a red ribbon in his button-hole. His features are haughty and benevolent, the nose long and aquiline, almost heavy. Although the sketch is in profile, the sense of his extraordinarily dark, piercing and brilliant eyes is given—eyes like those of the Hero of Melmoth, who had made a bargain with a Certain Person, and at an extreme old age retained

[1] In Allen's Scrap-book, now in Trinity Library.

[2] See Lewes's *Life of Goethe*.

those eyes in all their splendour. Goethe spoke French with not a good accent. Thackeray, a good French scholar himself, declared he was relieved to find this. His voice was rich and sweet. He received him in a little ante-chamber of his private apartments covered all round with antique casts and bas-reliefs.

Lady Ritchie writes :

> " One of my father's oldest friends was Archdeacon Allen, a commander in an army where there are no Waterloos, no decisive victories and treaties of peace, but where for men such as he was the arms are never laid away, and the watches are never relaxed."

The neophyte now keeping his vigils before the invisible altar, fasting and praying, praying and reading, endeavouring and failing, repenting and doing better, searching his heart and kneeling before his God to know of Him the truth of things, may between his hours of self-examination and humiliation have wandered with the " greatest Poet of the Century " as those men recognised him to be :

> " In the jolly spring-time
> When the poplar and lime
> Dishevel their tresses together,"

through the scene of " The Dream of Fair Women," the lovely wilderness of St. John's abutting on Trinity grounds, beneath the broad curved branches of its enormous elm-tree boles, " new fledged with clearest green, fresh from its silken sheath," by a tulip's crimson gem glowing upon the " lush green grasses," through " rank dark wood walks drenched in dew leading from lawn to lawn," where " growths of jasmine twine their humid arms festooning tree to tree," or by its sunnier paths enamelled with the stars of frail-leaved anemones on a groundwork of twisted ivy-nets when " those old Mays had twice the life of ours."

Allen was not one of " the Twelve " ; while they were discussing the relative merits of Byron and

Shelley, he was reading Barrow and Sanderson. Shelley's writings he detested, Byron he disliked, Wordsworth he reverenced.

> "*Sept.* 1830.—*Virgilium vidi*; I have seen Wordsworth."

Shakespeare fascinated him; he would read two plays through in an evening; yet, in comparing him with Milton, he said, "Shakespeare is natural, but Milton is divine." He doubted whether Shakespeare wrote all that is attributed to him, and whether the writings of Milton lately discovered by Mr. Lemon were authentic.

In the Trinity Library there is a manuscript volume belonging to Allen of Tennyson's earlier poems, some unpublished, in Hallam's handwriting, with a few of Hallam's among them.

Fitzgerald writes:

> "Have you got this beginning in your manuscript of 'The Dream of Fair Women'? It is very splendid:
>
> 'As when a man that sails in a balloon
> Down-looking sees the solid shining ground
> Stream from beneath him in the broad blue noon—
> Tilth, hamlet, mead, and mound;
>
> 'And takes his flags and waves them to the mob
> That shout below, all faces turned to where
> Glows ruby-like the far-off crimson globe
> Filled with a finer air:
>
> 'So, lifted high, the poet at his will
> Lets the great world flit from him, seeing all
> Higher through secret splendours mounting still
> Self-poised, nor fears to fall;
>
> 'Hearing apart the echoes of his fame——'
>
> This is in his best style; no fretful epithet nor a word too much.
>
> E. F. G."

The third part of "The May Queen," which is not in Moxon's '33 Edition, may bear a vestige of Allen's

influence; it is a beautiful foreshadowing of the young warrior now girding on his armour, as in his later life he passed among the cottages of his Shropshire pastures, "where the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill," "the wild marsh marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows grey," and "the faint sweet cuckoo-flower blows by the meadow trenches," "where the honeysuckle weaves its wavy bowers around the lowly porches" beneath which the veteran's war-worn brow, hallowed then with the dawn of a brighter life, bowed meekly by the bedside of the dying in the presence of his God:

"It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

"O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.
He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the sin,
Now tho' my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in."

On July 4, 1835, Fitzgerald writes:

"What you say of Tennyson and Wordsworth is not I think wholly just. I don't think that a man can turn himself so directly to the service of humanity unless he is naturally inclined. I think Wordsworth's is a natural bias that way. Besides one must have labourers of different kinds in the vineyard of morality, which I certainly look up to as the chief object of our cultivation: Wordsworth is first in the craft; but Tennyson does no little, by raising and filling the brain with noble images and thoughts, which, if they do not direct us to our duty, purify and cleanse us from mean and vicious objects and so prepare and fit us for the reception of the highest philosophy. A man might forsake a drunken party to read Byron's 'Corsair,' and Byron's 'Corsair' for Shelley's 'Alastor,' and the 'Alastor' for the 'Dream of Fair Women' or the 'Palace of Art,' and then I

won't say that he would forsake these two last for anything of Wordsworth's; but his mind would be sufficiently refined and spiritualised to admit Wordsworth and profit by him, and he might keep all the former imaginations as so many pictures or pieces of music in his mind. But I think that you will see Tennyson acquire all, that at present you miss; when he has felt life he will not die fruitless of instruction to man as he is. But I dislike this kind of criticism, especially in a letter. I don't know anyone who has thought out anything so little as I have. I don't see to any end, and should keep silent till I have got a little more and that a little better arranged.

E. F. G."

CHAPTER II

FITZGERALD'S FRIENDSHIP

EDWARD FITZGERALD, a Suffolk man of good family, was a year senior to Allen, and went out, after some doubts of his success, in the Poll early in 1830. A skilful and a true musician, a fine artist, with poetical and literary gifts that have made him famous in spite of himself, he took more pains to avoid fame than others do to seek it. Fame is more sought for than any other wealth, and does no less good; like a river, it bears up light and swollen goods, but drowns much bullion. Misled by the love of it, men often force themselves into public life, and so fail to make the best of themselves. Success *may* make a man happy; it cannot make him great.

Like his old friend Chaucer, this man knew too:

> "What did belong to writing Verse and Prose,
> Ne'er stumbled at small faults, nor yet did view
> With scornful eyes the works and books of those
> That in his time did write. . . ."

Tennyson wrote of him: "I had no truer friend, and have never known one of so fine and delicate a wit." "Dear old Fitz" was the friend, of all his many friends, whom Thackeray loved most. Carlyle wrote:

To Fitzgerald

"Thanks for your friendly human letter; which gave us much entertainment in the reading (at breakfast-time the other day) and is still pleasant to think of. One gets so many *in*human letters, ovine, bovine, porcine, &c., &c.; I wish you would write a little oftener; when the

beneficent Daimon suggests, fail not to lend ear to him.

T. CARLYLE."

Often in the spring of their Cambridge days, " when the breeze was blowing and the hedges and trees in full leaf,"[1] Fitzgerald and Allen—so wrote the former—must have passed out together through the Cloisters of Neville's Court upon " the open green before the Library where the sun shone broad on the new-shaven expanse of grass, and holiday-seeming people sauntered along the river-side under the trees now flourishing in freshest green—the chestnut in full fan leaning down his white cones over the sluggish current that washes the walls and flows through the groves of Academe."

And having threaded their watery way amid the closely packed barges of Magdalene, and by the Lock to the Ferry, they would foot it over the fields, crop-thick with daisy, clover, and buttercup (Crabbe used to say the prime of the year fell with the mowing), conversing on many topics, to Chesterton, to sit them down in some green nook where lilac bushes in full bloom and full odour sheltered them, to think and feel in the Elysian Fields of youth, wooing that spirit or state of mind which realises both the unseen Heaven with its earthly symbols around them, and the power of the Invisible Spirit to garrison the diviner man within ; a state of mind which, by keeping men conversant with all that is beautiful and sublime in the intellectual and moral world, disposes them to heroic and generous actions. What would the world be like if it were full of old men !

Such hours stir the pulses of the blood and lift the common lives of men into a larger and sweeter air ; then deep springs of aspiration are stored which shall last all life's journey through with all its ups and downs, and a moral courage to face the dangers of the field is built up.

Preferring honour to advantage, virtue to expediency ; living by affection rather than by

[1] See *Euphranor*.

reason, such men are warm friends and hearty companions, because they delight in fellowship and judge of nothing by utility, not even their friends. Energy and dignity of character bear proportion to the degree in which the mind is active or passive ; a healthy body is good, but a soul in good health is better. Man's body is subject to Heaven, but Heaven is subject to his spirit.

Day by day Allen sought his God with strong crying and with tears ; praying too, ever praying that Fitzgerald " might think seriously of religion," that " his heart might be turned " and " his great talents not wasted."

For the lazy blossom of the " innocent *far niente* life " of this " peaceable, affectionate, ultra-modest man " (as Carlyle describes him), while it floated on the sunny surface of the stream, had its root below.

In mature life he wrote :

> " I heard a man preach at Bedford in a way that shook my soul. He described the Crucifixion so as to put the scene before his people—no fine words and metaphors : but first one nail struck into one hand then into another, and, one through both feet—the cross lifted up with God in man's image distended upon it. And the sneers of the priests below—' Look at that fellow there—Look at Him—He, talk of saving others, and so forth ' —and then the sun veiled his face in blood and so forth——
>
> I certainly have heard oratory now of the Lord Chatham kind, only this man had more faith in Christ than Pitt in his majority—I was almost as much taken aback as the poor folk all about me who sobbed ; and I hate this beastly London more and more. As to pictures—well, never mind them. Farewell.
>
> In the Chapel opposite this house (10 Charlotte Street, Rathbone Place) preaches Robert Montgomery !
>
> E. FITZGERALD."

Again he writes :

" Oh this wonderful world and we who stand in the middle of it are all in a maze except that man at Bedford, who fixes his eyes upon a wooden cross and has no misgivings whatever. When I was at his chapel on Good Friday, he called at the end of his grand sermon on some of the people to say merely this, that they believed Christ had redeemed them ; and first one got up and in sobs declared she believed it ; and then another ; and then another. I was quite overset : all poor people : how much richer than all who fill the London churches ! Theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven ! "

Fitzgerald's father had a property at Naseby. After he left the University he wrote to Allen :

Fitzgerald to Allen

" Naseby, *November* 1830.

" This place is solitary enough, but I am well off in a nice farm-house. I wish you could come and see the primitive inhabitants and the fine field of Naseby. There are grand views on every side and all is interesting. Do you know, Allen, that this is a very curious place with odd fossils ; and mixed with bones and bullets of the fight at Naseby ; and the identical spot where King Charles stood to see the battle. . . . I do wish you were here to see the curiosities. Can't you come ? I am quite the King here I promise you. I am going to-day to dine with the carpenter and to hear his daughter play on the pianoforte—Fact.

" My blue surtout daily does wonders. At church its effect is truly delightful."

Here " The Meadows in Spring " was written. Fitzgerald wrote to the editor of the *Athenæum*, anonymously :

"SIR,

These verses are something in the old style, but not the worse for that: not that I mean to call them good; but I am sure they would not have been better if dressed up in the newest Montgomery fashion, for which I cannot say I have much love. If they are fitted for your paper you are welcome to them. I send them to you because I find only in your paper a love of our old literature, which is almost 'monstrous' in the eyes of modern ladies and gentlemen. My verses are certainly not in the present fashion; but I must own, though there may not be the same merit in the thoughts, I think the style much better: and this with no credit to myself, but to the merry old writers of more manly times.

Your humble servant,

EPSILON."

The editor printed them, supposing them to have been written by Lamb. Judge from this extract if he was justified:

"'Tis a dull sight to see the year dying,
When winter winds set the yellow wood sighing;
Sighing, oh! sighing.

. . . . . .

Then with an old friend I talk of our youth,
How 'twas gladsome but often foolish forsooth:
But gladsome, gladsome!

"And ere to bed go we, go we,
Down on the ashes we kneel on the knee
Praying together!
So winter passeth like a long sleep
From falling autumn to primrose peep—
Then the clouds part, swallows soaring between;
The spring is alive and the meadows are green!"

(This copy from Allen's Commonplace Book is better than that the author published; Fitzgerald's first thoughts were his best.)

Lamb wrote to Moxon:

"The *Athenæum* has been hoaxed with some exquisite poetry, that was two or three months ago, in Hone's Book. I don't know who wrote it; but 'tis a poem I envy. I envy the writer because I feel I could have done something like it."

Meanwhile, the severe apprenticeship of youth so seasoned Allen that the impetuous vigour of his manhood, green and fresh in the Old World, lived undaunted by its decrepitude. All the reason of mature life, prudence of age, experience of the world, served not to freeze but to direct its genial current, for the boy's heart within the man's never ceased to throb even till remotest age let in new light through the chinks of dilapidation:

"Ev'n while the vital heat drew down below,
Ev'n while the hoary head was lost in snow,
The *Life* was in the leaf, and still between
The fits of falling snow appeared the streaky green."

It is the mind that makes the man; Napoleon believed in the force of the soul.

Then in the summer days of 1831 the fascinating Fitzgerald, something like one of the Pilgrims riding eastward that he loved—

"All embroidered as it were a mead
And full of fresh flowers white and rede,"

travelled by coach and by sea westward to spend the happiest days of his pleasant life with his Pembrokeshire friend in Wales:

"Singing he was or floyting all the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May.
He could songs make and well indite,
Jest, and eke dance and well pourtray and write.
Courteous he was, lowly and serviceable."

On his return to London he wrote:

Fitzgerald to Allen

"As I lay in bed this morning half dozing, I walked in imagination all the way from Tenby to

Freestone by the road I know so well: by the water, by Gumfreston, Ivy Tower, and through the gates, and the long road that leads to Carew."

And again later:

"I was made glad and sad last night in looking over some of your letters to me. Ever since my stay at Tenby, I wonder within myself if we are changed since then. Do you remember that day when we sat upon that rock that runs out into the sea and looked down into the clear water below? I must go to Tenby one of these days and walk the old walk to Freestone. How well I remember what a quiet delight it was to walk out and meet you when you were coming to stay a week with me once in my lodgings."

And again:

"The country is now shewing symptoms of greenness and warmth; yesterday I walked—not a common thing for me—eleven miles: partly over a heath just covered with furze bushes just come out into bloom, whose odour the fresh wind blew into my face. Such a day it was, only not so warm, as when you and I used to sit on those rocks overlooking the sea at Tenby, just eight years ago. I am afraid you are growing too good a Christian for me Master Allen, if you know what I mean by that. Don't be alarmed, however. I have just read the first number of Dickens's new work, *Master Humphrey's Clock*: it does not promise much I think. Love to all Coram Street.

E. F. G."

Thackeray was living in Coram Street.

CHAPTER III

SUMMER AND WINTER

In the August of 1831 Allen went again to Portsmouth with a reading-party. Sansum, a common friend of his and Fitzgerald's, was invited with him to a Southsea water-party. They framed as good a letter of excuse as they could, having no excuse; but when Sansum clumsily upset the ink-bottle over it, they merrily agreed that the best way out of the difficulty was to go.

That afternoon Allen saw there the lady whose sparkling eyes and gay, captivating smile had attracted him a year ago; *and* (to his joy) when the amateur boatswain, in trimming his boat, shouted, "Married ladies larboard; single ladies starboard," she rose, and, with a certain softness and majesty that encircled her, took her seat on the starboard.

So he walked home with her that evening. They talked of poetry; she admired Byron, as he supposed "all ladies do." But no more invitations were refused. Penetrated and inspired with a feeling that never forsook his heart, he sought her society at the Public Rooms, sat by her when she played and sang—not to the improvement of her music, I have heard—played chess with her, lost his games, and visited at her house. A graceful spray of white blossom lives on a page of his College Diary,[1] for it once adorned her hair—a fair symbol of a love that never died.

Before he left Portsmouth he spoke of his present poverty, of his hope of making an income when he had left the University, and of his changeless love for her. Could she love him?

She hesitated—they had known each other so short

[1] Now in Trinity Library.

a time. Yes, she did care for him—but it was so serious a step. No, it would not be wise to speak to her parents now—she could not write to him without their consent.

Would she but write her name on a piece of paper and give it to him to keep?

No—she did not think that would be quite right.

On his return to Cambridge he writes:

> "*Oct.* 1831.—Inexpressibly dear to me is the remembrance of Harriet. She said, 'God bless you,' and she has promised to pray for me. 'O that I may be more worthy of such an angelic being.'"

Then Harriet was attacked by a low fever, and his anxiety was extreme; so she sent him a reassuring message through a friend, and asked him to unite with her in rejoicing over her recent affliction, for she trusted it had been the means of winning her from the world and enabling her to "count all things but loss that she might win Christ." The letter continues:

> "She wishes me to tell you how much she esteems you for your delicate feelings of honour towards her parents; and, while perfectly concurring with your feelings on that subject, she would say that her heart is not likely to change towards you as long as she can have the exquisite feeling which she now happily possesses that you are seeking with permanent earnestness that Wisdom which is from Above and which alone can make you fit to become a guide to other immortal souls."

> "*Nov.* 12, 1831.—'O God, what right have I to the affections of an angel like Harriet! O God, bless her in all her ways, and if it be not for her happiness that I should be blessed with the

possession of her hand, blot out the remembrance of me from her heart.

"I fear I have not done right in engaging the love of so perfect a being in behalf of such a one as myself—yet I hope in God that He will make me less unworthy of the care of souls to which office I have destined myself."

Fitzgerald, who was now in London, writes to Allen :

Fitzgerald to Allen

"LONDON, *November* 21, 1831.

"MY DEAR ALLEN,

I suppose it must seem strange to you that I should like writing letters : and indeed I don't know that I do like it in general. However here I see no companions, so I am pleased to talk to my old friend John Allen : which indeed keeps alive my humanity very much. . . . I have been about to divers book shops and have bought several books—a Bacon's Essays, Evelyn's Sylvia, Browne's Religio Medici,[1] Hazlitt's Poets, etc. The latter I bought to add to my Paradise,[2] which, however, has stood still of late.

As to the Religio, I have read it again : and keep my opinion of it : except admiring the eloquence and beauty of the notions more. But the arguments are not more convincing. Nevertheless, it is a very fine piece of English : which is, I believe, all that you contend for.

Hazlitt's Poets is the best selection I have ever seen. I have read some Chaucer too, which I like. In short I have been reading a good deal since I have been here ; but not much in the way of knowledge. . . .

Yours most affectionately,
E."

[1] When Allen first read this book it was as the opening of windows of light to him. He sprang up and walked about the room in his enthusiasm.

[2] They each had a Paradise of Poetry.

Fitzgerald to Allen

"LONDON, *November* 27, 1831.

"MY DEAR ALLEN,

The first thing I do in answering your letter is to tell you that I am angry at your saying that your conscience pricks you for not having written to me before. I am of that superior race of men, that are quite content to hear themselves talk and read their own writing. But, in seriousness, I have such love of you, and of myself, that once every week, at least, I feel spurred on by a sort of gathering up of feelings to vent myself in a letter upon you; but if once I hear you say that it makes your conscience thus uneasy till you answer, I shall give it up.

I shall tell you of myself, that I have been better since I wrote to you. Mazzinghi tells me that November weather breeds Blue Devils—so that there is a French proverb, 'In October, de Englishman shoot de pheasant: in November he shoot himself.' This I suppose is the case with me: so away with November as soon as may be.

I am sorry you are getting so musical: and if I take your advice about so big a thing as Christianity, take you mine about music. I am sure that this pleasure of music grows so on people, that many of the hours that you would have devoted to Jeremy Taylor, etc., will be melted down into tunes, and the idle train of thought that music puts us into.

I fancy I have discovered the true philosophy of this; but I think you must have heard me enlarge. Therefore 'satis.' You shall benefit by a bit of poetry. I do not admit it into my Paradise, being too gloomy—I admit nothing there but such as breathes content and virtue—but it will please both of us. It is the prototype of the *Penseroso*:

" Hence, all you vain delights !
As short as are the nights
Wherein ye spend your folly !
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy ;
Oh sweetest melancholy !
Welcome folded arms and fixèd eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound !
Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves !
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls !
A midnight dell, a passing groan !
These are the sounds we feed upon ;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley ;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as melancholy."
(By Fletcher.)

I think these lines are quite of the finest order, and have a more headlong melancholy than Milton's, which are distinctly copied from these, as you must confess. And now this is a very long letter, and the best thing you can do when you get to the end, is to Da Capo, and read what I ordered you about answering. My dear fellow, it is a great pleasure to me to write to you.

Believe me that I am your very loving friend,
E. F. G."

Fitzgerald to Allen

" 7 *December*, 1831.

" My dear Allen,

You can hardly have got through my last letter by this time. I hope you liked the verses I sent you. The news of this week is that Thackeray has come to London, but is going to leave it again for Devonshire directly. He came very opportunely to divert my 'Blue Devils,' notwithstanding we do not see very much of each other. And he has now so many friends (especially the Bullers) that he has no such wish for my society. He is as full of good humour and kindness as ever. The next news is that a new volume

of Tennyson's is out, containing nothing more than you have in MS. except one or two things not worth having. I have been poring over Wordsworth lately; which has had much effect in bettering my 'Blue Devils'; for his philosophy does not abjure melancholy, but puts a pleasant countenance on it, and connects it with humanity. It is very well if the sensibility that makes us fearful of ourselves is diverted to become a cause of sympathy and interest with Nature and mankind: and this I think Wordsworth tends to do. I cannot tell you what sweetness I find in Shakespeare's sonnets.

"So by Shakespeare's sonnets roasted, and Wordsworth's poems basted,
My heart will be well toasted and excellently tasted."

This beautiful couplet must delight you I think.

My sister (Andalusia) is far better; we walk very much and see such sights as the town affords. To-day I have bought a little terrier to keep me company. You will think that is from my reading of Wordsworth, but if that were my use I should go no further than keeping a primrose in a pot for society. Farewell, dear Allen. I am astonished to find myself writing a very long letter once a week to you; but it is next to talking to you: and after having seen you so much this summer I cannot break off so suddenly.

I am your most affectionate

E. F. G."

A day or so after this letter was despatched Fitzgerald came down to Cambridge, taking rooms in the King's Parade. Allen's rooms in the West Court are said to have lodged Sir Isaac Newton, and had the famous two openings in the door, one large enough for the cat and a small one for her kitten.

"*Sunday, Dec.* 11, 1831.—After evening Chapel Fitzgerald took tea with me. I finished reading

> Hooker's sermon and read half of S. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. We talked of human life, its chances and changes. He said he expected to live to 35 or 38."

The two friends died, having passed the age of man, within a year of each other. Fitzgerald fell asleep like a tired child, when visiting a friend, the grandson of Crabbe the poet, and never woke again; Allen, having ruined a magnificent constitution by a too rigid self-severity and over-work—each man has but one life to live—passed soon afterwards into the light, war-worn, but not war-weary. Through his college career he kept his Sundays holy, going twice to church and employing the day in reading the Bible and Saunderson's, Tillotson's, Barrow's, and Cudworth's sermons; often in writing out, too, the sermon he had heard in church—an effort sometimes interrupted by Thackeray! He attended Simeon's preaching in Holy Trinity Church.

The love of wisdom, universal and eternal in the heart of man, that swayed the heart of Fitzgerald with his easy-travelling genius, full of fertility and sparkling with good taste, unlocked, too, the reserve of the learned Thompson.

> "*Dec.* 24.—Thompson came up; I gave him tea, and we had the most touching conversation I ever had with him on the vanity of earthly things. He said it was most necessary for a man to be religious in his youth; that the ardour of his temperament might carry him some way on his course in enthusiasm. In true Religion the Providence that preserves the natural man whose life hangs on a thread far more preserves the spiritual man from perilous temptations and combinations of circumstances which might endanger his soul's career."

Youth is a power to be cherished and so bestowed as to bring a man comfort in remembering it when it has

forsaken him. Sin turns memory into a scourge; a man may avoid an accuser, himself he cannot escape from.

Thompson was distinguished by a remarkable beauty; his strongly-marked eyebrows, inclining to converge over magnificent eyes, lent authority to his countenance; the dignity of his pose and mien were as conspicuous in the undergraduate as in the Master of Trinity.

. . . . .

On a pleasant day, amid the manifold soft summer glories of nature, John wrote:

> "*July* 1831.—I have been thinking that amongst other blessings surely it is not the least that, while the arrows of affliction have been flying around me on my friends, I have been graciously shielded from them. Yet the Bible says, 'He that is not chastened by the Lord is not His son.' 'O Lord, I beseech Thee that it be not so with me. What have I but Thee? I have nothing on earth that I desire in comparison of Thee. O Lord, grant that it may evermore be so.'"

The following winter he writes:

> "*Jan.* 1832.—Alas, I have not written in my journal for nearly a month, and a mighty change has taken place in all my feelings in that short time. My father is dead; but I must not and will not mourn for him now. I will strive by God's grace so to act that hereafter I may meet him in that state of bliss to which he, through Christ's sacrifice, has attained."
>
> "*Jan.* 21, 1832.—Admitted to the degree of B.A. Left Cambridge for London at 2 p.m."

CHAPTER IV

WINNOWING SEED-CORN

ALLEN now accepted the second Mastership of the Proprietary School in Pimlico to which Thackeray had introduced him two years before, and set himself to prepare for Ordination. A man may prepare himself better for Holy Orders by earning his living and doing something for the good of the world, than by paying someone else to keep him (life is short enough), by seeking God himself than by paying a man to seek God for him. Labour is sacred; God is worshipped in an honest trade, honestly followed for the good of mankind. There he can learn his duty; the way to mend the bad world by creating the right world. His religious education can be pursued on Sundays; he has his Bible and his fald-stool; good books and churches. An ounce of knowledge earned is better than a pound of knowledge given.

This man attended the Dean of St. Paul's (Copleston's) preaching, Baptist Noel's church, and Edward Irving's. He that seeks, finds. Once Irving, laying his hand upon his shoulder, turned upon him the searchlight of his flashing eyes, and, after inquiring with awful severity, "Young man, do you come to mock?" admitted him to a gathering where the "Gift of Tongues" was manifested. Allen never told the impression that meeting made upon him.

His cousin, Miss Fanny Allen, thus describes an early prayer-meeting:

> "It was perfectly dark when we reached the church, which was faintly lighted by two small globe-lights on a table under the reading-desk where Mr. Irving sat. The usual prayers and

two Psalms were sung, and a chapter read from the Book of Kings about Elijah destroying the prophets of Baal. This Mr. Irving in his prayer afterwards likened to the ministry of our Church generally, saying the ministry of Christ's Church had fallen to *them* for they had the gifts of the Spirit given to them. Then he lay back in his chair and another man came forward who read the 1st of Acts, and recurring continually during the course of his reading to the Prophets of Baal, mixed up the 1st of Acts, the chapter in Kings, and all the Revelations together. Enthusiastic as he was he seemed to me confused.

Mrs. Rich,[1] when walking home, spoke with reverence of his repetitions and quoted the verse "line upon line" and so forth as their authority.

The next time I went, Mr. Irving's tone was lower, and the other man spoke in a sepulchral voice of the probable persecutions they would undergo, with a recommendation to his disciples to behave as Christ did. Then another man prayed in plaintive accents, and Miss Emily Cardale in a shrill soprano, with her figure perfectly still, repeated some brief phrases and texts of Scripture over and over again for about ten minutes. After which Mr. Irving thanked God in prayer for the messages sent to us.

Mrs. Rich appeared much affected during the whole course of the service, so I made no observation on our way back."

These repetitions were associated with the "Unknown Tongues"; Irving never claimed "the Gift," but bowed before it in his disciples. His voice was rich, flexible, and beautiful, and he would often be drawn out for more than an hour in prayer, when, extending his arms and gazing towards Heaven with almost tears of rapture, he would cry to the Father of our spirits.

Immense crowds thronged his church; sometimes a

[1] Sir James Mackintosh's daughter.

riot broke out through the people outside fighting their way in. Once, after leaving the church, where Irving had besought all to make it known, to the scoffing enemies of the Cross at whatever cost to themselves, that they were Christ's, Allen's attention was arrested by these words in the window of a flaring gin-palace : " Damn the Cholera." After praying he went the next morning to the house, asked for the proprietor, and reproved him solemnly in the Name of God. The man was extremely angry, but submitted to that Authority and took down the bill. Standing ever before the Great Judgment Seat, Allen lived too much in the blaze of eternity to fear any man, prince or peasant.

So the current of his life flowed on :

> " Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull ;
> Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

Fitzgerald to Allen

" Castle Irwell, Manchester,
24th February, 1832.

" Dear Allen,

I am fearful to boast lest I should lose what I boast of, but I think I have achieved a victory over my evil spirits here : for they have full opportunity to come and I often observe their approaches, but hitherto I have managed to keep them off. Lord Bacon's essay on friendship is wonderful for its truth, and I often feel its truth. He says that with a friend a man ' tosseth his thoughts,' an admirable saying which one can understand but not express otherwise. But I feel that, being alone, one's thoughts and feelings from want of communication become heaped up and clotted together as it were, and so lie like undigested food heavy upon the mind ; but with a friend one tosseth them about, so that the air gets between them and keeps them fresh and sweet. I know not from what metaphor Bacon took his ' tosseth ' ; but it seems to me it is

from the way haymakers toss hay, so that it does not press into a heavy lump, but is tossed about in the air, and separated and thus kept sweet.

Your most affectionate friend,

E. FITZGERALD."

Fitzgerald was this spring in Paris with Thackeray. He writes:

Fitzgerald to Allen, 1832

"THE PALAIS ROYAL.

"If you see Roe (the Engraver, not the Haberdasher) give him my remembrance and tell him I often wish for him in the Louvre: as I do for you, my dear Allen, for I think you would like it very much.

There are delightful portraits (which you love most) and statues so beautiful that you would for ever prefer statues to pictures. There are as fine pictures in England; but not one statue so fine as any here. There is a lovely and very modest Venus; and the Gladiator; and a very majestic Demosthenes, sitting in a chair with a roll of writing in his hands, and seemingly meditating before rising to speak. It is quite awful."

Fitzgerald to Allen, 1832

"THE PALAIS ROYAL.

"I start for England in a week. Tell Thackeray that he is never to invite me to his house, as I intend never to go: not that I would not go out there rather than any place perhaps, but I cannot stand seeing new faces in the polite circles. You must know I am going to become a great bear, and have got all sorts of Utopian ideas into my head about society: these may all be very absurd, but I try the experiment on myself, so I can do no great hurt. I have bought A. Tennyson's poems; how good 'Mariana' is!"

Later, after a long drive on a coach by night to London:

"I forgot to tell you that when I came up in the mail and fell a dozing in the morning, the sight of the pages in crimson and the funerals which the Lady of Shallott saw and wove, floated before me: really the poem has taken lodging in my poor head."

Fitzgerald to Allen

"SOUTHAMPTON,
July 31, *Tuesday*, 1832.

"MY DEAR ALLEN,

I will tell you of a pilgrimage I made that put me in mind of you much. I went to Salisbury to see the Cathedral, but more to walk to Bemerton, George Herbert's village. It is about a mile and a half from Salisbury alongside a pleasant stream with old-fashioned water-mills beside: through fields very fertile. When I got to Bemerton I scarcely knew what to do with myself. It is a very pretty village, with the church and Parsonage much as Herbert must have left it. But there is no memorial of him in or outside the walls of the church; though there have been Bishops and Deans and I know not what all, so close at hand at Salisbury. This is a great shame indeed: I would gladly put up a plain stone if I could get the Rector's leave. I was very sorry to see no tablet of any kind. The people in the cottages had heard of a very pious man named 'Herbert,' and had read his books—but they don't know where he lies. I have drawn the church and the village[1]; the little woodcut of it in Walton's Lives is very like. I thought I must have passed along the spot in the road where he assisted the men with the fallen horse: and, to shew the benefit of good examples, I was serviceable that very evening in the town to some people coming in a cart; for the driver was drunk and driving furiously home from the races, and I believe would have fallen out, but that some folks,

[1] Fitzgerald was an artist.

among whom I was one, stopped the cart. This long history is now at an end. I wanted John Allen much to be with me. I noticed the little window into which Herbert's friend looked, and saw him kneeling so long before the altar, when he was first ordained."

Allen had a profound reverence for George Herbert, whose *Country Parson* gives an outline of Allen's life when he had for thirty-seven years charge of the parish of Prees in North Shropshire. The poems were the breath of Herbert's heart, and portray his self-conflict, his deep humility, and his passionate love for his Redeemer. "Grace," "Gratefulness," and "Employment" were his favourites; "Love" was Harriet's, when on their walks they recited them to each other.

During a vacation Allen acted as private tutor to the son of Sir John Buchan of Athlone. Lady Buchan writes to Mr. Allen:

"Portland Place,
July 3, 1833.

"Dear Sir,

I propose leaving town to-morrow morning for Athlone. Sir John strongly recommends my going by the rail-road, and says it would be a great pity that you and Mark should miss the opportunity of seeing it, as there is no danger for those who remain quietly in the carriage. I have therefore no objection to my son's travelling by it if you find it agreeable and convenient."

It was left to Mr. John Bright to discover that one of the safest places on the face of the earth was the middle compartment of a first-class railway-carriage.

Allen's Ordination (to the Chaplaincy of King's College, London) was now approaching.

"*Nov.* 20, 1833.—Having felt that with God's grace I may do all things, I have determined to set down here the resolutions I make, the date

and occasions of them, in humble trust that by reading them often I may be enabled to fulfil them. If I let go my trust in God I must fall into every sort of wickedness.

I resolve, therefore, that I will endeavour constantly :

(1) To look upon God as a Shepherd continually employed in seeking my soul.

(2) To pray to God for the power of His grace to enable me to overcome my spiritual enemies : my lusts, my evil habits, the devil and the world.

(3) To derive my earthly happiness solely from the happiness of others ; to have a constant eye, first to the spiritual good of all men, and next to their pleasure and convenience."

" *Nov. 27.*—To consider the continuance of life a blessing and to act as if I so esteemed it."

" *Dec. 22,* 1833.—My Ordination. I resolved to read over the Ordination Service continually and to pray to God to make me able to adhere to every letter I have therein vowed."

He now gave up smoking as a wasteful, self-indulgent habit, unworthy of a soldier holding a commission on life's battle-field, tending to relax energy, and to deaden his sensibility to the fact of sin.[1]

Dancing and theatres he had already resigned. Self-sacrifice was a rule of his Commanding Officer. The Way of the Cross is hard, but its wood blossoms and fruit is sweet. Service is the shortest way to God. Good things consumed vanish ; good things done remain.

The Apostolical Succession was to him at once a hallowed reality, a grave responsibility, and an inspiring comfort. The Gift of Ordination is a great Gift ; but the man who neglects that Gift is worse off than if he had never received it.

Life is a responsibility man cannot escape from ;

[1] The very influence which makes tobacco useful to a novelist must make it enervating to a shepherd of souls.

and the possibilities of life are infinite. Some men are content to live and die without knowing what life is or what are its possibilities. When a man says, "Thy will be done," there is no passive endurance of evil there; a magnificent possibility of good rather, in the union of his will with God's will. God is in all men, but all men are not in God, and that is why they suffer.

From the time of his Ordination Allen saw more of Tennyson and Thackeray in town than of Fitzgerald, although since Jonathan no man ever loved another with a purer or more loyal devotion than that with which his dearest friend loved him.

But the pleasant fields of boyhood lay behind the labourer toiling now "where the heavens are black with sin and the din of iron branches sounds"; so when Fitzgerald, who detested London, came there to see him he found the same John Allen, but John Allen yoked to Duty's car. Realising how earnest a thing it is to be alive in this world, it was for him a necessity of that profession which was henceforth his life, to live by faith in his unseen Master (not as a Reality only, but as the *only* Reality) *in the very Fact of things*. If all other men were trifling with eternity he was in earnest.

His conviction of the truth of God, as revealed in Holy Scripture, was the highest function of his being, and to this height the human species are by God created to attain. On looking back, any man can see he has wasted or progressed as he looked towards or away from God.

Did God send man into the world to enjoy it or to make it better?

Then, too, there were Mathematical Lectures to be given; private pupils at his door (the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh was one of them); two sermons a week to be thoughtfully studied and prepared, as well as the Theological Lectures instituted by himself which involved hours of reading at small apparent profit. The additions made to criticism seemed to him slender, the same material which served Chrysostom in the fourth century (in the Greek Church) for the exposition

of St. Matthew's Gospel, being served up with little variation in the nineteenth. These lectures he made as perfect as he could. The experiment, many of his friends assured him, was likely to end in failure; like Truth, that buys not and sells not, he went on his way and made no answer. To gain a soul is a greater gain than all the profits of the best business.

The lectures were well attended, and have been carried on since by a series of distinguished men. Charles Kingsley was one of his mathematical pupils.

"I resolve to pray to God to make me ever sensible of His Presence.

The most charitable judgment I can form of other men is the most just.

Jesus is now making intercession for me in Heaven. He is my Friend, ready to give me joy by His converse; may I thus look up to Him."

Fitzgerald to Allen

"WHERSTEAD LODGE, IPSWICH (his home),
June 30, 1834.

"DEAR MY JOHNNY,

I have been reading the *Spectator* since I have been here, and I like it very much: people nowadays think it a poor book, but I honour it. What a noble kind of Journal it was! There is certainly a good deal of what may be called '*pill*,' but there is a great deal of wisdom, only it is couched so simply that people can't believe it to be real absolute wisdom. Don't you think it would make a nice book to publish all the papers about Sir Roger de Coverley alone, with illustrations by Thackeray? It is a thing that is wanted: to bring that standard of the old English Gentleman forward out of the mass of little topics that occupy the greater part of the *Spectator*.

I am here in the country in brave health; rising at six withal: and pruning of rose-trees in the garden. Why don't you get up early? in

the summer at least. The next time we meet in town I mean to get an artist to make me your portrait: for I often wish for it. It must be looking at me. Now write very soon; else I shall be gone: and know that I am your very true friend,

E. F. G."

"1834.—I will endeavour constantly to realise that:

I cannot expect too little from man or *too much from God*.

To pray to be constantly convinced that it is a *sin* not to love my Saviour more.

When I am so soon to be dismissed from this life to go I know not where, how is it I take no more pains about my reformation? I will pray God to make me sensible of my folly."

"I still find sin within me, but I resolve to pray to God to deliver me from my sinfulness; and I trust to Him to cleanse me even, if not before, at the hour of my death. 'My soul truly waiteth still upon God'; Lord, make me patient, *but* make me persevering."

Heaven's splendour is over man's head; Hell's darkness beneath his feet. He has power to create good and evil. The law of gravity binds his body here, but his soul can touch the stars.

CHAPTER V

RIPENING SUNBEAMS

On August 2, 1834, the morrow of his marriage, John wrote thus to his mother, with church bells hailing the Emancipation of Slaves in his ears, from "The White Hart, Salisbury." For Harriet's father never hesitated to give his cherished child into the keeping of a man whom he at once saw "was not like ordinary men; there was something in him."

> "I was unfortunate enough in my journey up to lose my carpet-bag. I was with Mrs. Matthews, and therefore the near view of her sorrow made the inconvenience I was put to seem of no importance. I bought some linen and dressing apparatus at Bristol, together with some cloth for a pair of trousers which were duly made on the following day at Droxford. I arrived about half-past seven on the morning of Wednesday, after a very pleasant journey, and to my great joy found all the family well.
>
> The morning of Thursday opened with rain, but we walked to the wedding as it cleared a little at half-past eight, although it came on to rain so much while we were in church that we returned in carriages. We were a party of twelve. I liked the clergyman. He read the whole of the service—the sermon at the end as well, which, I believe is unusual; and it was done with such affectionate solemnity that we were all pleased.[1] Some of the ladies shed a few tears in silence, but everything went off well.

[1] It was his custom, on his marriage anniversary, to read over this service with his wife.

After the service, before the breakfast, Mr. Dusautoy officiated at family prayer. He read the third chapter of Colossians and concluded with a most beautiful extempore prayer. We had an early luncheon-dinner at half-past one, and set off about an hour afterwards in a post-chaise to Southampton, where we took a walk for a couple of hours and had tea. The next morning after breakfast we came on by a day coach to Salisbury. We saw the Cathedral to great advantage as the evening service was being performed while we walked up and down the aisles, where there are some beautiful monuments by Flaxman, and the finest recumbent modern statue I have ever seen by Chantrey of the late Lord Malmesbury. In the evening we walked out to Bemerton, George Herbert's church. You may judge that I am in the midst of a happiness which will be a good deal increased by the joy of seeing you, dearest Mother, next Wednesday morning and presenting to you a daughter who sends you her kindest love, and who I hope is almost worthy of such a Mother.

Your affectionate son,

JOHN ALLEN."

Love is in a man's own power; let him take care to bestow it well. Years afterwards he wrote to his daughter:

"PREES VICARAGE, SHREWSBURY,
Jan. 1, 1879.

"MY DEAREST MAY,

A sister cannot be the same to a man as a thoroughly good wife. It is not good for men to be alone. For women if they can make up their minds to it, it is I think safer for them not to marry. For, unless the husband be perfection in all respects, trouble falls with double weight upon the wife. We men get everything we want by marriage—counsel, service, comfort.

Your loving Father,

JOHN ALLEN."

Four of his daughters followed his advice, but four married.

Alford to Allen

"AMPTON, NR. BURY ST. EDMUNDS,
August 14, 1834.

"MY DEAR ALLEN,

I write immediately on hearing your direction to congratulate you on the event, I and all your Cambridge coterie, have been delighted to hear of. So you are married; and doesn't the world seem to have an end, and the ancient sayings of the Prophets to be accomplished? We bachelors go about in a constant state of seeking and imperfection. Our talk is of fellowships and pupils and such-like buffetings in the voyage of life; but you, happy fellow, have made your port and are safe in the haven where you would be, with your white sails in the sunshine. We are cheated out of our better feelings by the importunate calls of worldly studies; you seem to have all the poetry of your life let loose upon you, and to have discovered an inexhaustible treasure of joy, quiet and unintermeddled with. I used to think I knew you, but you have grown double, and I only know half of you. Mysteries these, and deep things of life. May you, my dear fellow, never have a moment's cause to repent your having been initiated in them. I have often thought of the few minutes during which I had the pleasure of seeing you in town, and I hope the pleasure of many such meetings may be reserved for us. You, I suppose, will continue your King's College situation, as I hear you have refused a curacy at Whitchurch in Shropshire which I thought of taking.

As to my own love affair, it begins to draw to a close I hope. Provided I can obtain a settled residence I believe Easter is to be the time. Nineteen years' courtship and three years' engagement is, I should think, as long a time of pleasur-

able suspense as most people can look back upon. But I must go to my reading, so farewell. . . ."

Alford, a good scholar and draughtsman, married his cousin "Fanny," published an edition of the Greek Testament, which held the field for many years as the best, lived happily, and died Dean of Canterbury at about fifty-three.

Fitzgerald to Allen on the same Occasion

"Geldistone Hall, 9 *Sept.*, 1834.

"Dear Allen,

I have really nothing to say, and I am ashamed of sending this letter all the way from here to Pembrokeshire for no earthly purpose; but I have just received yours, and you will know how very welcome all your letters are to me when you see how the perusal of this one has excited me to such an instant reply. It has indeed been a long time coming, but it is all the more delicious. Perhaps you can't imagine how wistfully I have looked for it: how after a walk my eyes have turned to the table on coming into the room to see it. Sometimes I have been tempted to be angry with you; but then I thought that I was sure you would come a hundred miles to serve me, though you were too lazy to sit down to a letter. I suppose that people who are engaged in serious ways of life and are of well-filled minds don't think much about the interchange of letters; but I am an idle fellow with a very ladylike turn of sentiment, and my friendships are more like loves I think. Your letter found me reading *The Merry Wives of Windsor* too: I had been laughing aloud to myself: think of what another coat of happiness came over my former mood! You are a dear good fellow, and I love you with all my heart and soul. The truth was I was anxious about this letter as I really didn't know whether you were married or not—or ill—

I fancied you might be anything or anywhere. . . . The little book you speak of I will order and buy.

I heard from Thackeray who is just upon the point of going to France: indeed, he may be there by this time. I shall miss him much.

Farewell, my dearest fellow; you have made me very happy to hear from you, and to know that all is so well with you.

Believe me to be your ever affectionate friend,

E. FITZGERALD.

Come, I don't believe dear Allen that your marriage will make any great difference to you after all; but when I meet you I shall not be able to offend you by many loose and foolish things that I am accustomed to scatter about heedlessly when I meet you with others. I always repent me of having done so; but the joy of meeting you puts me into the tip-top merriment that makes me sin; if I only loved you half as well my conduct would be blameless to you. But you forgive me and it is almost sad to me to think that I shall never be able to sin, and repent again in that fashion.

E. FITZGERALD."

At this time the Principal of King's College, then lately founded, was Mr. Otter, who died early. On his appointment to the Bishopric of Chichester, recognising in Allen a man devout both in heart and head, by nature and habit full of religious reverence, and of common practical seriousness, made him, though he was but twenty-six, his examining Chaplain, and looked "with pleasure to his future preferment in his diocese, as a bright spot likely to comfort the evening of his days."

At Chichester the "simple, fearless character"[1] of the young Chaplain won for him the life-long friendship of its Archdeacon (Manning); nor could "Pusey-

[1] Manning's description of Allen.

ism" blind Allen's eyes to the sacred enthusiasm burning in that great heart and ruling its brain.

Manning would have made a good Hildebrand. Ambitious such a man must be[1] for the honour of the Society he served; but although, in the revelry of his fresh union with the Papal Church, he wasted years in establishing an Infallibility that is rather less than more infallible for his pains—he may have been hot-headed—it was no hard-hearted fanatic that fought sin later with both hands in Westminster, doing perhaps as great a work for the whole Body of Christian people as though he had never forsaken its Anglican Branch? He championed heroically the causes of Purity and Temperance, at a time when the one Cause should not be spoken of, and, to believe it possible to guard Christ's Members by self-sacrifice from a vice decimating the population, or by the same method to rescue them, was deemed an eccentric idiosyncrasy liable to divert wholesome energy from the cause of the Gospel, or from the diffusion of Church principles. What a man calls himself is of less consequence than what the power is God exercises upon his life and what he draws day by day from God. W. T. Stead and the Nonconformists giving their lives to these conflicts regarded Archbishop Manning as a true Father in God.

Once, about the Infallibility epoch, the friends, long separated but never alienated, met in the park; Manning was driving there, with worn features and a domed head looking as if its material covering were withering upon the burning energy of his thoughts. Allen greeted him with an expostulatory apostrophe, "O Archbishop! Archbishop!" The friends wrung each other's hands and parted for ever. Allen could not recognise the confines which Romanism is bound to emphasise to establish her position.

[1] See the nose and brow of his portrait (National Portrait Gallery).

To John Allen from (Abp.) Manning

" 14 Queen Street, May Fair,
Oct. 30, 1851.

" My dear Friend,

I write these few words to convey to you my thanks for your last kind letter and the assurance that I shall ever cherish the memory of our past regards.

With a sincere desire that all good may be with you believe me always yours affectionately,

Henry E. Manning."

Allen's life was an object-lesson of his own prayers, resolutions, and maxims. A humorist, a resident pupil of his, said, " He was pre-eminently a holy man ; one to whose presence ribaldry or profaneness would be a more odious insult than to any other man. I never felt this so strongly with the best of those I have known."

CHAPTER VI

POETIC MOODS OF TENNYSON

FITZGERALD writes:

"7 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, BLOOMSBURY,
October 25, 1833.

"Tennyson has been in town for some time; he has been making fresh poems which are finer they say than any he has done. But I believe he is chiefly meditating on the purging and subliming of what he has already done; and repents that he has published at all yet. It is fine to see how in each succeeding poem the smaller ornaments and fancies drop away and leave the grand ideas single.

His mother, to whom the poetic gift of the whole family was attributed, read no book but the Bible, 'the Concord of the Symphony of the Universe.'"

From Mrs. Tennyson to her son Alfred

"ROSE MANOR, WELL WARK.

"DEAREST ALLY,

I received a nice kind note from Alan Ker a short time since, which I now enclose, thinking it will give thee pleasure to know what he says to thy last beautiful and interesting poems. It does indeed (as he supposed it would) give me the purest satisfaction to notice that a spirit of Christianity is perceptible through the whole volume. It gladdens my heart also to perceive that Alan seems to estimate it greatly on that account. O dearest Ally, how fervently have I prayed for years that our merciful Redeemer would intercede with our Heavenly Father to

grant thee His Holy Spirit to urge thee to employ the talent He has given thee, by taking every opportunity of endeavouring to impress the precepts of His Holy Word on the minds of others. My beloved son, words are too feeble to express the joy of my heart in perceiving that thou art earnestly endeavouring to do so. Dearest Ally, there is nothing for a moment to be compared to the favour of God; I need not ask thee if thou art of the same opinion. Thy writings are a convincing proof that thou art. My beloved child, when our Heavenly Father summons us hence, may we meet, and all that are dear to us, in that blessed state where sorrow is unknown, never more to be separated.

Ever dearest Ally,

Thy attached and loving mother,

E. TENNYSON."

Alfred Tennyson and Wordsworth lived some forty years in the world together, and forty years each besides.

For the inward poet-life there must be long, unwearied intercourse with Nature, free and wise meditations, attention to her faint tokens and indications, a simple and devout spirit; without these essentials no man can become her friend or attain true insight. Wordsworth would walk at night—

> "Under the quiet stars, and at that time must
> Have felt whate'er there is of power in sound
> To breathe an elevated mood, by form
> Or image unprofaned; and he would stand
> If the night blackened with a coming storm,
> Beneath some rock, listening to notes that are
> The ghostly language of the ancient earth,
> Or make their dim abodes in distant winds—
> Thence did he drink the visionary power;
> And deem'd not profitless those fleeting moods
> Of shadowy exultation: not for this,
> That they are kindred to our purer mind
> And intellectual life; but that the soul,
> Remembering how she felt, but what she felt
> Remembering not, retains an obscure sense
> Of possible sublimity, whereto
> With growing faculties she doth aspire."

So Tennyson, when a lad abroad on the wold, in silence under the trembling stars, would watch with the shepherd, not only the flock on the greensward, but also the fleecy star, along with those other constellations which Aries leads over the fields of Heaven; and, gazing up into night's starry domain, standing no longer on earth, would touch the Creator while his spirit drank immortality. Then he would observe, too, some of the uncertain phenomena of night: unsurmised apparitions of the Northern Aurora, by some shy glimpses of which no winter—no, nor even summer night—he said was utterly unvisited; and hearken to those strange voices, whether of creeping brook, or copses muttering to themselves far off—perhaps the yet more impossible sea—together with "other sounds we know not whence they come, but all inaudible to the ear of day"; while Contemplation, like the night-calm felt through earth and sky, spread widely and sent deep into his soul its vanquishing power until the rising dawn yellowed the western hills. Then indeed a wise spirit was at work for him, most prodigal of blessings and most studious of his good, even in what might seem his most unfruitful hours.

> "He was not, I suppose, unless the word spontaneously came upon him, thinking how to turn what he saw and heard into verse: a premeditation that is likely to defeat itself, breathing, as it were, upon the mirror which is to receive the image that most assuredly flashes reality into words."

The fairy Lilians, Adelines, Madelines, and pale Margarets he wrote of were flesh and blood "pilots of his boyish fancy unto the shores of nothing," and in their morning modesty did not care for the publicity the immortalisation of their airy graces and rare charms brought them.

When Tennyson found himself "By the Banks of Bonnie Doon" he "broke into a passion of tears—of tears which, during a pretty long and intimate inter-

course," said Fitzgerald, "I had never seen glistening in his eye but once, when reading Virgil—'dear old Virgil,' as he called him—together; and then of the burning of Troy in the 'Second Æneid'—whether moved by the catastrophe's self, or the majesty of the verse it is told in—or scarce knowing why. For no young Edwin he, though, as a great poet, comprehending all the softer stops of human emotion in that register where the Intellectual no less than what is called the poetical faculty predominate."

At this time Wordsworth might still be seen travelling with the shadow of a cloud up Helvellyn. Fitzgerald wrote to Frederic Tennyson:

> "Do you know anything of poor Sir Egerton Brydges?—this in talking of sonnets. I certainly don't like sonnets, as you know; we have been spoilt for them by Daddy Wordsworth. What do they seem fit for but to serve as little shapes in which a man may mould very mechanically any single thought which comes into his head, which thought is not lyrical enough in itself to exhale in a more lyrical measure? The difficulty of the sonnet metre in English is a good excuse for the dull didactic thoughts which naturally incline towards it; fellows know there is no danger of decanting their muddy stuff ever so slowly; they are neither prose nor poetry. I have rather a wish to tie old Wordsworth's volume about his neck and pitch him into one of the deepest holes of his dear Duddon."

Fitzgerald to Allen

"Manchester, 23 *May*, 1835.

"Dear Allen,

I think that the fatal two months have elapsed by which a letter shall become due from me to you. Mind I don't speak this upbraidingly, because I know that you did not know where I was. I will tell you all about this by degrees.

In the first place I stayed at Mirehouse[1] till the beginning of May, and then spent a week at Ambleside, which perhaps you don't know is on the shores of Winandermere. It was very pleasant there. Alfred Tennyson stayed with me.

I will say no more of Tennyson, than that the more I have seen of him, the more I have cause to think him great. His little humours and grumpinesses were so droll, that I was always laughing; and was often put in mind (strange to say) of my little unknown friend Undine. I must however say further that I felt, what Charles Lamb describes, a sense of depression at times from the overshadowing of a so much more lofty intellect than my own. This (though it may seem vain to say so) I never experienced before though I have often been with much greater intellects; but I could not be mistaken in the universality of his mind, and perhaps I have received some benefit in the now more distinct consciousness of my dwarfishness. I think that you should keep all this to yourself, my dear Allen. I mean that it is only to you that I would write so freely of myself. You know most of my secrets. And I am not afraid of entrusting even my vanities to so true a man.

I have not been reading very much (as if you ever expected that I did), but I mean not very much for me. Some Dante by the aid of a dictionary; and some Milton and some Wordsworth, and some selections from Jeremy Taylor, Borrow, etc., compiled by Basil Montagu—of course you know the book; it is published by Pickering. I do not think that it is very well done, but it has served to delight and I think to instruct me much.

A single selection from Jeremy Taylor is fine; but it requires a skilful hand to put many detached bits from him together: for a common editor only picks out the flowery, metaphorical

[1] The Speddings' place.

morsels, and so rather cloys, giving quite a wrong estimate of the author to those who had no previous acquaintance with him; for, rich as Taylor's illustrations, and grotesque as his images are, no one keeps a grander proportion. He never huddles illustration upon the matter so as to overlay it, nor crowds images too thick together, which these selections might make one unacquainted with him suppose. This is always the fault of selections, but Taylor is particularly liable to injury on this score.

What a man he is! He has such a knowledge of the nature of man, and such powers of expressing its properties, that I sometimes feel as if he had had some exact counterpart of my own individual character under his eye when he lays open the depth of the heart, or traces some sin to its root. The eye of his portrait expresses this keen intuition; and I should less like to have stood with a lie on my tongue before him than before any other I know of.

Do you know South? He must be very great. It seems to me that our old divines will hereafter be considered our classics—(in prose I mean)—I am not aware that any other nations have such books.

Believe me to be your ever affectionate friend,

EDWARD FITZGERALD."

Fitzgerald to a Descendant of Dr. Donne

"Allen read much of your ancestor at the Museum, and has always spoken very highly of him. As to doctrine I believe Jeremy Taylor has never been quite blameless; but then he wrote many folios instead of Donne's one. One of the disadvantages of much writing is that a man is likely to contradict himself. If he does not *positively* do so, he may *seem* to do so, by using different expressions for the same thing, which expressions many readers may construe diversely;

and this is especially likely to be the case with so copious and metaphorical a writer as Jeremy Taylor."

Fitzgerald to Frederic Tennyson

"BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE, 1844.

"I have heard from Alfred, who hates his water life—'βίος ἄβιος' he calls it, but hopes to be cured in March. Poor fellow, I trust he may. He is not in a happy plight I doubt. I wish I lived in a pleasant country, where he might like to come and stay with me; but this is one of the ugliest places in England—one of the dullest—it has not the merit of being bleak on a grand scale—pollard trees over a flat clay with regular hedges. I saw a stanza in an old book which seems to describe my condition rather:

> 'Far from thy kyn cast thee;
> Wrath not thy neighbour next thee;
> In a good corn country nest thee;
> And sit down Robin and rest thee.'

Why should not I live in London and see the world? you say. Why then I say, as before, I don't like it. I think the dulness of country people is better than the impudence of Londoners; and the fresh cold and wet of our clay fields better than a fog that stinks *per se*; and this room of mine, clean at all events, better than a dirty room in Charlotte Street. If you and Alfred were more in London, I should be there more; but now there is but Spedding and Allen whom I care a straw about.

I have read the Life of Arnold of Rugby, who was a noble fellow; and the letters of Burke, which do not add to, or detract from, what I knew and liked in him before.

Old Seneca, I have no doubt, was a great humbug in deed, and his books have plenty of it in word. But he had got together a vast deal of what was not humbug from others; and as far

as I can see, the old philosophers are available now as much as two thousand years back. Perhaps you will think that is not saying much. Don't suppose I think it good philosophy in myself to keep here out of the world and sport a gentle Epicurism; I do not: I only follow something of a natural inclination, and know not if I could do better under a more complex system. It is very smooth sailing hitherto down here. No velvet waistcoat and ever lustrous pumps to be considered; no bon-mots got up; no information necessary. If we could but feed our poor! It is now the 8th of December; it has blown a most desperate east wind all razors; a wind like one of those knives one sees at shops in London, with 365 blades all drawn and pointed; the wheat is all sown; the fallows cannot be ploughed. What are all the poor folks to do during the winter? And they persist in having the same enormous families they used to do; a woman came to me two days ago who had seventeen children! What farmers are to employ all these? What landlord can find room for them? The London press does nothing but rail at us poor country folk for our cruelty. I am glad they do so; for there is much to be set right. But I want to know if the Editor of the Times is more attentive to his devils, their wives and families, than our squires and squiresses and parsons are to their fellow-parishioners. Punch also assumes a tone of virtuous satire, from the mouth of Mr. Douglas Jerrold! It is easy to sit in arm-chairs at a club in Pall Mall and rail on the stupidity and brutality of those in High Suffolk.

E. F. G."

E. F. G. to John Allen

"*July* 16, 1844.

"My dear good Allen,

Let me hear from you if even but a line before you leave London on your summer excur-

sion, whithersoever that may be. I conclude you go somewhere.

I have nothing to tell you of myself. Here I exist and read scraps of books, garden a little, and am on good terms with my neighbours."

When in town in the thirties Tennyson would spend long evenings in Coram Street, where Allen and Thackeray had taken houses almost opposite to each other, brooding sometimes in silence by the fire while Allen worked, looking up at last to give forth in his deep tones a line that had just come to him, thus: "'The flower she trod on dipped and rose and turned to look at her'; that is graceful is it not?" Or, stretching out his great hands over the fire he would describe some vivid scene or tale. Once he wrung Harriet's maternal sensibility with a picture of a father and mother hunted by wolves as they drove across a desert of snow in Russia, and driven in their extremity to cast out one child after another to stay the ravenous pursuit, drawing it with solemn brows and terrible power until at bed-time she promised herself a sleepless night! In about a quarter of an hour Alfred came back to say he was sorry he had frightened her, but when he saw her dimpled smile could not resist turning as he opened the front door to murmur in his own awful tones, "But it is all true you know."

Fitzgerald wrote to a friend from London about this time:

"We have had Alfred Tennyson here. Very droll and very wayward: and much sitting up of nights till two and three in the morning with pipes in our mouths; at which good hour we would get Alfred to give us some of his magic music, which he does between growling and smoking; and so to bed.

All this has not cured my influenza; but these hours shall be remembered long after my influenza is forgotten."

Edward Fitzgerald to John Allen

"I have been loitering in the garden this golden day. The wood-pigeons coo in the cover; the frogs croak in the pond; the bees hum about some thyme; and some of my smaller nieces have been busy gathering primroses all to make posies suitable to this present month (April).

I have now been home about three weeks, and as you say one sees indications of lovely spring about. I have read but very little of late; I caught a glimpse of the second volume of Southey's life and letters; interesting enough. I have also bought Emerson's 'Representative Men,' with very good scattered thoughts in it; but scarcely leaving any large impression with one, or establishing a theory. So at least it has seemed to me; but I have not read very carefully.

I found Alfred Tennyson in Chambers at Lincoln's Inn; and recreated myself with a sight of his fine old mug, and got out of him all his dear old stories, and many new ones. He is republishing his poem 'The Princess' with songs interposed. I cannot say I thought them like the old vintage of his earlier days, though perhaps better than other people's. I wish I could take twenty years off Alfred's shoulders, and set him up in his youthful glory. He is the same magnanimous, kindly, delightful fellow as ever; uttering by far the finest prose sayings of anyone. Thackeray's Pendennis is very stupid I think; Dickens's Copperfield on the whole very good. He always lights one up somehow. I don't find myself growing old about poetry. I believe I love it almost as much as ever; but then I have been suffered to doze all these years in the enjoyment of old childish habits and sympathies, without being called on to more active and serious duties of life. I have not put away childish things, though a man. But at the same time the visionary activity is better than the mischievous activity of

so many I see about me; not better than the useful and virtuous activity of a few others; John Allen among the number."

Fitzgerald to Frederic Tennyson

"GELDESTONE HALL, BECCLES,
10 *April*, 1839.

"MY DEAR TENNYSON,

I live on in a very seedy way, reading occasionally in books that every one else has gone through at school; and what I do read is just in the same way as ladies work: to pass the time away. For little remains in my head. I daresay you think it very absurd that an idle man like me should poke about here in the country when I might be in London seeing my friends; but such is the humour of the beast.

However, I shall see your good physiognomy one of these days, and listen to Morton, saying fine and wild things, 'starting the dull ear of night' with paradoxes that perhaps are truisms in the world where spirits exist independently of matter.

You two men have made great commotion in my mind, and left your marks upon it, more than most of the books I read.

What is Alfred about, and where is he? Present my homage to him.

Don't you rather rejoice in the pickle the King of the French finds himself in? I don't know why, but I have a sneaking dislike of the old knave. How he must pine to summon up Talleyrand's ghost, and what a ghost it must be wherever it is!

E. F. G."

Fitzgerald writes in 1842 (March):

"Alfred is busy preparing a new volume for the press: full of doubts, troubles, etc. The reviewers will doubtless be at him: and with

justice for many things; but some of the poems will outlive the reviewers."

And again in May:

"So Alfred is come out. I agree with you quite about the skipping-rope. But Spedding would tell you otherwise.

Alfred, whatever he may think, cannot trifle—many are the disputes we have had about his powers of badinage, compliment, walzing, etc.: his smile is rather a grim one. I am glad the book is come out, though I grieve for the insertion of these little things, on which reviewers and dull readers will fix, so that the right appreciation of the book will be retarded a dozen years."

CHAPTER VII

A CHARACTER SKETCH BY LORD GRIMTHORPE

"THAT remarkable man John Allen was absolutely honest and fearless, devoted to his own work and regardless of his own convenience. He came to conclusions quickly over his work, and did it. I have seen him put out a batch of letters between the post coming in and breakfast at 8.30. These letters ordinarily occupied one side of a half-sheet of note-paper and were full of the pithiest and most weighty matter.

"Liberal both in money and opinion, he was tolerant and ready to work with men of views very different from his own, yet he would have made a splendid martyr if he had lived in burning times. He never seemed to care whether anything he undertook was a forlorn hope, or had the best promise of success; and undoubtedly his forlorn hopes sometimes succeeded beyond any expectation.

"There was in him a power of influencing others without the least attempt at dictation. He ruled his own household well, never passing over anything he thought worthy of correction. He was in the best sense 'a man of the world'—that is, he understood it and the men he had to deal with.

"If he said anything seriously (not jocosely) condemnatory of anyone he had an extraordinary notion, that he was bound to tell him of it. It is superfluous to say that this got him into some serious quarrels. Two Bishops were among the victims of his candour. One wrote to his Bishop, who told him he ought to apologise. So he wrote this or something very near it: 'My Lord,—

the Bishop of Lichfield tells me I ought to apologize for my letter to your lordship. Therefore I do. Yours, etc., John Allen.'

"I have noticed those parts of his character which a layman and a lawyer could judge of.

"It was impossible to have any intercourse with him and not be the better for it."

Some Maxims from Allen's Commonplace Book

"The less you claim the more you will have."

"Keep your temper."

"Be slow to take and never give offence in official correspondence, and abstain even from doubtful expressions."

"You cannot have too much consideration for others in your manner of action."

"Humility is the cure for many a heart-ache."

"Take proper care of your reputation, and yet be content to be judged at last."

"When a question is once decided, whatever difference of opinion may have existed, discussion should give way to hearty co-operation."

"See that you have footing before you step, yet with a worthy object all is not failure that fails."

Discouragement is often disenchanted egotism. Men's instincts are truer than their thoughts.

"Take no account of who is for thee or against thee; but let it be thy business and thy care that God is with thee in everything thou doest."

"Temper and perseverance in prayer will always succeed for a right cause."

"Do not mind clamour when you have right on your side."

"Improvement proceeds slowly."

"In recommending new systems, people are apt to think that men are mere machines on which experiments are harmless."

"Never show a slight to anyone, however humble."

"All the writing in the world will not put people right who will not learn how to go about a thing."

"Our living comfortably with others depends most on not offending their tastes. We must avoid criticising and managing them. They are not we."

"A true man does not think of what his hearers are feeling but what he is saying."

"Our sincerity should have kindness in it."

"Men derive more pleasure and profit from the company of superiors than from that of inferiors."

"Be always displeased with what thou art, if thou desirest to attain to what thou art not. 'Always add, always walk, always proceed. Neither stand still, nor go back, nor deviate,' says Saint Augustine."

"Man's noble nature is the gift which God has placed within his power." Though Allen's head was in Heaven, his feet stood firm on earth. A man's character may be influenced by circumstances, but it is the walnut that shapes the shell and a man's own will shapes his circumstances. Find a way or make one, the world listens to a man with a will in him. It is the mind that makes the man.

CHAPTER VIII

LIFE AS FITZGERALD LIVED IT

Fitzgerald to Allen

"Boulge Hall, Woodbridge, 1835.

"I don't know what has come over me of late, that I have not written to you nor to anybody else for several months. I am sure it is not from any decrease of affection towards you. I now begin a letter more on the score of wanting one from you: to let me know how you are and Mrs. Allen too especially. I hope to hear good news of her. Many things have happened to you since I saw you. You may be a Bishop for anything I know. . . .

I have just read Southey's Life of Cowper: that is to say, the first volume. It is not a book to be read by every man at the fall of the leaf. It is a fearful book. Have you read it? Southey hits hard at Newton in the dark: which will give offence to many people, but I perfectly agree with him. At the same time I think that Newton was a man of great power. Did you ever read his Life by himself? Pray do if you have not. His journal at sea written to his wife contains some of the most beautiful things I ever read; fine feelings, in very fine English. . . .

Pray do write to me, a few lines soon are better than a three-decker a month hence, for I really want to know where and how you are; and so be a good boy for once in your life.

Ever yours lovingly,
E. F. G."

To another friend he writes from London :

" I wish people would speak their minds more sincerely than is the custom to do ; on this principle I will tell you that I thought the second volume of Southey's Life of Cowper rather dull. But then I have only read it once, and one is naturally impatient of all matter that does not absolutely touch Cowper ; at the first reading I mean, when one wants to know all about him. I daresay that afterwards I shall relish all the other relative matter. The Life of Coleridge (by De Quincey) is indeed an unsatisfactory thing. I believe everybody thinks so. You seem to think that it is purposely unsatisfactory, or rather dissatisfactory ; but it seems to me to proceed from a kind of enervation in De Quincey. However, I don't know how he supports himself in other writings."

Fitzgerald to Allen

" My dear Allen,

I often wish to see you and Spedding of an evening as heretofore at this season in London ; but I don't see any likelihood of my coming till February at nearest.

When you go to the British Museum look out for a poet named Vaughan. Do you know him ? I read some fine sacred poems of his in a collection of John Mitford's. He seems to have great fancy and fervour and some deep thoughts. Yet many of the things are in the tricksy spirit of that time ; but there is a little poem beginning, ' They are all gone into a world of Light,' etc., which shews him to be capable of much.

My old lady will be glad of a new edition of Jeremy Taylor besides the old one. She is anxious to possess the book soon as she never looks forward to living through a year, and she finds that Jeremy Taylor sounds a good note of

preparation for that last hour which she looks upon as drawing nigh.

Sometimes I talk to her about you by report. You never grudge any trouble for your friends. Farewell, my dear Allen.

Believe me yours ever affectionately,

E. FITZGERALD."

"I occasionally read sentences about the Virtues out of my collection of Stobæcus, and look into Sartor Resartus which has fine things in it; and a little Dante and a little Shakespeare. But the great secret of cheerfulness is the not eating meat. To that the world must come, I am sure. Only it makes one grasshopper foolish. I also receive letters from Moreton and F. Tennyson full of fine accounts of Italy, finer than any I ever read. They came all of a sudden on Cicero's villa—one of them at least, the Formian—with a mosaic pavement leading thro' lemon gardens down to the sea, and a little fountain as old as the Augustan age bubbling up as fresh, Tennyson says, 'as when its silver sounds mixed with the deep voice of the orator as he sate there in the stillness of the noonday, devoting the siesta-hours to study.' When I first read of these things I wish to see them; but, on reflection, I am sure I see them much better in such letters as these.

I have seen one good picture about here: a portrait of O. Cromwell by Lely—so said—unlike other Lelys, but very carefully painted: and, I should think, an original portrait. . . . I also read Hayley's Life of Romney the other day. Romney wanted but education and reading to make him a very fine painter; but his ideal was not high nor fixed. How touching is the close of his life! He married at nineteen, and, because Sir Joshua and others had said that marriage spoilt an artist, almost immediately left his wife in the North, and scarce saw her till the end of his life, when, old, nearly mad, and quite desolate, he

went back to her, and she received him, and nursed him till he died. This quiet act of hers is worth all Romney's pictures; even as a matter of art, I am sure." [1]

Fitzgerald to Allen

"BOULGE HALL, WOODBRIDGE, 1837.

"MY DEAR ALLEN,

There is a small cottage of my father's close to the lawn gates, where I shall fit up a room most probably. The garden I have already begun to work in: sometimes when I have sat dreaming about my own comforts, I have thought to myself, 'If Allen would only come to stay with me some day at my cottage, if I live there'—but I think you would not; 'could not,' you will say, and perhaps truly. . . . I am reading Plutarch's Lives, which is one of the most delightful books I have ever read. He must have been a gentleman. My Aristophanes is nearly drained—that is, for the present first reading: for he will never be dry, apply as often as I may. My sisters are reading to me Lyell's Geology of an evening: there is an admirable chapter illustrative of human error and prejudice retarding the truth which will apply to all sciences I believe; and if people would consider it, would be more valuable than the geological knowledge, though that is very valuable I am sure. You see my reading is so small that I can soon enumerate all my books; and here you have them. . . ."

Fitzgerald to Allen

"BOULGE HALL, WOODBRIDGE,
21 *April*, 1837.

"DEAR ALLEN,

Ah! I wish you were here to walk with me now that the warm weather is come at last; things have been delayed but to be more welcome, and

[1] See Tennyson's "Romney's Remorse."

to burst forth twice as thick and beautiful. This is boasting, however, and counting of the chickens before they are hatched. The east winds may again plunge us back into winter; but the sunshine of this morning fills one's pores with jollity, as if one had taken laughing gas. Then my house is getting on: the books are up in the bookshelves, and do my heart good.

How I wish you were here for a day or two.

I have been doing very little, having accomplished only a few Idylls of Theocritus, which harmonise with the opening of the fine weather. Is all this poor occupation for a man who has a soul to account for? You think so certainly. My dear Allen, you, with your accustomed humility, asked me if I did not think you changed when I was last in London: never did I see a man less so; indeed you stand on too sure a footing to change, I am persuaded. But you will not thank me for telling you these things; but I wish you to believe that I rejoice as much as ever in the thought of you, and feel confident that you will ever be to me the same best of friends that you ever have been. I owe more to you than to all others put together. I am sure for myself that the main difference in our opinions (considered so destructive to friendship by so many pious men) is a difference in the understanding, not in the heart: and, though you may not agree entirely in this, I am confident that it will never separate you from me.

Yours ever most affectionately,

E. FITZGERALD."

Fitzgerald to Allen

"LOWESTOFT, SUFFOLK, *August* 28, 1838.

"DEAR ALLEN,

I have been spending a happy time here, but the worst of it is, that the happier I am with Browne the sorrier I am to leave him; as usual

my pleasure in his stay is proportionately darkened by the anticipation of his going. Well, Carlyle told us that we are not to expect to be so happy. I have thought once or twice how equally happy I was with you by the seaside at Tenby. You and Browne (though in rather different ways) have certainly made me more happy than any men living.

I have gone through Homer's Iliad—sorry to have finished it. The account of the Zoolu people, by Captain Allen Gardiner gives one a very good idea of the Homeric heroes, who were great brutes, but superior to the gods who governed them: which also has been the case with most nations. It is a lucky thing that God made man, and that man has not to make God: we should fare badly judging by the specimens already produced—monster gods formed out of the rottenest scraps of humanity—gigantic—and to turn destructively upon their creators.

'But be of good cheer! I have overcome the world,' so speaks a gentle voice."

"28 *April*, 1839.

"My dear Allen,

Some one from this house is going to London: and I will try and write you some lines now in half an hour before dinner. I am going out for the evening to my old lady who teaches me the names of the stars, and other chaste information. You see, Master John Allen, that if I do not come to London (and I have no thought of going yet) and you will not write, there is likely to be an end of our communication; not, by the way, that I am never going to London again, but not just yet. Here I live with tolerable content, perhaps with as much as most people arrive at, and what, if one were properly grateful, one would call 'perfect happiness.'

Here is a glorious sunshiny day. All the morning I read about Nero in Tacitus lying at

full length on a bench in the garden : a nightingale singing and some red anemonies eyeing the sun manfully not far off. A funny mixture all this : Nero and the delicacy of spring, all very human ; however. So runs the world away. You think I live in Epicurean ease ; but this happens to be a jolly day. One isn't always well or tolerably good, the weather is not always clear, nor nightingales singing, nor Tacitus full of pleasant atrocity ; but, such as life is, I believe I have got hold of a good end of it.

Blake was quite mad, but of a madness that was really the elements of great genius ill-sorted : a genius with a screw loose, as we used to say. To me there is a particular interest in this man's writing and drawing, from the strangeness of the constitution of his mind. He used to see visions and make drawings and paintings of Alexander the Great, Cæsar, etc., who, he declared, stood before him while he drew."

" Boulge, Woodbridge, 4 *April*, 1840.

" My dear Allen,

. . . The country is now shewing symptoms of greenness and warmth. Yesterday I walked (not a common thing for me) eleven miles ; partly over a heath, covered with furze bushes just come into bloom, whose odour the fresh wind blew into my face. Such a day it was, only not so warm, as when you and I used to sit on those rocks overlooking the sea at Tenby, just eight years ago. I am afraid you are growing too good a Christian for me, Master Allen, if you know what I mean by that ? Don't be alarmed, however.

Spedding and I went to see Macready in Hamlet the other night : with which he was pretty well content but not wholly. For my part, I have given up deciding how Hamlet should be played at all. I take pleasure in reading things I don't wholly understand, just as the old women like sermons ; it is of a piece with an admiration of

all nature around us. I think there is greater charm in the half meanings and glimpses of meaning that come in through Blake's wilder visions; though his difficulties arose from a very different source from Shakespeare's. But somewhat too much of this. I suspect I have found out this as an useful solution when I am asked the meaning of anything that I am admiring and don't know it."

Fitzgerald writes to a friend in pleasant summer weather, July 24, 1839, from Bedford:

"Here I am again in the land of old Bunyan—better still, in the land of the more perennial Ouse (?) making many a fantastic winding and going much out of his direct way to fertilize and adorn. Fuller supposes that he lingers much in the pleasant fields of Bedfordshire, being in no hurry to enter the more barren fens of Lincolnshire. So he says. There is a garden on one side of the house skirted by the public road which again is skirted by a row of such poplars as only the Ouse knows how to rear—and pleasantly they rustle now—and the room in which I write is quite cool and opens into a greenhouse which opens into said garden; and it's all deuced pleasant. For in half an hour I shall seek my Piscator and we shall go to a village two miles off and fish, and have tea in a pothouse, and so walk home. For all which idle ease I think I must be damned. I begin to have a dreadful suspicion that this fruitless way of life is not looked upon with satisfaction by the open eyes above. One really ought to dip for a little misery: perhaps, however, all this ease is only intended to turn sour by and by, and so to poison one by one the very nature of self-indulgence.

Perhaps, again, as idleness is so very great a trial of virtue, the idle man who keeps himself tolerably chaste, etc., may deserve the highest reward;

the more idle, the more deserving. Really I don't jest, but I don't propound these things as certain.

There is a fair review of Shelley in the new Edinburgh, saying the truth on many points where the truth was not easily enunciated, as I believe.

E. F. G."

" Our busy race examine and explore
Each creek and cavern of life's dangerous shore,
With care collect what in their eyes excels—
Some shining pebbles, and some weeds and shells. . . ."

Men live on earth wisely by looking ahead; the life after death adjusts the scales of the balance here.

His sister Andalusia was engaged to Commander Bird Allen (John's brother), who gave his life on the Niger Expedition.

Fitzgerald writes to a friend :

" *January* 24/42.

" There is something poetical, and almost heroic in this expedition to the Niger—the motives lofty and Christian—the issue so disastrous.

Do you remember A. Cunningham's Scotch song :

' We will go, maidens go,
To the primrose woods and mourn,' etc. ?

It applies to this business. Some Scotch young folks went out to colonize Darien and never came back :

' Oh there were white hands wav'd,
And many a parting hail,
As their vessel stemm'd the tide,
And stretch'd her snowy sail.'

The sound of the sea hangs about it, as upon the lips of a shell."

Commander Bird Allen to Harriet Allen

" *September* 10, 1840.

" My dearest Harriet,

It is my duty to go.[1] I sometimes think that if I had said, when it was first named to me, I was engaged I might have got off. But under all the circumstances I trust I may say I have been led to the place I now occupy, and that the Almighty Disposer of all events without Whom not a hair of our head can perish, will overrule all to the eternal benefit of my never-dying soul. Oh this is a solemn prayer ; I wish it were as easy always to make it the desire of the mind as it is the words of the mouth.

We had a most agreeable passage from Teneriffe of eight days—that is, we had the finest weather and a favourable wind. But we had one painful accident : we lost our trumpeter overboard. It was an awful dispensation in one minute for one of our number to be summoned into eternity. It was a fine and smooth forenoon, and he had gone on to the platform on to which the entrance ladder leads to wash a tub, and by some slight unexpected roll he lost his balance and went overboard. The life-buoy was soon let go and we stopped, but it was full ten minutes before the boat we lowered was at the spot, when alas ! nothing but his hat was to be seen. Oh what a painful thing it is, in such a case, to give up hope and leave the spot ! "

" *June* 1.—I have a mark against the 29th of this month when I hope to remember you, dearest, most especially. God grant you may be well and doing well both in body and spirit. [Harriet's birthday.]

The Prince's watch[2] has reached me—an engine-turned handsome gold watch rather too large to

[1] On the Niger Expedition.

[2] Prince Albert, who presided over the meeting that inaugurated the Niger Expedition shortly after his marriage to Queen Victoria.

wear in fob, with the crown and ' A ' in the small plain circle at the back, and a glass face, so very suitable as a table watch. Should it return without me, I should like my dearest mother to have the pleasure of keeping it on her table for her life. Then Andalusia may have it as long as she wishes. I say so, desirous that she might have whatever of me may return, so far and as long as she pleases. The sooner she forgets me the better for her happiness, which I ever desire to have uppermost in my thoughts. I am not so selfish as to wish her anything but happiness, without my presence if it please God to take me. O my heart, look into thyself and see thou art sincere. Am I prepared to lay all at the foot of the cross, and say, ' Thy will be done ' ?

I was much pleased with Captain Trotter the second day after our arrival here. The four Commissioners were summoned to attend, and, after reading the Queen's Commission, he said, ' The commission upon which we are engaged is so important that we ought to commence with prayer,' which, being unanimously agreed to, Mr. Muller was sent for to offer up a prayer with us ; and all our deeds as commissioners are to be commenced in this way. God grant that His glory and the happiness of Africa may be the result of our labours.

I have dined alone with Trotter twice or thrice. Once was on a quiet Sunday, remaining with him to an early cold dinner after church, and then back here to read my afternoon service to my own crew."

Commander Allen died of fever six weeks after this letter was written.

CHAPTER IX

THACKERAY

Fitzgerald to Thackeray

"*July* 1835.

"My dear Boy,

God bless thee a thousand times over! When are we to see thee? How long are you going to be at Paris? What have you been doing? The drawing you sent me was very pretty. So you don't like Raphael! Well, I am his inveterate admirer, and say, with as little affectation as I can, that his worst scrap fills my head more than all Rubens and Paul Veronese together—' the mind, the mind, Master Shallow!' You think this cant, I daresay; but I say it truly indeed. Raphael's are the only pictures that cannot be described; no one can get words to describe their perfection.

There are plenty of pictures in London. Two or three very vulgar portraits by Wilkie; there is always a spice of vulgarity about Wilkie. There is an Eastlake, but I missed it. Etty has boats full of naked backs as usual; but what they mean I did not stop to enquire. He has one picture however of the Bridge of Sighs in Venice, which is sublime, though I believe nobody saw it or thought about it but myself."

Fitzgerald to Allen

"Give my love to Thackeray from your upper window across the street. So he has lost a little child: and, moreover, has been sorry to do so.

Well, good-bye my dear John Allen; 'Auld Lang Syne.'

'Down to the vale this water steers;
How merrily it goes!
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.'

E. F. G.

"GELDESTONE HALL, BECCLES, '39."

Thackeray went across to John's house to tell him of his loss. Harriet found him in the entrance-hall with the tears flowing down upon the breast of his coat. "O Mrs. Allen, we have lost our little baby. Come and comfort my poor wife!" The babe was wonderfully forward and full of tender sensibility—one of those children who seem to carry a light from some diviner world in their hearts and ways. In after-years Thackeray wrote: "Yesterday I had a letter from a lady, who has just lost a little child, and who ends her letter, 'If anything can console his father, it will be this heavenly weather.' And yet the woman feels acutely the loss of the child."

Lady Ritchie writes:

"The Allens lived opposite to us; they were carriage people; at least they had a wooden go-cart, in which I used to be taken out for drives with an Allen baby (May) of my own standing. It was a glorious sensation, combining ease to the legs with proper pride and delightful society."

Lady Ritchie to Anna Allen

"CARLYLE MANSIONS, CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA,
Wedy. 11 *Jan.* 1891.

"MY DEAR MISS ALLEN,

Your letter came in the midst of the Christmas *rout* of school-boys and new boots and 1,000 Martha-like preoccupations which always flutter my feeble old soul, much as I enjoy them, and I put off writing to you till I was a little calmer.

The first book I ever had was *Agathos*, which your Father gave me long before I could read.

My Father said success was a mere question of taking pains, and that one man could by constitution take more pains than another. I always read my own things out loud to myself and when they begin to get long I cut.

Yours sincerely,

ANNIE RITCHIE."

Fitzgerald to W. H. Thompson

"BOULGE HALL, WOODBRIDGE,
18 *Feb.* 1841.

"MY DEAR THOMPSON,

Since I saw you I have entered into a decidedly agricultural course of conduct: read books about composts, etc. I walk about in the fields also where the people are at work, and the more dirt accumulates on my shoes the more I think I know. Is not all this funny? Gibbon might elegantly compare my retirement from the cares and splendours of the world to that of Diocletian. Have you read Thackeray's little book, The Second Funeral of Napoleon? If not, pray do; and buy it and ask others to buy it, as each copy sold puts $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ into Thackeray's pocket; which is very empty just now, I take it. I think this book is the best thing he has done. Donne is very æsthetic in Kemble's last Review (British and Foreign Review, 1840). What is the meaning of 'exegetical'? Till I know that, how can I understand the Review?

Pray remember me kindly to Blakesley, Heath, and such other potentates as I knew in the days before they 'assumed the purple.' I am reading Gibbon and see nothing but this colour before my eyes. It changes occasionally to bright yellow, which is (is it?) the imperial colour in China, and also the antithesis to purple (Goethe reduces the primitive colours to two) even as the Western and Eastern Dynasties are antithetical, and yet

by the law of extremes potentially the same (*vide* Coleridge, etc.). Is this æsthetic? is this exegetical? how glad I shall be if you can assure me that it is. But, nonsense apart, and begged pardon for, pray write me a line to say how you are.

E. F. G."

Thackeray to Fitzgerald

" I have lots of work on hand, so much that I am half distracted with it and do little; but I am going to do wonders directly.

'Doctor Johnson,' says Mrs. Thrale, 'please to read these manuscripts. I have several others when you have done these; for, doctor, I have plenty of irons in the fire.'

To which the doctor replied, 'Madam, you had better put them along with your other irons.' A good fate for the works of most of us. I have grown to hate letter-paper, as someone else does holy water.

W. M. Thackeray."

Fitzgerald to Thackeray

" Dear Thackeray,

I am very glad you are engaged in a way of life you like; that is a good thing indeed, which most people miss.

I will exalt your name for ever as a politician, if you will contrive to persuade me that we have nothing to fear from Russia. It is not the present fuss made about her that makes me tremble. I always have been afraid that she was the power kept in pickle to overwhelm Europe, just as men were about to settle into a better state than the world has yet seen."

W. M. Thackeray to Fitzgerald

" Leamington, *May* 1840.

" If you could but see how wonderful the country is, the country of Shakespeare; the old

homes of England standing pleasantly in smiling cowslip lawns, where spring lofty elms, amidst which the breezes whisper melodies, the birds singing ravishing concerts; the sheep browsing here and there, and waddling among the fresh pastures like walking door-mats; the tender lambs trotting about on thick legs; cows, bullocks, or kine looking solemnly with large eyes from behind their crooked horns. The lusty rustics sauntering about whistling, the fat yeomanry cavalry swaggering through the green lanes."

Edward Fitzgerald writes:

"We have had such a spring and such verdure! White clouds moving over the new fledged tops of oak-trees, and acres of grass striving with buttercups. How old to tell of, how new to see! I believe that Leslie's Life of Constable (a very charming book) has given me a fresh love of Spring. Constable loved it above all seasons; he hated Autumn. When Sir G. Beaumont, who was of the old classical taste, asked him if he did not find it difficult to place his brown tree in his pictures, 'Not at all,' said Constable, 'I never put one at all.'"

Thackeray to Fitzgerald

"1840.

"Thank God that the Chartists have not a man of courage at their head who might set the kingdom in a blaze. We might be the British Republic, and Queen Victoria in her uncle's dominions of Hanover for what I know. With the Chartist's views about equalising property—robbery, in fact—of course a revolution effected by them could not last long; the fight would soon be over, but the deuce is that one must take and bear it, and be in a fever for a couple of years until a deal of blood-letting has brought the disease down."

Later, from Margate :

> " I am not a Chartist, but I am a republican. I would like to see all men equal and the bloated aristocracy blasted to the wings of all the winds. It has been good and useful up to the present time, nay, for a little longer perhaps—just up to the minute, when the great lion will shake his mane and scatter all these absurd insects out of it !
>
> What stuff to write to be sure ! But I see how in every point of morals the aristocracy is cursing the country.
>
> How delightful quiet this nature is ! The ripple of the waters is most melodious. The gas lamps round the little bay look as if they were angels sticking flaming swords into it. What is it that sets one's spirits chirping so on getting out from London ? "

The " Book of Snobs " (*Punch*) made Thackeray's fortune in one year.

Fitzgerald to F. Tennyson

" Boulge, *May* 24/44.

> " I see in *Punch* a humorous catalogue of supposed pictures at the exhibition :
>
> ' Prince Albert's favourite spaniel and boot-jack,'
>
> ' The Queen's Macaw with a Muffin, by Landseer,'
>
> in which I recognise Thackeray's fancy. He is in full vigour play and pay in London, writing in a dozen reviews and a score of newspapers ; and while health lasts he sails before the wind.
>
> I have not heard of Alfred since March.
>
> I daresay I should have stayed longer in London had you been there : but the wits were too much for me. Not Spedding, mind : who is a dear fellow. But one finds few in London *serious* men : I mean *serious* even in fun ; with a true

purpose and character whatsoever it may be. London melts away all individuality into a common lump of cleverness. I am amazed at the humour and worth and noble-feeling in the country, however railroads have mixed us up with metropolitan civilisation. I can still find the heart of England beating healthily down here, though no one will believe it.

At evening I sit with open windows, up to which China roses climb, while the blackbirds and thrushes begin to rustle bedwards in the garden, and the nightingale to have the neighbourhood to herself."

Later he writes :

"Yesterday I dined with my dear old John Allen, who remains whole and intact of the world in the heart of London. He dined some while ago at Lambeth, and the lady next him asked the Archbishop if he read *Punch*. Allen thought this was a misplaced question ; but I think the Archbishop ought to see *Punch*, though not to read it regularly perhaps.

I then asked Allen about the *Vestiges*[1] ; he had heard of it—laughed at the idea of its being atheistical. 'No enquiry,' said he, 'can be atheistical.' I doubt if the Archbishop of Canterbury could say that ?"

Lyell said science and religion for him were not only not divorced, but were one and indivisible. The authority of revealed religion is vindicated by the history of creation. "The earth was waste or ruined" (Gen. i. 2) "in the beginning," i.e. at the Well-head of Time (Gen. i. 1).

Fitzgerald writes :

"I have again taken up my Homer, yet, as I often think, it is not the poetical imagination, but

[1] *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation* (R. Chambers).

bare science that every day more and more unrolls a greater Epic than the Iliad ; the history of the World, the infinitudes of Space and Time ! I never take up a book of Geology or Astronomy but this strikes me. And when we think that Man must go on to discover in the same plodding way, one fancies that the Poet of to-day may as well fold his hands, or turn them to dig and delve, considering how soon the march of discovery will distance all his imaginations, dissolve the language in which they are uttered. Martial, as you say, lives now, after two thousand years, a space that seems long to us whose lives are so brief ; but a moment, the twinkling of an eye, if compared (not to Eternity alone), but to the ages which it is now known the world must have existed, and (unless for some external violence) must continue to exist. Lyell says that the falls of Niagara, if (as seems certain) they have worked their way back southwards, for seven miles, must have taken 35,000 years to do so, at the rate of something over a foot a year ! So that the Geologist, looking at Niagara, forgets even the roar of its waters in the contemplation of the awful processes of time that it suggests. It is not only that this vision of time must wither the Poet's hope of immortality ; but it is in itself more wonderful than all the conceptions of Dante and Milton."

Fitzgerald to Frederic Tennyson

" Boulge, Woodbridge, *Oct.* 10/44.

" My dear Frederic,

I am now returned to my dull home here, after my usual pottering about in the midland counties of England. A little Bedfordshire—a little Northamptonshire—a little more folding of the hands—the same faces—the same fields—the same thoughts occurring at the same turns of the road—this is all I have to tell you of ; nothing at all added but the summer gone. My garden is

covered with yellow and brown leaves; and a man is digging up the garden-beds before my window, and will plant some roots and bulbs for next year. 'The round of life from hour to hour' —alluding doubtless to a mill-horse.

Alfred is reported to be still at Park House, where he has been sojourning for two months, I think, but he never writes me a word. Hydropathy has done its worst; he writes the names of his friends in water.

Is Italy become stale to you? Are you going to Cairo for fresh sensations? Thackeray went off in a steam-boat about the time the French were before Mogadore; he was to see those coasts and to visit Jerusalem! Titmarsh (his nom-de-plume then) at Jerusalem will certainly be an era in Christianity.

Spedding is yet in his Highlands, considering Grouse and Bacon."

In 1845 he writes:

"The Exhibition is full of bad things: there is a grand Turner, however; quite unlike anything that was ever seen in Heaven above, or in Earth beneath, or in the Waters under the earth.

If you want to know something of the Exhibition read Fraser's Magazine for this month; there Thackeray has a paper on the matter, full of fun. Stone took me by the button in the street and told me how, though he loved old Thackeray, yet these yearly out-speakings of his sorely tried him; not on account of himself, but on account of some of his friends, Charles Landseer, Maclise, etc. He worked himself up to such a pitch under the pressure of forced calmness that he at last said Thackeray would get himself horse-whipped one day by one of these infuriated Appelleses. At this I, who had partly agreed with Stone that ridicule, though true, needs not always to be spoken, began to laugh, and told him two could play at that game.

These painters cling together, and bolster each other up, to such a degree that they really have persuaded themselves that anyone who ventures to laugh at one of their drawings exhibited publicly, for the express purpose of criticism, insults the whole corps. In the meanwhile, old Thackeray laughs at all this, and goes on his own way, writing hard for half a dozen Reviews and Newspapers all the morning; dining, drinking, and talking of a night; managing to preserve a fresh colour and perpetual flow of spirits under a wear and tear of thinking and feeding that would have knocked up any other man I know two years ago at least.

Alfred was in London the first week of my stay there. He was looking well, and in good spirits; and had got two hundred lines of a new poem [The Princess] in a butcher's book. He and I made a plan to go to the coast of Cornwall or Wales this summer; but I suppose we shall manage never to do it.

We have had a dismal wet May; but now June is recompensing us for all, and Dr. Blow may be said to be leading the great Garden Band in full chorus. This is a pun, which, profound in itself, you must not expect to enjoy at the first reading. I am not sure that I am myself conscious of the full meaning of it. I know it is very hot weather, the distant woods steaming blue under the noonday sun.

E. F. G."

Thackeray was now a great man, dining out with Sir F. Pollock, Mrs. Dilke (76 Sloane Street), F. W. Newman, Kenyon, Buller, Talfourd, Higgins (Allen's father-in-law?), Macready, Proctor, Molesworth, Merivale, Lord Holland, etc.

Thackeray to his Mother

"What has happened since I wrote a year ago? The same story of every day—work, work;

gobble, gobble—scuffling through the day with business, a sort of pleasure which becomes a business till bed-time, and no prospect of more than temporary quiet. I have just got my month's work done, and with Tuesday the next month begins ; and the next work, etcetera. Was ever such martyrdom ? On the best of victuals to be sure. But I suppose there is no use in a man thinking about what he does in this world. What he is capable of doing and knowing is the thing, and when we go hence into somewhere, where there will be time and quiet sufficient, doubtless, who knows what a deal of good may be found in us yet ? What a thing it will be to be made good and wise! You see I am always thinking about ' Vanity Fair.' Everything is very flat and dull.

Well, yesterday was my little Minnie's birthday, and we had a day of heat and idleness at Hampton Court ; the pictures did not charm the children over much, but General McLeod's palace of Moorshedabad, with a little Nawab palanquin, elephants and bearers two inches high, delighted them hugely, and so did the labyrinth and the chestnut trees in full bloom, and the gardens all over green and sunshine. We all went to bed very tired at ten o'clock.

The night before, seeing ' King Lear ' was to be performed, I took Annie [Annie was about twelve] and some ladies. We all found the play a bore. We are the most superstitious people in England. It is almost blasphemy to say a play of Shakespeare is bad, but I can't help it if I think so, and there are other pieces of bookolatry, too, which make me rebel.

And now I am going to dress in my best and dine with Mr. Charles Buller.

God bless you, my dearest Mother ; I am as well as any mortal almost."

Charles Buller had delightful social qualities. Carlyle

called him " the genialest Radical " he had ever met. His brother Arthur, one of the handsomest men in England, had too considerable abilities. Mrs. Buller, their mother, once a renowned beauty, the Queen of Calcutta, still preserved traces of what she was. Her conversation was brilliant and pleasant; she could talk of cookery, philosophers, or of metaphysics. In 1846 Charles was made Judge-Advocate; in 1848 Thackeray writes:

> " I went to see poor dear old Mrs. Buller at Richmond the other day. She has grown quite into the state of old womanhood. Dear old haggard eyes, how beautiful they were, even in my time, and how kind and affectionate she has always been to me. . . .
>
> Buller [Charles] was dying downstairs, the lamp of life just flickering out."

Charles Buller died at forty-two, leaving behind him a vast credit for undeveloped powers.

Thackeray writes:

> " All the London gaieties are over: I dined three days running at my own expense and enjoyed that relaxation amazingly.
>
> At the Literary Fund I made, I am told, an excellent funny speech. It was curious; I was in such a panic, I did not know what I said, and I don't know now."

In the green-room, behind a hall filled with a vast fashionable, intellectual audience awaiting the eminent novelist's first lecture on the Four Georges, the orator was pacing the little room in real distress, when his notes, on loose sheets of paper, so that each one could be put aside when finished, were knocked by some awkward hand from the table and strewed the floor! The culprit, looking up aghast, expecting to be the victim of a well-earned storm, was surprised to be greeted by Thackeray's well-known laugh and,

"There! that is the best thing that could have happened to me. It will take the remaining fifteen minutes to bring chaos into order and so keep me quiet!"

Fitzgerald to Frederick Tennyson

"*May* 4, 1848.

"Thackeray is progressing greatly in his line; he publishes a novel in numbers—*Vanity Fair*—which began dull, I thought, but gets better every number, and has some very fine things in it. He is become a great man I am told: goes to Holland House and Devonshire House: and for some reason or other will not write a word to me. But I am sure this is not because he is asked to Holland House. Dickens has fallen off in his last novel, *Dombey and Son*, just completed; but there are wonderful things in it too. As to public affairs they are so wonderful that one does not know where to begin. If England maintains her own this year she must have the elements of long lasting in her.

I had a note from Alfred three months ago. He was then in London, but is now in Ireland adding to his new Poem, *The Princess*. Have you seen it? I am considered a great heretic for abusing it; it seems to me a wretched waste of power at a time of life when a man ought to be doing his best; and I almost feel hopeless about Alfred now. I mean about his doing what he was born to do."

"*July* 2, 1848.

"I saw Alfred and the rest of the sçavans in London. Thackeray is a great man, and *his* book (which is capital) is read by the Great; and will, I hope, do them good. Alfred seemed to me in fair plight: much dining out; and his last poem is well liked."

Fitzgerald to Carlyle

"1849.

". . . Don't you think Thackeray's Mrs. Perkins' Ball very good? I think the empty faces of the dance room were never better done. It seems to me wonderful that people can endure to look on such things; but I am forty, and got out of the habit now, and certainly shall not try to get it back ever again.

I am glad you and Mrs. Carlyle are in a milder part of England during this changeable and cold season. Yet for my own sake I shall be sorry to see the winter go; with its decided and reasonable balance of daylight and candle-light."

In a letter to Edward Fitzgerald, not dated, Thackeray writes:

"My dear old Yedward,

It is not true what Carlyle has written to you about my having become a tremenjous lion, etc., too grand to write, etc.; but what is true is that a fellow who is writing all day for money, gets sick of pens and paper when his work is over, and I go on dawdling and thinking of writing, and months pass away. All that about being a lion is nonsense. I can't eat more dinners than I used last year, and dine at home with my dear little women three times a week; but two or three great people ask me to their houses and *Vanity Fair* does everything but pay. I am glad if you like it. I don't care if some other people do or don't; and always try to keep that damper against flattery. What does it matter whether this man who is an ass likes your book or not? Last Sunday I saw Jeames Spedding walking in the park with some children and a lady from the country. I am one of the swells there. I have got a cob which is the admiration of all; strong, handsome, good-natured, fast, and never tired.

You shall have a ride behind me if you come to London. Why don't you? I am going to give a party on the 9th of May. Mrs. Dickens and Mrs. Hogarth made me give it, and I am in a great fright. I have not got a shilling—isn't it wonderful? I make a great deal of money, and it goes pouring and pouring out in a frightful volubility. This letter has been delayed and delayed until I fancied it would never finish. I am always yours, and like you almost as much as I did twenty years ago."

To a poor lady he gave a pill-box, "One to be taken when required," containing two sovereigns.

Thackeray to his Mother

"Coram Street, 1839.

"If you were here and could be intimate with John Allen, how you would like him! The man is just a perfect saint, nor more nor less, and not the least dogmatical or presumptuous, working, striving, yearning day and night in the most sincere efforts to gain Christian perfection. . . . No man can escape from his influence, which is perfectly magnetical."

Solemn passages, which break like veins of gold through the sparkling surface of his humour, may be vestiges of this friendship.

Of *Vanity Fair* he wrote to his mother:

"What I want is to make a set of people living without God in the world (only that is a cant phrase), greedy, pompous men, perfectly self-satisfied for the most part, and at ease about their superior virtue.

"I was not going to write in this way when I began, but these thoughts pursue me plentifully. Will they ever come to a good end? I should doubt God who gave them if I doubted them."

Vide *Vanity Fair :*

> " My Lord Dives' remains are in the family vault ; the statuaries are cutting an inscription veraciously commemorating his virtues and the sorrows of his heir, who is disposing of his goods. What guest at Dives' table can pass the familiar house without a sigh ?—the familiar house of which the lights used to shine so cheerfully at seven o'clock, of which the hall door used to open so readily, of which the obsequious servants, as you passed up the comfortable stairs, sounded your name from landing to landing, until it reached the apartment where jolly old Dives welcomed his friends. What a number of them he had, and what a noble way of entertaining them ! How witty people used to be here who were morose when they got out of doors, and how courteous and friendly men who slandered each other everywhere else ! He was pompous, but with such a good cook what would one not swallow ? He was rather dull, perhaps, but would not such wine make any conversation pleasant ? "

Out walking one evening with some friends the sight of three lofty cranes against a golden sky startled Thackeray : " Calvary," he said with awe, as a deep silence fell upon him. For the rest of the evening his mirth forsook him.

Fitzgerald writes :

" Goldington, Bedford, 1852.

> " I had to run through London several times. I generally ran back as fast as I could, much preferring the fresh air and the fields to the smoke and the ' wilderness of monkeys ' in London.
>
> Thackeray I saw for ten minutes ; he was just in the agony of finishing a novel : which has arisen out of the reading necessary for his lectures, and relates to those times—of Queen Anne, I

mean. He will get £1,000 for his novel. He was wanting to finish it and rush off to the Continent to shake off the fumes of it.

Old Spedding, that aged and most subtle Serpent, was in his old haunts in Lincoln's Inn Fields, up to any mischief.

It was supposed that Alfred was somewhere near Malvern."

Thackeray to Fitzgerald

"I shall send you a copy of *Esmond* to-morrow or so, which you shall yawn over when you are inclined.

But the great comfort I have in thinking about my dear old boy is that recollection of our youth when we loved each other as I do now while I write. Farewell.

I sail from Liverpool on Saturday morning by the *Canada*, for Boston. Well, who knows what Fate is in store? and I feel not at all downcast, but very grave and solemn just at the brink of a great voyage."

Once on an early visit to some little cousins, he found them with bowed heads at family prayer. As soon as he opened the door there was a rustle as of awakening leaves in the morning breeze; but it was stilled by his uplifted hand as he stood there reverently until "Amen" was said. When carving for them at dinner he called out:

"If any little girl wants a little fowl
She must hold up her hand and give a little howl."

And then, with an imaginary cold in his head, which gave the youngsters more pleasure than most colds give pain, asked their mother if she would have some "B'utton."

When asked to write in a lady's autograph book he wrote:

"A wholesome thing is a hearty laugh,
To this I sign my autograph."

He was no great novel-reader. At seventeen he writes: "I have only read one novel since I came back [from Charterhouse], and I daresay I shall not read another. I have not yet drawn out a plan for my stories, but certain germs thereof are budding in my mind, which I hope, by assiduous application, will flourish yet and bring forth fruit."

The early chapters of *Vanity Fair* were altered and rewritten with many erasures, and with sentences turned in different ways, while in *Esmond* and his later books the manuscript flows on almost without a correction.

Thackeray to his Mother

"Of course you are quite right about *Vanity Fair*, and Amelia being selfish. It is mentioned in this very number. My object is not to make a perfect character or anything like it. Don't you see how odious all the people are in the book (with the exception of Dobbin), behind all of which there is a dark moral, I hope.

Amelia's humility is to come when her scoundrel of a husband is well dead, and when she has had sufferings, a child and a religion. But she has, at present, a quality above most people, whizz—LOVE—by which she shall be saved.

There are no end of quarrels in this wicked *Vanity Fair*, and my feet are perpetually in hot water. The last number you will like best, I think; it does everything but sell, and appears really immensely to increase my reputation, if not my income.

Towards the end of the month I get so nervous, that I don't speak to anyone scarcely, and once actually got up in the middle of the night and came down and wrote in my night chimee; but that don't happen often."

Charlotte Brontë dedicated *Jane Eyre* to him when he had never heard of her, and knew not whence the book or its dedication came.

Fitzgerald to Allen

"I see a good deal of Alfred, who lives not far off from me; and he is still the same noble and droll fellow he used to be. Thackeray I have seen three or four times. He is just the same. All the world admires *Vanity Fair*, and the Author is courted by dukes and duchesses and wits of both sexes. I like *Pendennis* much; and Alfred said he thought 'it was quite delicious': it seemed to him so *mature*."

Years afterwards Thackeray said: "*Vanity Fair* is undoubtedly the best of my books. It has the best story, and for another thing the title is such a good one; you could not have a better."

Thackeray to Fitzgerald

"I have been poring over the Life of David Hume all day. The most amiable of honest heathens. His life is coldly selfish and good-humoured and correct, and he went out of the world quite unconcerned, with a grin on his face, entering into Eternity as if he were stepping into a Court-Ball."

Sir James Stephen said of him:

"Hume was a cold-blooded animal with a fine perception of ugliness, and an exquisite taste in writing, which he borrowed from the best French models; a mere thinking machine, and the range of such machinery is at best very narrow. 'With the heart man believeth,' says the sacred text, and 'without a heart a man doth not understand,' is no unfair parody on it.

His history, except when touching on religion or party politics, is an incomparable abridgement."

In the summer of 1863 Thackeray, meeting Allen in a street, made it ring with the laughter of their

pleasure. Looking at Harriet he exclaimed: "Mrs. Allen, how well you look! Ah, good people wear well!" Then Allen must dine with him and bring his ladies. But he was leaving town on Saturday—"Come to-morrow," urged the glad host. "Now I must go home and see to beef and mutton."

On the appointed day they went to the pleasant house in Kensington, where a pleasant company was assembled, and the pleasant feast spread, but it was robbed of the presence of its genial master, for Thackeray was in bed with an attack of spasms. Yet Annie, who had a genius for sympathy, kept the table bright with her scintillating talk—something like her books.

Although her fame was but nascent, she had already, at twenty-six, begun to write; and her father, almost with tears of joy, dropped the golden first-fruits of her success into her lap.

Minnie was there. She was quieter, some said cleverer than Annie; but she married Leslie Stephen and died young, leaving no evidence of her gifts. Leslie wrote *Agnostic Essays*, which are not read now, but the novels written by the brood they have generated are.

"Cast forth thy word into the ever-living, ever-working universe; it is a seed-grain that cannot die; unnoticed to-day, it will be found flourishing as a Banyan-grove (perhaps also as a Hemlock-forest!) after a thousand years."

Leslie Stephen took orders for the sake of a fellowship, but soon shook them off. Although he shut up the Well-spring of happiness from many heavy-laden souls, he managed to live a happy life himself; two well-loved wives went before him into the Unknown Land, yet the sorrow of the world did not throw its shadow too heavily over him. Without taking up literature seriously, as Carlyle did, he worked at the *Dictionary of National Biography*, was a great novel-reader, and wrote much; born, as his sister said, with a pen in his mouth.

When a lad of twenty, Thackeray in Allen's rooms

at Cambridge, on a sheet of writing-paper, sketched in ink with an ordinary pen, without one false line, a street-show with a church spire in the background.

"Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and see what you will see,
It costs you nothing, and nobody can see it more than once;
This exhibition, tho' it is so cheap, is wery fashionable.
Last year it was *wisited* by his Majesty King George the IV and several of the nobility and gentry."

"This year it has been patronised by Field-Marshal Diebitsch and several 1,000 officers and soldiers of the Russian and Polish Army. Ladies and Gemmen, now's your time."

The door to the show is an upright coffin, with this superscription:

"PATRONISED BY THE ARMY AND NAVY AND THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS"

The speaker is Death—a smiling skeleton wearing an undertaker's hat.

Striding up to the door three steps at a time is a soldier; before him an enraged mother ascends with a feather in her bonnet and a merry babe in her arms. Awaiting their turn to mount the steps are a common man in a patched coat, and a little fat, staring boy; then comes a Piccadilly lounger strolling with a pipe in his mouth. In the distance a motley crew advance towards the show. The showman continues:

"The trumpet will sound at the end of the performance, after which it will be exhibited never no more." [1]

Before the close of that dinner-party year Thackeray's mirth and busy pen were still for ever. He was but fifty-two.

[1] This sketch is in Allen's Scrap-book, now in Trinity Library.

CHAPTER X

EDUCATION

In 1839, when Lord John Russell constituted the Board of Education, three inspectors, two laymen, and one clergyman were selected to discover how far the work of education had progressed in the country. The clergyman must be a man of tact and judgment, full of zeal for the spread of education, and proof against the discouragement he was to meet with, through bitter, though not unreasonable, prejudice. Such men as Lord Shaftesbury, Samuel Morley, F. D. Maurice, looked with aversion and alarm upon the scheme.

John Allen doubted whether to accept the post offered him by Lord Lansdowne. The income was good: he would be able to carry on his work as a clergyman; he would not be required to put off the character of a Christian clergyman on entering a school, *and*, if the schools were willing to have their religious education inspected, the Government would be glad to learn how it was being carried on.

All Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth's efforts were animated by two principles—the importance of religious teaching and the value of the local sympathy of the best persons in the several neighbourhoods. Sir James writes: "Their lordships," i.e. the Committee of Council on Education, "are strongly of opinion that no plan of education ought to be encouraged in which intellectual instruction is not subordinate to the regulation of the thoughts and habits of the children by the doctrines and precepts of revealed religion."

For himself, Allen was unable to decide whether what is called education without religion is better than no education at all. By teaching a man to read, you

put into his hand a bunch of keys, with which he may unlock treasures or offensive weapons.

He deplored the fact that numbers of baptized Christians leave the tutelage of Doctors of Divinity, able to repeat the whole of Horace, but hardly able to repeat five consecutive verses from any part of the Bible. He once said: "If I had my way, Ovid and Terence should be banished from our schools."

> "God's written word is the source of all that is most precious in our boasted civilization—the rule of truth, purity, and charity; the charter of our hopes for time and eternity. To exclude the name of Him in Whom we live and move and have our being from the education of the poor in this Christian country must be a step in the wrong direction."

Put true wisdom in the heart of the world, and the world will fight its battles victoriously, and be the best man can make it.

> "If we go back to the first recorded legislation as to the education of the young, we find there God's Law is, 'Ye shall lay up these My words in your heart and in your soul, and ye shall teach them your children.' 'Come, ye children, hearken unto me, and I will teach you the fear of the Lord.'
>
> The active, constant control of God over the affairs of this life is an established fact. He takes notice of what is done by communities as well as by individuals, to give honour to His Name."

Of his acceptance of the post Lord Grimthorpe writes:

> "Allen thought it right to consult his Bishop. He found him in his purple waiting for his carriage, which was to take him to the Privy Council, at which the Queen announced her intention of being united to Prince Albert. The Bishop was gruff in

manner, and gave him no help, saying, ' You know well that I disapprove of the whole scheme of Government Education.' Whereupon Allen said, ' Then I conclude your Lordship does not approve of my taking the appointment, so I shall decline.' Then Blomfield saw that would not do and said, ' Stop, Mr. Allen ; don't be in such a hurry.' Whereas it was he that had been hasty as usual. ' If we *are* to have School Inspectors, it will be better to have good men than bad ones ; perhaps you had better accept it.'

So Allen became a School Inspector, the first of them, under the old system, before it was transformed by that School Board Act of Messrs. Forster and Gladstone, which was carried under the false pretence of being auxiliary to the Church and other denominational schools ; whereas every man of common sense ought to have seen that its tendency was, and must be, to supplant them, and to transfer the management of schools from competent people to incompetent ones, and to enable a majority of ignorant or mischievous ratepayers to stop religious education altogether. The Bishops quietly sat by, and the Tory majority in the House of Lords with them let all that be done, irrevocably I suppose, as all attempts to return from bad ways to good ones are dismissed as retrograde now. Allen told us that he had met Mr. Forster some time after the Act had been in action, and said to him that he ought to get up in the House and confess that it had been a mistake. He did not tell us Forster's answer."

In his work as inspector, from good men and from bad Allen met with opposition. Difficulty is a severe instructor. By wrestling with us our antagonist helps us ; he strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill.

Dean Hook, then Vicar of Leeds, wished the religious education in the Government schools to be conducted by the clergyman of the parish, and by the Nonconformist ministers in a separate class-room.

John Allen to Dr. Hook

"*July* 11, 1846.

"SIR,

Through the kindness of Mr. Kay-Shuttleworth I have received a copy of your letter to the Bishop of St. David's, on the means of rendering more efficient the education of the people.

I admire the ability with which your views are stated. As to their wisdom an older head than mine may judge. I regret that you have thought it right to attack others; but all must hope that good will come of what you have done.

You refer to one of my reports (as a school Inspector) as containing an extract which dispenses with Church principles. I dislike the term 'Church Principles.' It appears to me to be (1) not English, (2) not distinct. Some understand by it the principles of Laud; others those of Ridley.

If you mean by it the principles laid down in the formularies of our Church, I ask you what principles that extract dispenses with?

You and I believe the Church to be the pillar and ground of the Truth, and that it is the witness and keeper of Holy Writ. We have pledged ourselves to teach the Scriptures to our charge, and to go after such of our flock as are astray.

I have been anxious that the Scriptures should be taught in our schools with understanding and reverence, and that the children should be led to worship God in the church. But I do not like to hold out the offer of good instruction, or of any other secular good, to draw children to church.

All will acknowledge the aim of a Christian education to be to lead children to know and love their Saviour.

I am, sir, with respect,

Your faithful servant,

JOHN ALLEN."

Dr. Hook to John Allen

"*July* 14, 1846.

"REVEREND SIR,

I believe your principles and mine are so entirely opposed, upon almost every point of the Christian Religion, that we could never come to an understanding.

By 'Church Principles' are usually meant the principles of the Catholic Church, and the term is in my opinion a good one.

I have the honour to be, reverend sir,

Your obedient servant,

W. F. HOOK."

John Allen to Dean Hook

"*July* 17, 1846.

"REVEREND SIR,

As both of us profess the same creeds, use the same liturgy, and hold preferment on the faith of our heartily assenting to the same Articles of Religion, I hope that your principles and mine are not so 'entirely opposed upon almost every point of the Christian religion' as you believe them to be. But your principles need not come under consideration in reference to this matter.

I am, reverend sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN ALLEN."

Other letters passed: some three years later Dr. Hook wrote to Allen:

"VICARAGE, LEEDS, *February* 23, 1850.

"MY DEAR SIR,

You never did a kinder, a more generous, or more truly Christian act than that which you performed when you wrote the letter which I had the great happiness of receiving this morning.

I do, indeed, remember our correspondence, and have long remembered it with feelings of deepest regret. I have seen you several times since, and

how have I longed to ask you to hold out the hand of reconciliation and forgiveness.

In that correspondence I was entirely to blame.

Now I rejoice in the opportunity of thanking you, from the bottom of my heart, for the happiness you have caused me this day. Most fervently have I prayed for you this day, and shall hope to do so occasionally, and I trust I shall have your prayers in return.

Believe me to be, dear sir, most gratefully yours,

W. F. Hook.

P.S.—I have been accustomed to hear your name frequently mentioned, for some of my family were present at the examination of the National Schools in London last summer, when you were examining the children. And they have continually quoted you as a model examiner, and expressed a hope that I should hear you examine. It was very pleasant to hear from my own children these expressions, and will now be doubly so."

Allen's theory of examination was, that it was his business to find out what the children did know; any simpleton could find out what they did not know. In inspecting he was quick at discerning a thoughtful, even if an ignorant answer.

When he inspected the schools in the parish where Lord Palmerston lived, Lord Palmerston stood in his long blue coat with brass buttons, listening attentively all through the inspection, and at the close thanked him for the pains he had taken.

As an inspector he would be out at work at nine in the morning, and find no time for eating, with the exception of five minutes in a biscuit shop, until 10 p.m., or, setting off a quarter after six, would not return to his inn until eleven at night; for he enjoyed his work more than his meals. His "indolence" was conquered now.

Of education he says:

" True religion is the only safeguard of commonwealths. A regard to God's Will as our sure guide, as the all-controlling authority, keeps the mass of mankind from turning to corruption.

He who in the hands of God does most to write on the mind of those about him the truths and the precepts of God's Word is the greatest benefactor of his fellow men. Those truths are best enforced when the twig is yet pliable, when habits may be formed, when character may be distinctly impressed before the limbs of the tree have grown hard and crooked.

Youth is the seed-time of life.

Let anyone observe in his own neighbourhood how one man by his honest labour, by his courtesy and consideration for others, by his love of justice, by his modesty and self-control, is the holdfast of society and the comfort of all that have to do with him ; in his household there is quietness and decency ; comfort and love. Each member of such a happy family has for every day the work of the day appointed and finds delight in fulfilling his task.

Or, on the other hand, let a man observe the misery of some other households, and the evils and sorrows caused by the misconduct of individuals.

One man gives way to lust and affects, it may be, in the way of direct consequence, those who are yet unborn, contributing to their misery in this present state, and to their remorse Hereafter. Another to drunkenness, and so makes an open road to unthought-of crimes. Another, through lack of truthfulness and justice, loosens all the bands of society.

A thoughtful man will then realize that education *must* have a great effect on the comfort of individuals, on the happiness of families, on the well-being of society, and on that which is the earnest desire of our Redeemer, the Salvation of Souls.

> We know, when we consider the state of our streets at night, and when we look into our own hearts, and into the course of our lives, how much room there is for improvement, so must feel that a call is made upon us to set forward God's will, to do what in us lies to leave the world better than we found it.
>
> Our great hope is in education. God trusts the coming generation to the care of us who are now at work in the world. We shall meet with opposition, yet a Hebrew proverb says: 'May our reward at the last be like that of him who, under a false accusation, holds his peace.'"

A good man has a force within him that puts in motion the wisdom and power of other men, and the religion of Jesus finds a new missionary in every pure soul and every wise man. A conviction of the truth of God was to Allen the highest function of his nature, the beauty of goodness the *only* real possession. In that mysterious communion of wisdom with ignorance called instruction, his endeavour was to make every scholar the servant of his Maker. "A man that has a spiritual truth in him is stronger, not than ten men without it, but than *all* men that have it not."

At King's College his influence was widely felt; the students said they listened week after week "with growing attachment to the lessons of practical devotion and fervent piety" he inculcated, and that many were animated and encouraged by private counsel and advice, while others came to him for the solution of the difficulties and obstacles in their way. None, they said, were dismissed unsatisfied or unimproved, and they added their assurance that "wherever Providence should call him he would find some whose eyes would grow more joyous and whose hearts be lighter in his presence."

To make some nook of God's creation fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to leave some human hearts wiser, manfuller, happier, less accursed, is work for the sons of God. To put straight a perverted

will, to gain a soul is beyond all profits of the best business.

One of his pupils, Edward Plumptre, afterwards Dean of Wells, said :

> " A shy boy often needs the sympathy and encouragement of one he respects and trusts ; I owe much to John Allen. There was a transparent sincerity and truthfulness in him that made me instinctively feel his approval was worth having. I trust that I learned something, too, from his thoroughness, his large-heartedness, and his manifest lowliness of spirit.
>
> He was always ready to acknowledge a mistake, and to accept correction when found to be in the wrong. Perhaps few have acted more consistently upon the apostolic precept, ' In lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves.' "

It is a solemn and awful thought for every man that his earthly influence will never through all ages have an end. *What is done is done.*

It is not by material, but by spiritual power, that men and their actions are governed.

He catechised the children in his own church once a month at the afternoon service, taking care they were well taught beforehand ; it was instructive to his people and interested them in the education of their children.

Canon Norris said :

> " Children he held in reverence ; to hear others either scold or flatter them was distress and pain to him. He would gather them round him to explain some old engraving of Albert Dürer's ; or to tell them of S. Christopher's vow to serve the strongest and how it came to be fulfilled."

Allen's cousin, Madame Sismondi, writes thus to the mother of Charles Darwin's children :

"If severity is a necessary quality for educating well, my little Emma's children will be the worst educated in Europe. You are a child after my own heart to like the instructing part. When your children become rational creatures they should be more a pleasure than a plague to you. We English lay too great stress on bringing children forward in learning, so we give them longer lessons than their little heads can take in, which only serve to weary the poor teachers.

Mrs. Somerville, who taught hers, assured me she never gave lessons longer than ten minutes at a time. A longer lesson was only pernicious; no child could give undivided attention beyond that period. She then sent them to amuse themselves as they could and they always succeeded, and were fresh to give their attention for another ten minutes when she called them. This could not fatigue any mother.

The learning that profits our understanding is of our own acquiring later. Never mind if your children are dunces."

In reproof Allen used the fewest words possible; and always spoke without witnesses. Taking a guilty child to his study he would put a question to it: "Do you think that was right?" Then if the culprit said, "No, father," he would dismiss it. "Heaven bless you, my child; that will do."

In his home his wife's will was law. When his children asked his leave to do anything, his reply was, "What does your mother say? If she approves, I do."

The following rules he laid down for his own guidance:

"(1) The first thing we all of us desire for our children is that they should be perfectly true; therefore we must be true ourselves, for children learn more by the eye than the ear.

"(2) We must be consistent; love without consistency may pass into mere fondness.

"(3) A fault pardoned should be as a fault forgotten. Bygones should be bygones.

"(4) A child, because he is a child, should never be allowed to give trouble to anyone (trouble that can reasonably be spared), to servants, parents, or visitors.

"(5) Don't be always don'ting! It is impossible to make children perfect, either by laying down needless laws, or by thwarting them with contradictions. Temper is one of the chief matters to be considered in training children to make others happy. Yet the first risings of evil should be watched, guarded against, and checked.

"(6) The elder children should be taught to instruct the younger ones by showing them pictures; and thus to educate themselves.

"Books educate as well as men. It is impossible that a bad man can write a good book. We should choose our books as we choose our friends, and endeavour to keep company with the best."

Day by day he inquired of his children: "What good have you done to-day?" His highest praise was: "You are beginning to be useful," or "You have taken pains."

Edward Fitzgerald to John Allen

"Bedford, *August* 27.

"Dear good Allen,

Do you know of any good books on Education? Not for the poor or Charity Schools, but on modern Gentlemen's Grammar Schools. Did not Combe write a book? But he is the driest Scotch Snuff. . . .

I am staying here with William Browne and his wife. The father and mother of Mrs. Browne bought old Mrs. Piozzi's house at Streatham, thirty-five years ago; all the Sir Joshua portraits therein, which they sold directly afterwards for a song; and all the furniture, of which some yet helps to fill the house I now stay in. In the

bedroom I write in is Dr. Johnson's own bookcase and secretaire; with looking-glass in the panels that often reflected his uncouth shape. His own bed is also in the house; but I do not sleep in it.

Carlyle writes me word his Cromwell papers will be out in October; and that then we are all to be convinced that Richard had no hump to his back. I am strong in favour of the hump; I do not think the common sense of two centuries is apt to be deceived in such a matter.

Now if your time is not wholly filled up, pray do give me one line to say you have not wholly given me up as a turncoat. I would rather have sat with you on the cliffs of St. David's than have done anything I have done for the last six months.

Farewell, my dear Fellow. Don't forget unworthy me. We shall soon have known each other 20 years, and soon 30, and 40, if we live a little while.

E. F. G."

Fitzgerald to Barton (a Quaker Poet)

"BEDFORD, *Sept.* 8, '45.

"Do not accuse me of growing enamoured of London; I would have been in the country long ago if I could. Nor do I think I shall get away till the end of this month; and then I *will* go. I am not so bad as Tennyson, who has been for six weeks intending to start every day for Switzerland or Cornwall, he doesn't quite know which. However, his stay has been so much gain to me, for he and John Allen are the two men that give me pleasure here.

My noble preacher Matthews is dead! He had a long cold, which he promoted in all ways of baptizing, watching late and early, travelling in rain, etc.—he got worse; but would send for no doctor, 'the Lord would raise him up if it were good for him,' etc. Last Monday this cold broke

out into Typhus fever ; and on Thursday he died ! I had been out to Naseby for three days, and as I returned on Friday at dusk I saw a coffin carrying down the street ; I knew whose it must be.

I would have given a great deal to save his life ; which might certainly have been saved with common precautions. He died in perfect peace, approving all the principles of his life to be genuine. I am going this afternoon to attend his funeral.

E. F. G."

Fitzgerald writes of the Oxford movement :

" I went to see a parson friend in Dorsetshire, a quaint humorous man. Him I found in a most out-of-the-way parish, on a fine open country ; not so much wooded ; chalk hills. This man used to wander about the fields of Cambridge with me when we both wore caps and gowns, and then we proposed and discussed many ambitious schemes and subjects. He is now a quiet, saturnine person with five children, taking a pipe to soothe him when they bother him with their noise or misbehaviour ; and I !—as the Bishop of London said, ' By the grace of God I am what I am.' In Dorsetshire I found the churches much occupied by Puseyite parsons ; new chancels built with altars and painted windows that officiously displayed the Virgin Mary, etc. The people in those parts call that party ' Pugicides,' and receive their doctrine and doings peacefully. I am vext at these silly men who are dishing themselves and their Church as fast as they can."

CHAPTER XI

KEBLE

CHARLOTTE YONGE writes :

> " Mr. Keble came back much pleased from the first examination by the Government Inspector. He said : ' I am convinced that examinations are very good things. I wish I had been more examined. It would have been very good for me.' "

Miss Yonge did for Keble what Kingsley did for F. D. Maurice—she made his teaching popular. Fiction works wonders in the world ; History, that " divine book of revelations, whereof a chapter is completed from epoch to epoch, of whose plenary inspiration doubt is not so much as possible," has not half the influence of Fiction ; e.g. Keble said : " Edward VI was Henry VIII in a bib and tucker ; Elizabeth was Henry VIII in a hoop petticoat ; and Queen Mary was the best of them ! "

It was curious to observe the contrast between the estimation in which other people held this short-sighted, shy man, and that in which he held himself. Lowliness seemed second nature to him. His sweetest fragrance, as George Herbert's, was bruised from his heart ; and, like George Herbert, he intended his poems to be published after his death ; they were published anonymously at first. The book's effect and success were a great surprise to him ; it ran into ninety-five editions during his life-time ; his church was rebuilt with the proceeds of it, while to the last he disliked being spoken of as " the author of the *Christian Year*."

Yet his work is different from George Herbert's; his poems are meditations, often subjective meditations; his earlier ones which are incorporated in his extensive scheme, are the best. Herbert's are psalms, melodious or rugged outpourings of a heart athirst for God, and second only to the Psalms of David.

Spencer, Scott, Dante, and Wordsworth were Keble's favourite poets. His melody, rhythm, and metre are sometimes so closely modelled on Scott's that the reflection might hardly be distinguished from the substance.

Wordsworth liked the poems, although the inequalities in their metre may have offended his taste, and proposed to Keble to arrange a meeting with a view to "correcting the English together."

Sir James Stephen thought Mr. Keble would have surpassed his master Wordsworth if he could have attained to the exquisite felicities of his master's occasional and better style. "He inhabited a world in which the humblest and the most familiar incidents were symbolical of whatever is most elevated in things spiritual and most remote from our experience in things visible."

Thomas Arnold, who saw the *Christian Year* in manuscript, thought highly of it. He said nothing of the kind existed in our language. Few songs have had a more sanctifying influence in chapels as well as churches than Keble's Evening Hymn.

Newman considered Keble the true and primary author of the Oxford movement.

Keble followed Butler in thinking "probability, not demonstration, the guide of life."

Allen regarded it as a serious blot on the Church's system of patronage, of which he in the main approved, that such a man as John Keble should be left to die the Vicar of a small country parish.

His strong soul and great intellect bowed meekly beneath the yoke; "he that by seeking hath his Lord once found hath ever found a happy fortune," and when Death comes obscurity shines like a nimbus round a good man's head. For thirty years he minis-

tered to his country people; sometimes unable to restrain his tears as, from the sick-bed of a dying girl, he came to consult his wife upon what possible means could be devised for her relief.

The windows of his home, hallowed by the daily matins and evensong of its Church, looked east and south framed by jessamine and white banksia roses, over a trimly kept garden through which a gravel path led down a slope to God's calm Acre. A paradise of peace and tranquillity, "like a lark's nest sheltered and warm, greenery all round and blue sky overhead."

In one of his last sermons Mr. Keble said: "What I want you all to remember is; we must not content ourselves with leading a random life; we must each have a definite aim in life, the aim of serving Christ."

John Allen to his Brother James

"*July* 25, 1844.

"My dear James,

I have lately been spending a couple of days with Mr. John Keble. I reached the vicarage at Hurstley Saturday last about 8.30 p.m. I had scarcely got out of the fly when a man, perhaps rather below the middle size, with grey hair and some of his front teeth out, came to the door, and with a great deal of kindness and simplicity of manner welcomed me to the house. The first impression reminded me somewhat of the plain exterior of Wordsworth. He ushered me into the dining-room, where his wife, his sister, and a Mrs. Moore, staying in the house, were just finishing tea. Over the fireplace was the engraving from Domenichino's picture of St. John, opposite a real Wilson, a very fine landscape, with two prints from German designs, 'Christ blessing little children' (Overbeck) and St. John preaching in the wilderness; a print of Judge Coleridge, and Strange's engraving of the three faces of Charles I. An engraving of Bishop Selwyn stood against some

books. After tea we went to the drawing-room, where hung two engravings after Raffaelle (the Transfiguration, and the Marriage of Joseph), a large head of our Saviour (after Guido), and one or two drawings of landscapes. In his study there is Westmacott's marble bust of Newman, and a copy in oils of Jeremy Taylor's portrait.

The first evening Keble talked of the difficulty of getting Hampshire properly stocked with churches. He gave his farmers a good character. Sir W. Heathcote took pains in the selection of tenants. While Keble was out of the room Arnold's Life was spoken of; the book lay on the table. Mrs. Keble said it had been specially painful to her husband.[1]

At evening prayers everyone stood while Mr. Keble read six or eight verses from the Scriptures: then the sentences, 'We are now come to the evening of another day,' etc., and then the servants and all kneeled down, not at chairs, nor at the table, but without support.

The next morning I had to walk and breakfast with one of the Curates of a district church to see the Sunday School.

I got back to church at Hurstley, where the Curate read prayers. All that was noticeable was that during the lesson Mr. Keble at the Communion Table, and his family in his pew, stood. Mr. Keble's sermon was to his young people after confirmation, very scriptural, admirably arranged, and, as I thought, among the very best I had ever heard; extremely simple. After the Communion we went home to luncheon, where was Dr. Moberly[2] (who during the holidays at Winchester, lives at a farm, which he has purchased in Hurstley parish), and Roundell Palmer.[3] The

[1] Allen reckoned Stanley's *Life of Arnold* the best book produced so far in the century.

[2] Head Master of Winchester, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury.

[3] Attorney-General, afterwards Lord Selborne; the compiler of *The Book of Praise*.

talk went on Scripture prints and on those published by Mr. Hopey, and by the S.P.C.K. Palmer said that the essence of such a committee as ours (that of General Literature) must be caution. I recommended him to write a grumbling letter about the giving up of the publishing of the designs after Rafaelle, as such a letter would strengthen the hands of those members of the Committee who wished them continued. Keble said that, as they must go on in a diagonal, the great thing was to apply as much force as one could in the right direction. Palmer said, 'And *beyond* the right direction, as Aristotle held that the way to recover a bent stick was to force it in the opposite curve.' Mr. Keble laughed approvingly. I said, 'I am sure, Mr. Keble, you would never recommend going on the other side of right to get your neighbours to go exactly right.' He rejoined, 'Why, I was not speaking of the morality of such a proceeding, but only of its effects.'

In the afternoon Mr. Keble took me to his Sunday School, and first examined the boys on the Catechism, and afterwards asked me to take them in Scripture, especially in the proofs of the doctrine of the Trinity. The day was hot and the room close, so we took them into the yard under the shadow of some trees growing in the churchyard, which adjoins the school. After church Mr. Keble took me a walk in the park, to see an old castle, or rather the moat of one built by Bp. Henri de Blois (1129–71). On the road we talked of the examination of candidates for Orders, Keble having heard elsewhere of my being Chaplain to Bp. Lonsdale. On my mentioning that the only books we recommended were Pearson, Hooker, Book V, and Butler, Keble said he supposed these were our three English classics. In talking about the study of Church History he said he liked to look at it in reference to some one man, who lived at the period he was reading about, and to make out, as much

as he could, what that person thought of what was going on around him: to take at one time *Sæculum Ignatianum*, at another *Sæculum Cyprianicum*, etc.

Speaking of the mystical interpretation of Scripture, I expressed a doubt as to following Augustine. I said I preferred what I had read of Chrysostom's expositions. Mr. Keble said he thought Augustine's mind was rather oratorical than poetical; that he did not think his spiritualizations of Scripture were inventions, but were actually drawn from a stock of Catholic Interpretations then accessible, and reaching from the Apostles' days. Keble said he found that these mystical interpretations took hold of the common people. And again, on my expressing my fear of adding anything to God's Word, he said that his plan was, when he met with any mystical interpretation which struck him as probable, to consult the books within his reach, and if he found the same view entertained by one or two of the Ancients, he gave it to his people without scruple, as feeling pretty sure that he was right. On my mentioning Vogan, Keble said that with *him* he could not go along, as *his* mystical interpretations were not the interpretations after the ancient Church.

Mr. Keble promised to write to me something about the examinations for Orders, if, upon reflection, he could think of anything likely to help me. At dinner we had three Curates and another clergyman. Some of the talk went on the best modes of catechizing children, and of managing Sunday Schools. I spoke of what I thought could be done by a teacher to lead his scholars to compare different passages of Scripture, and so in a measure to find out the interpretation for themselves. Mr. Keble, dissenting, asked how far I should think it wise to foster in the scholars the notion that they could themselves find out the meaning of Scripture, and was it not

best to give them with authority the interpretation ?

The following day, talking of O. Cromwell, Mr. Keble said that from the letters of O. Cromwell, now in Sir W. Heathcote's possession, it appeared he was as sharp at buying land as at other things. Talking of Carlyle's making a hero of him Mr. Keble said, ' Whitewashing is a very good trade, and it ought to have clever fellows in it as well as other trades. But,' after a pause he added, ' the worst of this whitewashing is, that to be successful in it one must blackwash such a number of other people.' And again, after another pause, ' The most evident stain on Milton's moral character would be removed could Carlyle be successful in this,' alluding to his flattery of O. Cromwell.

We had a long day's work in the school. The boys' school is a remarkably good one ; the girls' school respectable. Mr. Keble said afterwards he thought he and I went on two different plans in teaching children, and he thought it would be better for the future to make the instruction a mixture of analysis and synthesis. That he had been in the habit, after reading a passage of Scripture, of asking his boys what they learned from it ; whereas I had put the conclusion before them, asking for the premises, e.g. asking what passages of Scripture taught us the fitting subjects of prayer, and the mode in which prayer should be offered. We had some talk about the dutifulness of following the Church's teaching in the Sunday School so as, if possible, to make the Epistle interpret the Gospel.

In the evening he took me to see the gardens of Hurstley Park. We had some talk about the best expositors of Scripture. He said that the volume of " Plain Sermons," now coming out, was hitherto all his writing, the third volume being Pusey's, the fifth volume Newman's ; that he could not always distinguish between his

brother's (T. Keble's) sermons and the editor's (J. Williams). On my speaking of South Wales he asked if I were related to you.

On Tuesday morning I left to visit Otterbourne Schools. I hope to have the pleasure, however, of paying him a yearly visit.

JOHN ALLEN."

CHAPTER XII

OMAR KHAYYÁM

THE *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám, published anonymously in 1859, fell unnoticed from the Press. After the lapse of years its attraction was discovered, and further editions were called for. When its author was an old man, men began, unheeded by him, to talk of it. Since his death the Omar Khayyám Club has been formed, and plans laid for again writing the life of its celebrated author. One Christian young lady received ten copies of the poem with its "transitions from deadly fatalism to tavern house songs," in various editions de luxe among her Christmas gifts!

Even Carlyle, who greatly admired the art of his rendering, thought his old friend Fitz might have spent his time better than in translating the philosophy of that old Mahommedan sinner (*sic*) Omar.

In 1857 Fitzgerald wrote to his friend E. H. Cowell, a Persian scholar:

> "Johnson said the poets were the best preservers of a language; for people must go to the original to relish them. Omar Khayyám rings like true metal; his philosophy is, alas! one that never fails in the world.
>
> 'Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
> TO-DAY of past regrets and future fears—
> *To-morrow?*—Why, to-morrow I may be
> Myself with yesterday's sev'n thousand years.'"

Again, May 7, 1857:

> "When in Bedfordshire I put away almost all books, except Omar Khayyám! which I could

not help looking over, in a paddock covered with buttercups and brushed by a delicious breeze, while a dainty racing filly came startling up to wonder and snuff about me. You would be sorry to think that Omar breathes a sort of consolation to me! Poor fellow, I shall perhaps make some notes and inquiries as I go on."

Later, July 1857:

"June over! A thing I think of with Omar-like sorrow and the roses here are blowing—and going—as abundantly as ever in Persia. I am still looking at Omar by an open window which gives over a greener landscape than yours [India]."

"*September* 3, 1858.

"As to my Omar: I gave it to Parker in January, I think, he saying Fraser was agreeable to take it. Since then I have heard no more; so, as I suppose, they don't care about it; and may be quite right. My translation is very unliteral; many quotations are mashed together; and something lost, I doubt, of Omar's simplicity, which is so much a virtue in him. But there it is, such as it is."

"*November* 2/58.

"My dear Cowell,

I took my Omar from Parker as I saw he didn't care for it; and also, I want to enlarge it to near as much again, of such matter as he wouldn't dare to put in Fraser. If I print it, I shall do the impudence of quoting your apology for Omar's free-thinking. I doubt you will repent of ever having shewed me the book. My translation has its merit; but it misses a main one in Omar, which I will leave you to find out."

Later, December 7, 1861 :

" My dear Cowell,

I suppose you would think it a dangerous thing to edit Omar, else who so proper ? Nay, are you not the only man to do it ? And he certainly is worth re-editing."

Edward Fitzgerald to W. H. Thompson

" Market Hill, Woodbridge,
Dec. 9/61.

" As to my own peccadilloes in verse, which never pretend to be original, this is the story of Rubáiyát.[1] I had translated them partly for Cowell ; young Parker asked me for something for Fraser, and I gave him the less wicked of these to choose as he chose. As I saw he didn't want them, I printed some copies with Quaritch. Cowell, to whom I sent a copy, was naturally alarmed at it, he being a very religious man : nor have I given any other copies."

Fitzgerald never paid much attention to the book or cared for it ; he sometimes printed his work to judge of it : " to see how it looked."

After his version of Omar was printed Fitzgerald gave up Persian and studied Spanish (now much recommended) ; he had a Quixotic love for Don Quixote and thought Cervantes in the second part had succumbed to the influence of the hero he ridiculed.

[1] The quatrains.

CHAPTER XIII

A PASTOR

When Allen went northwards Fitzgerald was inclined to follow him. He went to Lichfield to look around; but the little Cathedral city was at that time some six hours from Prees, which lay eighteen miles away from a railway station, and, too, seven miles from the Trent's busy, turbid stream, famous for the breweries it supplied rather than for the sport it afforded.

Fitzgerald to John Allen

"Boulge, Woodbridge,
March 2, 1848.

"My dear Allen,

Every year I have less and less desire to go to London, and now you are not there I have one reason the less for not going there. I want to settle myself in some town—for good—for life! A pleasant country town, a cathedral town perhaps! What sort of a place is Lichfield?

I say nothing about French Revolutions, which are too big for a little letter. I think we shall all be in a war before the year is out; I know not how else the French can keep peace at home, but by quarrelling abroad. But 'come what come may. . . .'"

"Boulge, *Friday*.

"I suppose by a '*Minsterpool*' in Lichfield you mean a select coterie of prebends, canons, etc. These would never trouble me. I should much prefer the society of the Doctor, the Lawyer (if tolerably honest), and the singing men. I love a small cathedral town; and the dignified re-

spectability of the church potentates is a part of the pleasure. I sometimes think of Salisbury; and have altogether long had an idea of *settling* at forty years old. Perhaps it will be at Woodbridge after all!"

Allen went down to his distant parish, and slept as best he might with his budding family at the village inn. Prees had been called "a hell upon earth"; there had been no school to speak of in the place; ten public-houses drove a thriving trade; while cock-fighting and badger-baiting were in vogue. And there he lived with an ethereal power, wielding a sword out of Heaven's own armoury, which no buckler can finally withstand; discerning in the toil-worn labourer and the money-making farmer that divine significance which lies in the being of every man; teaching them that God was still present in their lives to help them upwards; and there for nearly forty years he persevered, guiding them through the waste of time to that "palace of which our sun is but a porch lamp" by a road which even in decrepitude and decay they still found to be the Path of Peace.

When, with some reluctance, Allen built a new vicarage, his friend Lord Grimthorpe said: "He kept a certain walk all askew in the garden because it was his predecessor's, who was one of those parsons who used to give out in church the meeting of the hounds as they do now saints' days and meetings of district visitors!"

His Bishop remarked, "If I had thought you meant to walk in his ways I should not have put you here!" But although he made as few changes as possible in the organisation of the parish, the church services, two in number, became events in the week.

Preparation was a law of Allen's life. A great authority on meetings for the people said: "They hang on three 'P's': Preparation, Prayer, and Punctuality. Punctuality in ending as in beginning. Allen would spend hours in preparing what it took him half an hour to deliver. "As the poor have but one

dish of theology a week," he said, "it ought to be carefully dressed."

Before he took a service he prepared himself by prayer in his study, never voluntarily speaking a word between that prayer and the beginning of the service. Then, strong in the power of two spiritual facts, the power of God and God's nearness to man, he entered His house reverently to confess with his people his sins before God.

Reverence is the highest feeling man's nature is capable of, the crown of his whole moral being, the visible sign of a sense of an invisible Presence, and has a principle of reason for its root. No injunctions move men so much to reverence as a devout behaviour in the act of praying; for, if one man in a back bench feel the presence of God in a church, it is there. The sentences of hope fell from his lips as messages from Heaven. The Psalms he read, the clerk leading the responding verses. Psalms are more impressive, more instructive and comforting when recited than when sung. The Bible he read solemnly and with authority as the Word of God. By doing faithfully his office in the Litany as a leader of worship he united his people with the Trinity of Compassion appealed to. Noise is not prayer, though it may sound like it; millions of hours are daily passed in a business called prayer, while the minutes spent in prayer are few. Only those who believe that God is propitiated by seeing them in a devout posture, or by the iteration of words, can measure their prayers by the length of them, and by the number of them reckon their services.

Once a month having read the Commandments, and on the Sunday previous the exhortations prescribed, with the authority of a great soul sure of the power of God in man's life, he dispensed to his people the symbols of their mystical union with each other and with their common Head; more anxious that the Holy Table should be furnished with humble and joyful guests, than that the communicants' roll should be long at the end of the year. Reality is of God's making; it alone is strong.

His sermons were based thought by thought upon the Bible, and aimed generally at simplicity and familiar expressiveness. He once said :

> " He is no friend to sinners who allows a word to escape him tending to lessen men's fears as to the consequences of sin. We are in a state of ignorance, but our speculations cannot alter the realities of our condition. So far as experience teaches, the two roads on which men travel diverge continually further and further apart. We are sure that the Judge will do right ; but on this side the grave no one can measure the gulf that is fixed between Dives and Lazarus ; no one can limit the awful declarations from the lips of our Saviour as to what shall be at the Day of Doom."

Religion, the distinction of good and evil, of thou shalt, and thou shalt not, is the soul of man's history. " A seer seeing into the life of things," he taught the facts of eternity from the parables of Him who knew them, and God's power to make men good from His miracles ; nor did he hesitate to mention in God's House the common sins of his people, e.g. " sitting needlessly in the public-house," not paying their debts, dusting the pepper in the shop, speaking evil one of another, and using bad language. The sins of the landlord were rebuked as well as those of the tenant, and when remonstrated with he said, " Will the Master find fault ? Ah, we must leave it all to the Day." Death, judgment, and eternity lay at the background of all John Allen thought and did. God's Word was great and all else was little to him. His pupil-teachers wrote out his sermons from memory and went forth into the world to shine as lights in many places. One took orders and became a powerful preacher among the Lancashire miners, for a man's influence is not limited by the bounds of his parish. A brother from a neighbouring Anglican Brotherhood said he had never felt the presence of God in any church as when

the Archdeacon read the service one week-day evening to his people; "he seemed to lose himself in it."

Canon Norris said: "His parishioners, young and old alike, heard him with breathless attention on Sunday afternoons draw forth after the second lesson, in wonderfully few and simple words, the teaching of the chapter."

To spiritual worth the spirit must do reverence; no heart is so sunk and stupefied, so withered and pampered that the felt presence of a nobler heart will not inspire it and lead it captive.

Day by day, praying as he went, he passed among his people, a light burning with mild, equable radiance, as the enlightener of daily life bearing the Temple of the Holy Ghost into the dwellings of the poor and hard-worked, of the sinful and worldly-wise; not conscious of any special power to appeal to a wider audience than that of his own parish or his own Archdeaconry.

One of his clergy said: "George Herbert of Bemerton was his ideal of a parish priest, and indeed he was no inadequate reproduction of the original."

Before he went out at half-past two he knelt before God, and could be overheard praying aloud in the lonely lanes as he passed from house to house; often staying out until seven in the evening, visiting some twenty houses and praying and reading the Bible in many of them. The sick he visited daily, or every other day, the infirm weekly, and every house in his parish once in three months.

To a young clergyman he gave this advice: "Have a fixed time for going out, and keep to it. Often in the gloomy days of winter the pleasant warmth of your fireside will tempt you not to leave it; remind yourself that, because the weather is depressing, your visit will be the more acceptable to some sufferer less able to contend with its effects upon the spirits than you are."

A parishioner wrote after his death:

> "I was 19 years with my father, who was always at home and Ill several times. at my mothers

Death the Archdeacon's prayers were such not to be soon forgotten, that I might be inabled to fill her place, which I believe have been answered for I have been comforted and incouraged many times when I have thought of what he has said to me. the first thing that particularly struck me was once he Called, I was going to milk—he waited for and walked with me, as far as he was going my way, he said I looked better since I came Home, I said I was very well. he said many people considered good health the greatest thing but he considered it 3rd on the list, the first and greatest matter was to have the heart Right towards God. the 2nd was to have a Happy Home. and the 3rd good health, and if we had these 3 things he thought we should not be far wrong. my Father and him used to have a great deal of talk as he often used to Call when he was well, if by Chance anything had been said that was not quite right about anybody he would say, we should make much of the good and little of the evil, once he called after we had a narrow escape of having the House burned and if it had been it would have been a serious loss to us, as it was full of things for a larger House how he rejoiced with us, and kneeled down with us to offer a prayer of thankfulness for God's mercyful pronvdance. that was the way he always taught us. then I had a feaver myself he used often to visit me and read just a few picked verses, sutable never to weary me for I was very Ill. he used to say all things worked together for good to them that loved God. he called before he left prees and I said how very sorry I was that he was leaving us ; for I had hoped he would have visited my Father in his last illness ; he said if I thought he had done his Duty the best way to Repay him was to welcome his successor which I have tryed to do.

if ever he came when we were at meals, he would never come in he would say O you are at your

tea or diner I wont Come in thank you are you all well, and if by Chance we were out, we knew when he had been by a Cross he always made in the sand and I believe he never missed Calling on all his people at the beginning of the year to wish them a happy new year, at least he took an Interest in everything that concerned us he got up a Bank for childrens pence and I started to put all the girls got in it and when it broke up he took the trouble to Come down to say he thought it a pity they should leave of saving and if I would send them to his study at 9 o'clock in the morning he would go with them to the post office and deposit it there and very likely had it not been so they would not have had as much ; for they have each saved a nice bit and as to punctuality I should think there never was anybody like him for he was to a minute in everything and the Ladies often Called on us and we were always delighted to see them the fact is when I was at Weston I felt quite at a loss but it prepared me a little before we lost them altogether.

and texts of scripture he used to tell us for every occasion you could think at, such as set a watch before my mouth O Lord and keep the Door of my lips ; a soft answer turneth away wrath ; thou that judgest another condemnest thou thyself."

One old woman, after she had left his parish, said, in speaking of him to her new clergyman, " Him and me were very *great*. When I came to the door, he would always say, ' May I come in ? ' " The clergyman said, " I am afraid he was more polite than I am." " I reckon so." After a pause she added, " He would often say though, ' But I'm afraid I shall make you angry.' " Another said, " Eh, dear, he was wonderful good company " ; and another, " I could tell him anything." Behaviour is a mirror in which every man displays his image.

As the shepherd of all the souls in his parish, con-

formist and nonconformist, he went to them in their sickness, and sent them comforts; regarding their ministers as soldiers, in the same army with himself, enlisted under Heaven's Captaincy to do battle against the same enemy; so the men's spiritual life throve for there was no root of bitterness to defile it. When one minister placarded the village with notices that confirmation was unscriptural, he so continued his kindness to him that the minister asked to be admitted to Holy Orders; and when a chapel with a handsome frontage was erected in the heart of his little village he was found praying within it that the footsteps of the worshippers might be guided into the way of peace.

Recognising it as part of a clergyman's duty to encourage thrift and industry, he subscribed largely to the cow club, and welcomed all efforts to increase the material prosperity of the people. In the parish of Prees all the cottagers had a pig, a great number a cow, and many of them had gained independence.

God loves all His children; he that does His children most good is best beloved of God.

> "Land," he said, "has, as property, a character of its own. Originally it was held as a trust subject to certain responsibilities, and still bears moral responsibilities of the gravest kind.
>
> "The present fashion of making the number of birds and animals killed in a day a subject of boast and rivalry is degrading and demoralising to all who have to do with it.
>
> "There is a selfishness connected with the high preservation of game.
>
> "When our Master comes He will make enquiry as to these matters.
>
> "I cannot understand an employer not feeling it his duty to say to his men, 'By all means unite, if you think you can better yourselves. I love freedom of action myself; I am bound to encourage freedom of action in others."

Men are endowed by their Creator with native rights; among these are life and liberty; but the pursuit of happiness is not among them.

He felt deeply the widespread evils of intemperance, the crimes occasioned by it, the eternal ruin of souls to which it tends. The blessing of God seemed to him to rest upon every phase of the movement for its reform; and the conduct of the Rechabites and our Saviour's precepts on self-sacrifice, to point the way to voluntary abstinence.

His wife and daughters he asked to dedicate themselves to the service of his cure. Mrs. Allen, a busy woman, taught, with her daughters, in the Sunday School and in the night-school he opened for men, helped the women to save their money and bring up their children, and was their comforter on their sick-beds. His children, from the time they could read, were sent with food to the poor and taught to read and pray with them.

The Curate of Prees, John Seymour Allen, said, "He was one of those men who seemed to be entirely removed above the meannesses and petty cares of this world, and to have his conversation essentially in heaven, so that no one could be in his company without feeling himself lifted for the time being out of the world. It might be said of his influence on character, *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.*"

Speaking of his "industry and kindness, his prompt action and true sayings," James Lonsdale said, "When with him one felt one was with a man, if ever there was one, determined to do his duty cost what it might; one quite ready to sacrifice a right hand if called to do so.

"I feel grateful for his many attempts to do me good, and for all the happy days we had together. . . ."

The way of the Cross is hard; but Allen said, "We clergy do best when we keep our necks close to the collar; as soon as we draw back from it the yoke begins to gall." If at the end of life a man were asked, "Why he had not served God," he would have to reply, "It cost too much," but before he decide he

should consider what it costs to lose Christ. The Cross may not attract him, but it may cost him more to forsake it than to bear it.

> "Think of the Cross. Your Master is cold and naked; He is alone; behind Him the sky is dreary, and streaked with darkening clouds, for the night comes on—the night of God. His locks are wet with the driving rain; His beauty is departed from Him; all men have left Him—all men and God also, and the holy angels hide their faces. He is crowned with thorns, but you with garlands; His hands are torn with piercing nails while yours are full of gold. Will you tell me you can still be faithful though in brave array? I fear the sword of persecution can find no entrance to a heart so mantled—no! Hear you not the voice of the Cross? *Follow Me.* By His sufferings, as we look on Him, we are engaged to suffer. Suffering is our vow and profession. Love which cannot suffer is unworthy of the name of Love." [1]

Yet the shepherd who so cared for his sheep was not sad; the virgin lilies of his garden, the blue hills that bounded his horizon, were to him an effluence of the Fountain of all Beauty, the mysterious Garment of the Unseen, the handwriting of his God.

Each man's course is the facsimile of no other man's; by its inward nature it must be original. It has to combine a certain inward talent with a certain outward environment. A wise combination of these two make the possibilities of life infinite.

[1] From the monk's sermon in *John Inglesant.*

CHAPTER XIV

JOHN STERLING

JOHN ALLEN belonged to the Sterling Club. In 1849 the *Record* newspaper stated that the members of it denied the inspiration of the Bible and did not believe the Athanasian Creed. Allen wished the name of the club to be changed lest, as he wrote to Spedding, there should arise a suspicion in the heart of any member of it that any man in the club were not sufficiently careful about the integrity of the faith. The members, however, would not condescend to change the name of their club because of the criticism of a religious newspaper, and urged Allen not to add the weight of his authority to it. But, feeling he would do wrong in perpetuating the name now attention had been drawn to it, he felt bound to resist the wishes of his friends, and to withdraw from the club.

This small club was formed by Sterling while he was still in orders. Thackeray, Alfred Tennyson, Monckton Milnes, Archdeacon Manning, Lord Lyttelton, Thomas Carlyle, C. Romilly, F. D. Maurice, Blakesley, Hartley Coleridge, John Stuart Mill, G. S. Venables, and James Spedding were members.

Letter from F. D. Maurice

"*March* 9, 1849.

"Storm is certainly rising, and the newspapers are going to send hail-stones upon us. What do you think is the last charge? That the three Wilberforces, Manning, Allen, Julius Hare, three writers in Punch, Trench and I belong to a club established in honour of Sterling! the fact being that we are all members of a club which meets to

dine once a month originally established by Sterling and called by his name *on that account.* He himself wished some other name to be adopted, and implied that it *ought* to be changed when his views had become what he thought would be offensive. Think of this being the subject of a long article which is copied to-day into the Morning Herald! Alas! what are we come to, what shall we come to? Love and truth seem to lose all connection with the name of religion and God to be utterly forgotten by those who use His name every moment. I wish to confess the sins of the time as my own. Ah! how needful do I feel it, for the sins of others produce such sin in me and stir up my unsanctified nature terribly. How one should feel that every idle word one speaks may spread mischief and misery into hundreds of hearts and kindle up the wrong that is in them, and perhaps check many a true-hearted man in his duties.

F. D. MAURICE."

John Sterling's character was not supremely original, nor was his fate in the world wonderful; he achieved neither what men call greatness, nor what intrinsically is such, yet a tumult arose around him. Both Thomas Carlyle and Julius Hare (author of *Guesses at Truth*) wrote his biography.

Sterling left Cambridge in 1827, and looked around on life full of hope, in the glow of a young enthusiasm. He wrote a little, some sketches, and brief essays, and a novel called *Arthur Coningsby*. But when he was twenty-seven a strong convulsion rent the deepest fountains of his heart. He took a fatal interest in the desperate Spanish expedition of the refugee Torrijos and his company, and encouraged Boyd to join it. Sterling himself would have gone with them had it not been for the tears that fell from a pair of blue eyes. Their ships were pursued off the Spanish coast, all treaty refused, and every man in the expedition, Boyd included, was put to death. Sterling's distress

at this calamity was immense. "I hear the sound of that musketry," he wrote; "it is as if the bullets were tearing my own brain."

When this great remorseful misery came upon him it kindled, as with a sudden lightning stroke, into conflagration all the ruined structure of his past life.

Piety of heart, a certain reality of religious faith, was always Sterling's, a possession he would not and could not throw away. He began to struggle inwards and upwards, to strive by prayer and longing endeavour to grope his way into the presence of God; searching for some sanctuary where he might make expiation and find deliverance.

The result was that, in June 1834, Sterling was installed curate at Hurstmonceaux under Julius Hare. No priest of any church could more fervently address himself to his functions than he. He went about among the poor, and those that had need of help; zealously forwarded schools and beneficences; strove with his whole might to instruct and aid all who suffered consciously in body, or, still worse, unconsciously in mind. The Apostle Paul was his model; the perils, voyagings, and ultimate martyrdom of Christian Paul in those old ages on the great scale, were to be translated into detail and become the practical emblem of Christian Sterling on the coast of Sussex in this new age. It would be no longer from Jerusalem to Damascus, to Arabia or Ephesus that he would travel, but each house of his appointed parish should be to him what each of those great cities was—a place where he would bend his whole being for the conversion, purification, and elevation of those under his influence. All his powers should be directed to this end; he was continually devising some fresh scheme for improving the condition of the parish. His aim was to awaken the minds of the people, to arouse their conscience, to call forth their sense of moral responsibility, to make them feel their own sinfulness, their need of redemption, and thus lead them to a recognition of the Divine Love by which that redemption is offered to us.

In visiting them he was diligent in all weathers, to the injury of his own health; his gentleness and considerate care for the sick soothed their sorrows and won their affections.

His scorn of all meanness, of all false pretences and conventional beliefs, softened as it was by compassion for the victims of those besetting sins of a cultivated age, his never-flagging impetuosity in pushing onward to some unattained point of duty to the parish he toiled in, were like a shower of rain bringing down freshness and brightness on a dusty roadside hedge. One poor cobbler gratefully ascribed a great change in his life to Sterling's generous encouragement and charitable care for him. But a clergyman's life, pursued as Sterling pursued it, proved too strenuous for a delicate constitution, and illness forced him to forsake his work.

Coming up to town, he made Carlyle's acquaintance, and talked often about Christianity, Church, Anglican and other, how essential the belief in it is to man, insisting on the need of a personal God.

Although of warm, quick feelings he never showed anger towards an opponent; one wrathful glance is recorded, and it was but a glance, and gone in a moment. "Flat Pantheism!" he urged in the warmth of a debate: "it is mere Pantheism, that!" "And suppose it were Pot-theism?" cried his friend, "if the thing is true!" Sterling did look hurt at this flippant heterodoxy; the soul of his own creed was not indifferent to pot or pan in such departments of inquiry.

Once, in the fire of some discussion, he broke out almost in the spirit of St. Paul: "I could plunge into the bottom of hell if I were sure of finding the devil there and getting him strangled!"

Goethe he held in abhorrence, detesting his want of feeling. "Such an one is a worthless idol; not excellent, only sham excellent."

Of Carlyle he wrote: "I find in all my conversations with him that his fundamental position is, the good of evil; he is for ever quoting Goethe's epigram

about the idleness of wishing to ' jump off one's own shadow.' "

On one occasion he preached for Allen on the Resurrection. Carlyle was present; they left the chapel together.

The easier faith is made to us, the harder it is to believe. Sterling would have made a good martyr had he lived in the days of Diocletian; and in those days Arthur Clough would have been a boy hero, famed throughout the ages. *Plux crux quam tranquillitas invitat ad Christum.* Opulent, full of sunny hope, of noble valour and divine intention, Sterling was no thinker; his faculties were of the active, not of the passive or contemplative sort. Our minds are given us not that we may cavil and argue, but that we may see into the realities of life, have a clear belief and understanding about something upon which we can act.

The war of belief against unbelief is a never-ending warfare, and now, one more strong man fell in the battle. Scepticism opened her Pandora box of miseries; and Sterling, so Carlyle triumphantly affirms, lapsed at last into Goethism.

His later days were spent in continual flight for his very existence; ducking under like a poor unfledged partridge bird before the mower; darting continually from nook to nook, and there crouching to escape the scythe of Death. Sickness need not frustrate the work of God in a man's heart, nor quench his influence; Blaise Pascal and George Herbert both died young, after a life of ill-health. Agnosticism punishes its victims. When a man dies his heirs ask what property he has left behind him; the Angel who bends over him, asks what good deeds he has sent before him. Sterling suffered much, and did comparatively little.

Nor is he the only man who has awakened to doubts of his own faith after he has dedicated himself to the sacred profession. Maybe it needed no courage or self-sacrifice on his part to renounce his Orders, for his father was a wealthy man, one of the principal writers

in the *Times*, "the thunderer of the *Times* newspaper"; but, in the case of hundreds of men, "it would be impossible to do that," as they would say, so they try to believe they believe; and when the organ is pealing, and banners are swaying, they almost succeed; but when, on the evening of the same day, they sit by the fire with a pipe and a sceptical friend, they are quite sure they do not. Nevertheless, they apply themselves to what they call "the duties of their profession," say a great number of services very fast, often excel with the parish magazine, the boy scouts, and other parochial machinery; their sermons, if not inspiring, are at any rate short, and their Vicars are not censorious; their visiting is perhaps a little perfunctory, but "you cannot have everything."

They often become highly ecclesiastical, boasting of their "loyalty to the Church," and showing it by sweeping the hem of their cassocks aside from the contamination of a dissenter's prayer. With agnostics they are friendly if they conform, or, at any rate, do not non-conform.

Carlyle says it is a melancholy fact that when Belief waxes uncertain, Practice becomes unsound; and every work a man undertakes with an eye to the look of it is a parent of new misery to someone or another. Yet in ten years' time these men become so accustomed to their position, that they no longer question whether it be necessary to believe the doctrines they undertake to teach. But there will come a time when God, who is silent now, will speak.

The wealth of a man lies in the number of souls he loves and blesses, not the number he is loved and blessed by.

Other men confess boldly (to themselves), "I do not believe the creeds, but I like my profession." The nobler sort like it for the leisure and opportunity it affords for philanthropy; and so purify their souls in a sacred fellowship with Him "who loved them," and without noise of words, without confusion of opinions, without the shock of argument, but by service and self-sacrifice, learn to know Him in whom they have

not believed ; living with God in the world, of God's Light they are not bereft. All men feel and love the moral sublimity of a devotion to purposes exempt from selfishness ; and incalculable sources of inspiration lie in God's work and in the attempt to do it.

On the other hand, men who love art better than service, " staggered it may be by their own vast wits," read a good deal and take pains with their sermons, which are much admired, and sometimes win them promotion. Those on moral questions are often excellent, while those in their mystico-philosophico vein are reckoned " lovely " and " very deep." Since 1886 (the appearance of *Lux Mundi*) they have preached too often on Higher Criticism ; and while most of their intelligent congregations are too ignorant of the Holy Scriptures to know or care how many Isaiahs there are likely to have been, the youths and maidens among them leave their Sunday morning orisons, complacently assured that " you need not believe what is in the Bible."

When the sighing of the sorrowful and sinful penetrates to the ears of such pastors they soothe themselves with their " faith which is large in tune and that which shapes it to some perfect end."

But a man who will do faithfully needs to believe firmly ; and the test of a Revelation is its power for good, so when time's hoarfrost sprinkles their hair, a grey mist enfolds their spirit. Life past was pleasant, with all its pursuits or hobbies ; life present is jejune. Their healthful sports fatigue instead of refreshing them ; and the veil of life to come can only hide the Judgment-seat of Him who died to restore the world they have lived in and left as they found it.

Felicity must be distinguished from Prosperity. Prosperity is seldom a spiritual tonic ; it leads to ambition, and ambition leads to disappointment. The wheel of Fortune turns but once, and then the course is over. When a man rises from life's feast it can make no difference to him whether he has enjoyed his banquet or no ; but it must be a matter of supreme importance whether he has sown some fertile seeds to

bring forth food for mankind in successive tilths and ever-widening harvests. Luther said he would not purchase Paradise at the price of another forty years of life! But, after all, life is short, and heaven is for ever.

To other priests the doubt, whether they be true men, comes as a blast from the furnace of hell. "Am I an impostor, a hypocrite, a cloud without water, 'a wandering star' (misleading mariners) to whom is reserved blackness and darkness for ever?"

In proportion to the sincerity of a man's nature is his dizzy distress as he gazes into the abyss beneath him, and his abhorrence of the degradation of a life-long lie.

Yet, if with his sealed eyes, with their unspeakable longing, he cannot see his Master, in his heart He is present, and His Heaven-written Law still stands sacred there; so, holding fast by his resolve never to pass by the stern reality of the Cross on the path of pleasure, indolence, or indifference, day by day such a man determines to act in the church, in his study, at his fald-stool, by the bedside of the sick, and in his conflict with the spirit of evil as if he could see through the fog, and sets himself to "endure as seeing Him who is invisible." To the devout prostration of a struggling soul before the Giver of all light, be such prayer spoken and articulate, or be it a voiceless sigh, Heaven's Gate must open even though the arm that knocks may waver in its weakness. Getting to believe is a mysterious process, as all vital acts are; and a man's will is his only equipment for life's service. Faith is the hand of his soul, it takes hold of what he wills, and what he takes hold of is the most important fact in his life. But a man must do violence to his own nature; men who live for pleasure are always unfortunate, for comfort only makes them love themselves. Christianity was founded on poverty, on sorrow, contradiction, crucifixion, on every species of worldly distress and degradation; a man that has not known these things and learnt from them the priceless lessons they have to teach has not learnt to live.

Faith is the healthy act of a man's mind, and demands the use of power and love; ἀγάπη is not a disposition favourable to a man's self, it means self-sacrifice, the laying down of a life for others, and is the main organ of our salvation.

Thought rules the world, and faith, life's master-key, demands Christians capable of saying "We will die for this," and, above all, Christians capable of saying, "We will live for this"; men who, although unknown to history, are like Dante and Bunyan, Loyola and Wesley, the pillars (αἱ πέτραι) on which Christ builds His Church. "The end of man is an action, not a thought, though it were of the best."

Every apology for agnosticism, a subjective rather than an objective frame of mind, looking at what a man is pleased to think of His Maker rather than at what His Maker says to him, is based on the supposition that the Father of our spirits either cannot be reached, or turns a deaf ear to the cry of His offspring, that from the sanctuary of the divine Presence no suggestions descend into the sanctuary of the human heart.

CHAPTER XV

AN ARCHDEACON

When Allen agreed to become one of his Archdeacons, Bishop Lonsdale said, "I have now the satisfaction of thinking I have done one good thing since I became Bishop of Lichfield." A year or two later he wrote: "I have always regarded it, and have repeatedly spoken of it, as one of the greatest blessings of my life to have become acquainted with you."

Allen undertook the work with humble energy, copying into his private book of spiritual counsel these words of his predecessor, Archdeacon Bather: "Let me come to the throne of grace as bound and privileged. Let me fight against sloth; go plodding on, comfort or none; success or none; easily or painfully. Let me, and all for whom I ought to pray, always receive through the services of Thy house such holy, lively hearts so full of all good thoughts that evil ones may find no room to enter."

The priest-in-charge of Prees wrote to Allen: "You have at least this singular qualification for the position of Archdeacon, that you can take the clergy into your own church to show them all that a church *ought not* to be."

Little effort had been made to provide church accommodation for the rapidly increasing population of Shropshire. In the Archdeaconry there were fifty livings with less than two hundred a year. Allen set to work with courage and the faculty to *do*; standing based on the spiritual world, he so worked changes in the material world that, when he left, every parish had an income of at least two hundred a year; and further, in almost every parish a church had been built or

restored, or a parsonage-house or school added. For the highest of all possessions is God's help.

In no case would he allow the clergyman of the parish to bear any financial responsibility for these buildings, but, having subscribed liberally himself, he appealed to the land-owners and urged upon them their responsibility to God for the welfare of the souls of the people committed to their charge. The dukes, the largest land-owners, received the sternest letters. One nobleman had promised a subscription towards the building of a church, but when the time came for its payment the money was not forthcoming. The Archdeacon wrote for it; receiving no reply, he wrote again and again with no effect. He then called, and, after being kept waiting, was admitted to an interview. On the man's refusing to pay his subscription, Allen said, "As I hold your promise, I shall put your lordship into the county court." A cheque for the amount was then written. The Archdeacon took it, and, saying solemnly, "God loves a cheerful giver. He has no regard for offerings extorted by fear," tore it up, threw it into the fire, left the room and went from the house. The money was afterwards sent to him with an apology and was then gratefully accepted.

A rich Vicar had refused to allow a district church to be built in his parish; the Archdeacon pleaded earnestly the great need of such a church. The Vicar was stubborn, and Allen took his leave; as he passed out of the beautiful vicarage garden he admired a fine mulberry-tree. "Do you like mulberries? I never eat them." So a basket was sent for and the two men sat down beneath the pleasant shade of the tree and talked of pleasant things. At the end of half an hour, when his visitor look his leave, the Vicar said, "You shall have that church," and so a new church was built in Shrewsbury. *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.*

Speaking to the churchwardens of his Archdeaconry, John Allen said:

> "You are the guardians of the fabric of the church and its property. I entreat you not to

be deterred by fear or favour from boldly doing your duty in the distribution of pews and seats. Will not our Master enquire of us at the last whether we have done our best for His poor? You must allow no one to overrule you in the exercise of your judgement. You are, with the minister of your respective parishes, entrusted with the oversight of the morals and behaviour of your fellow-parishioners and will surely give your best endeavours to answer the demands for help, which your clergyman has a right to claim, in doing all the good that, together, you can be the means of effecting among them. But we must begin with ourselves. A churchwarden who is not watchful as to the words that fall from his lips, who indulges himself in acts of intemperance, or rules his household ill, may seem to take good care of the repairs of the church, but fails in the matter of prime importance. A good churchwarden must be a faithful, good man."

The establishment of ruri-decanal Chapters brought him into frequent contact with his clergy. Three were held annually in each Rural Deanery, in spring, summer, and autumn; but, while he attended every one himself, the Archdeacon would never preside, although he had sometimes come thirty or forty miles to be present, maintaining that the Chair belonged by right to the Rural Dean.

These Chapters were not meetings where clergy mainly of the same way of thinking met each other. The papers read by the members at the Shropshire Chapters were on moral or practical questions rather than doctrinal; on the conduct of the material work of the Church, the duties of their holy calling, on the importance of almsgiving, and the direction it should take. John Allen said:

"We are members of one Body; each one must ask himself, 'How much am I contributing to the general well-being of that sacred Fellow-

ship? Are we doing our duty to our people if we give them no opportunity of supporting the missionary work of the Church? Are they indebted to us? We and they must meet the great account at the last. A man who could blot out of the Scriptures all that is written of the duty of almsgiving and self-denial might be able to urge much in self-defence when he desired to shield himself from repeated solicitations to raise money for missionary work; *but*, when we consider that our Master's work is to be carried on by pressure, through conflict, and that God puts in our way opportunities for the sacrifice of our own will in order that He may enrich us the more, we may well fear lest we neglect some of those helps of which God calls upon us to make use. Nevertheless, the great good that is to be accomplished by us in the world will be realised by our being often on our knees in secret, by our contentedly labouring day by day in that field of the vineyard in which we have been placed, by our readiness to be the servants of all men, by our drawing out of the great Storehouse of Grace the supplies we need.

"When we patiently sit by the bedside of a sick parishioner, fixing our hope on the Lord, we may with confidence expect that word of counsel which shall be a word of comfort and of help.

"When, standing up in the congregation to minister, casting away all dependence on ourselves, we say to our Lord, 'Thou must come down and minister to this people'; we can hope that our agency may be effective.

"But our great work is with ourselves. The Master's approval is the thing we have to desire. As we grow in self-denial and in self-control; in self-sacrifice and in holiness; in truth and in purity, so shall we contribute to the building of the spiritual Temple. Riches do not help this, nor does earthly station, or the flattering words of our fellow-men; the most helpful builders may be now the least known.

"Worldly failure is of little moment, not to be regretted, if it contribute to our success at last.

"As we are ourselves sanctified by the Holy Ghost we help forward the sanctification of our people. And this we must do, or we do nothing! yes, worse than nothing. The minister who helps men to be more holy and teaches his people to know their Lord is sealed with the Seal of Christ."

Shall he give kindling in whose heart there is no coal?

Allen lent importance to the discussions by the respect he paid to them, taking voluminous notes and respecting every word of wisdom that fell from the humblest members. "There will be many dull pages in these Chapters," he said; but none were dull at which he was present. Upon all matters of a serious nature he spoke with the solemnity which filled his soul, and was eloquent upon his brow as upon his lips; yet, like his Bishop, he could always flavour business with humour without the sacrifice of time or dignity, and in lighter moments his keen sense of drollery, and hearty laugh, bespoke his enjoyment of what was witty. The Chapter dined together at the house of the Vicar who had invited them; the meetings, full of suggestive usefulness, were popular and agreeable. His skill in social intercourse was so great that smaller minds did not perceive how high he stood above them. Here, too, he learnt to know his clergy; his kindness to them and consideration for them knew no bounds; to the poorest, the least educated, the youngest of them, he desired to be no more than a brother, asking nothing for himself except that he might befriend and help them. He comforted them in their sorrows, studied their difficulties, and counselled them sympathetically in their squabbles with their squires. If they were in low spirits he asked them to his house, for his hospitality flowed from a generous heart.

A married Curate said: "No one knows what the Archdeacon has been to us younger clergy; he has been our father, and Prees has been our home."

Writing to the sick wife of one of his clergy, he said :

" Prees Vicarage, Shrewsbury,
Oct. 22, 1881.

" My dear Mrs. Lee,

Mrs. Allen and I desire earnestly to sympathise with you. Weakness and over-pressure of the nerves are among the heaviest of the burdens laid upon us by our heavenly Father. Surely for us our Lord endured the hiding of the Father's Face ; and in the Psalms the deepest sorrow is expressed. ' All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me ' ; but then the Psalm ends with, ' Why art thou cast down, O my soul ? hope thou in God : for I shall yet praise Him, Who is the help of my countenance and my God.' ' Heaviness may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning.'

When I am most pressed, the words of Toplady's hymn, ' Rock of Ages,' bring me comfort. I try every morning to pray for cleansing and for the outpouring of the Divine Spirit, and to assure my soul with the promises that my prayer will be answered. I will set my feet on the Rock. O Lord, in Thee have I trusted ; let me never be ashamed.

The exhortations in the Visitations for the Sick, often as I read them, always seem to me fresh.

Dear Mrs. Lee,

I am affectionately yours,

John Allen."

A middle-aged, matter-of-fact clergyman said, when Allen left the Archdeaconry : " We are all of us worse men since the Archdeacon left us ; he kept up our standard of duty and raised our spiritual pitch."

Of the teaching and ritual of all High Churchmen he was entirely tolerant, and appreciated what was zealous and earnest in all schools of thought which differed from his own. As years rolled on, and the work of the Church was developed, he threw himself into the upward movement with all his heart ; never

by word or action did he discourage honest effort, or place any hindrance in the path of a brother whose mode of furthering the Master's cause was not identical with his own. One ritualist made a pilgrimage to his death-bed to thank him for a generosity he had not recognised in the day of battle.

A member of the Diocesan Committee often opposed him when the claims of their respective Archdeaconries were at stake; once, after a fierce controversy, Allen said to his opponent, "My brother Archdeacon, I shall never strive with you again." "Oh do not say that," replied the other, who was possibly in the wrong. "No," replied Allen, "I never shall"; and he was as good as his word: however often he differed from his brother he held his peace. The powerful man controls the storms of his own mind.

In Convocation Archdeacon Denison and the Archdeacon of Salop were often, if not always, opposed. The redoubtable Archdeacon of Taunton generally leading the majority, Allen often speaking on the losing side; content to be in a minority; because if he were wrong he did no harm, and if he were right he had done his best.

Archdeacon Denison wrote to Allen's son:

"East Brent, *March* 21, 1887.

"Among *all*, I thank God I can say *many* friends, I know of no memory more near to my heart upon every ground, whether of difference or concurrence, than that of your dear father. He won all men's reverence, as he did all men's love. I live in hope of the blessedness which shall make us of one company again, where there is nothing but the unity of the love that endures for ever.

Yours ever affectionately,

George Anthony Denison."

Allen was in some respects too good or too simple-minded for the world in which he lived. He held and acted on his belief that, if any public man or private friend did or said what in his opinion was wrong, it

was his duty to address the man by letter or in person and set his fault before him. Then, having borne his testimony to the truth, he accepted with the utmost meekness and patience the inevitable and usually disagreeable result. "Injuries made him more gracious, and his nature then did breathe its sweetness out most sensibly as aromatic flowers on Alpine turf when foot hath crushed them."

Nothing is so inflexible as meekness sustained and animated by the firm conviction of right.

His opinions were those held by most conscientious men. The sale of livings would, he thought, lead the people of a cure thus treated to look upon their pastor as a merchant in the lowest sense of the word; and when the difficulties which are sure to confront every parson who grapples with his duties arose, such a man might feel he had only himself to blame for being where he was, and so be weakened in the discharge of his office.

The increase of the Diaconate by expanding the blessing of Ordination might encourage men earning their own living to serve the Church and care for souls; but he doubted whether a Deacon who had passed the Bishop's examination should receive his commission to preach until he had shown his fitness for the office.

> "The increase of the Episcopate would enable Bishops to give more time to personal visitations, accompanied by their Rural Deans, Archdeacons, etc.; visitations to be held in parishes where they had reason to fear the souls of the people were uncared for. For a Bishop's primary office is 'to set in order things that are wanting.'"

There are shepherds who smoke their pipes while the wolf is coming, murmuring to themselves that "God fulfils Himself in many ways."

> "A Bishop's income is a secondary matter; although some Bishops may require the help of three housemaids, a man can make as good a Bishop without them.

"If a clergyman does not pay his debts, his usefulness, though he were an angel from Heaven, is at an end."

Anxious that nothing should be done to alter the rubrics, he wrote:

"Prees Vicarage, Salop,
Oct. 31, 1874.

"Dear Dr. Pusey,

I earnestly hope we may have some words from you recommending that nothing be done at this time to alter the rubrics.

The weight of opinion amongst the clergy of this Archdeaconry is against meddling in any way with the Prayer-book.

Yours, dear sir, dutifully,
John Allen."

Such views firmly held must have brought him into collision with many men. One Vicar was impertinent about the Burials Bill when dining at his house in 1876. After stating his arguments in favour of it, adding that Nonconformists could best be won to the Church by the clergy "out-praying them, out-working them, out-loving them," the host sat silent while the man poured forth a torrent of insolence, and, when his carriage was announced, took leave of his guest as if he had behaved better, and asked him as generously again to his house.

"A good man is a living light-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near. Celebrity is but candle-light: it shows what a man is, but cannot make him better or worse than other men." So, knowing his duty and destiny in our mysterious universe, with no selfish desire to shine over men, working ever in his great Taskmaster's eye, this Archdeacon saw that every moment of time rests on eternity, and fought on patiently, endeavouring that the perfect Heavenly Law might be made the law of this earth of ours, which is the threshold either of Heaven or of Hell.

CHAPTER XVI

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

NEWMAN preached his first sermon on June 23, 1824, on the text, "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening," and nineteen years later his last, as an Anglican priest, from the same words.

A man of learning and genius, a profound theologian and a logician of the extremist subtlety, he left our Church, meaning to live a life of prayer, fasting, and monastic seclusion. In his early youth he was taught to read and love the Bible, and, under the influence of Thomas Scott, drew pure water from that fountain-head. The doctrine of the indefeasible supremacy of conscience found in him the most eloquent, the most unwearied of preachers.

Men live after their death not only in their writings and chronicled history, but still more in that unwritten memory exhibited in a school of pupils who trace their moral parentage to them.

Professor Jowett said: "Considering what he really was, it is wonderful what a space he has filled in the eyes of mankind."

When Keble heard of Newman's secession the woodland path, where he read the news, was for ever overshadowed for him.

Conscience, like every other power of the soul, needs education.

Allen, who was also deeply attached to him, could not believe he had left us until he heard of it from Newman himself. He thought perhaps Newman's sensitive mind, buffeted with storms of doubt, baffled with winds of doctrine, might be compared to the sensibility of a traveller, who, amid the fury of a

tempest, runs to shelter in a church. The Church, rightly understood, is but the home of God's family; the great city, wherein dwells Christ, at once Priest, King, and Ruler of the world, calling on men in every portion of the universe to unite within the eternal law of intellect and love.

Carlyle said he was a kind, affectionate man, who was much afraid of damnation and hoped to creep into Heaven under the Pope's petticoats, adding, "but he has no occiput." Woolner's bust shows that he had no back to his head.

At the moment when Leslie Stephen's essays (*Plain Speaking*) were harassing weak minds, Allen, seeing the lucidity of the arguments which logically deduced false conclusions from a false premise, begged Newman to confute them. For, if the causes of all the sin and all the mischief in the world were carefully sought, we should find the chief of all to be infidelity either total or gradual.

But Newman declined to enter the lists in so beautiful a letter that the Master of Trinity said he would give all the money in his pocket to possess it. Allen closed with his offer, and so enriched the Central African Mission with £1 13*s*. 6*d*.

Edward Fitzgerald to John Allen

"*July* 25/40.

"My dear Fellow,

I am become an Oxford High Church Divine after Newman, whose sermons are the best that ever were written, in my judgment. Cecil I have read; and liked his good sense.

John Allen, I rejoice in you,

Edward Fitzgerald."

Newman's sermons, which convinced men of sin and holiness with a subtle power, might, Allen thought, depress aspiration by their absence of reference to the Ladder between the two.

Yet what he did for the whole Church is immortal.

His " Lead, kindly Light," arising " like a lark's song from the furrow," was written on a night of deep depression in the Mediterranean—when, " a feeble unit in the midst of a threatening Infinitude, he seemed to have nothing given him but eyes to discern his own wretchedness." It has a hallowing influence on all sorts and conditions of men ; during the Welsh Revival it would ascend in harmonised cadences from two corners of a great chapel at once, quartets which no more jarred upon each other than the songs of eight thrushes in an orchard. On the other hand, during the war the soldiers in their wildest moods could ever be drawn at nightfall so to join in that hymn that it seemed to hallow the wide camp.

Whether Newman ever regretted the step he took after such long hesitation and self-interrogation cannot be known ; but the fact that he bewailed with bitter tears the sphere of usefulness Oxford once afforded him is now well known.

He lived and died at Rednal, an annex to the Oratory at Birmingham, where the most beautiful crucifix in the world, carved in wood, slightly over life-size, told him day by day its story ; and there, when the day of existence declined, and with all its toils sank in the stillness of eternity, he breathed out his spirit in meek affiance on Him whom, amid the shade of many doubts and some errors, he had loved and trusted and obeyed from childhood.

Archdeacon Allen to the Rev. Henry Meynell
(Promoter of the Woodard Schools)

" Prees, Shrewsbury, *Nov.* 1, 1876.

" My dear Meynell,

I hope you will have a happy visit at Hawarden.

The greatest and noblest of English statesmen, as I used to think, will be your host. His care of the national expenditure set forward righteousness ; his commercial treaties made him in God's hands the minister of peace ; his repeal of the

paper duties helped education; his Post Office Savings Banks have greatly helped thrift. But when he disestablished the Irish Church and provided that the surplus should relieve the land-owners from the support of lunatic asylums he seemed to me to commit a fatal mistake, and appears to have had little success as a statesman ever since. If he had divided the property among Roman Catholics and Presbyterians I should have found no fault.

Your kind letter has just come in. As regards spiritual direction: we must not lead people to look for better bread than can be made of wheat. We have our condition here framed for our trial by our Master.

Is it not a great responsibility to look for a visible director? Every Christian man who is wise will be able to give in time of need a word of fitting counsel, but each separate soul is directed and commanded to go to our Lord for all it can need.

'If any man thirst, let him come unto *Me* and drink.'

Ever affectionately yours,

JOHN ALLEN."

CHAPTER XVII

JAMES SPEDDING

Mr. Spedding, a good farmer and landlord, was the Squire of Mirehouse, a beautiful place looking upon the shore of Bassenthwaite and on Skiddaw, which you could mount from your bedroom window, and, as Fitzgerald suggested, " begin your excursion before breakfast " !

Of his son " Jem " he hoped great things, wishing him to serve his country in Parliament, where he was bound to distinguish himself. Of this son Fitzgerald said : " If not so illustrious in genius, he was certainly not less wise than Thomas Carlyle."

But James Spedding had no sort of ambition ; he refused a post at the Colonial Office when Sir James Stephen vacated it, of some three thousand a year, " to re-edit Bacon's works, which did not want such re-edition, and to vindicate his character, which could not be cleared."

" He liked to be kept at one long work which he knew would not glorify himself, and to it he sacrificed forty years which he might well have given to accomplish much greater things : Shakespeare for one."

Mr. Spedding's elder son died young and was immortalised by Tennyson in his poem to " J. S.," in his 1832 volume.

To " picturesque excrescences," as he called them, Mr. Spedding showed much indulgence, receiving all his son's friends with courtesy ; but he had seen enough of poets not to like them or their trade. Shelley once lived among the lakes, " stalking about the mountains with pistols and other such vagaries " ; Coleridge he had no use for ; Southey, with whom

Coleridge lived for a time, perhaps he held in some esteem; Wordsworth he did not value.

Fitzgerald stayed in this Cumberland home in the month of May 1835, along with Alfred Tennyson, and writes:

> "Mr. Spedding was rather jealous of *Jem*, who he hoped would do some available service in the world, giving himself up to dreamers, and grudged the time and thought his son spent in consultations about 'Morte d'Arthurs,' 'Lords of Burleigh,' etc., which were then in MS. He more than once questioned me, who was sometimes present at the meetings: 'Well, Mr. Fitzgerald, and what is it? Mr. Tennyson reads and Jem criticises, is that it?' etc. This as I might be playing chess with Mrs. Spedding, while the daffodils were dancing outside the hall-door."

Jem said of this visit (writing to Thompson):

> "I think Tennyson took in more pleasure and inspiration [at Mirehouse] than anyone would have supposed who did not know his almost personal dislike of the present, whatever it may be. Hartley Coleridge is mightily taken with him."

Fitzgerald and Alfred went on to Ambleside, but did not then make Wordsworth's acquaintance. Either through pride or modesty, dignity or diffidence, Tennyson could not be persuaded to call upon him, although the old poet was hospitably inclined towards the two young members of his craft. *Yarrow Revisited* had just come out, and Wordsworth published another volume in 1842, the year in which the volume Tennyson was now brooding appeared.

When admirers drove up to his cottage Wordsworth would sometimes slip out of the room and down the garden path to see what books (whether perhaps the *Excursion* or the *Lady of the Lake*?) accompanied the travellers.

From James Spedding to John Allen

" 1840.

" Fitz is on his way to Bedford, in a state of disgraceful indifference to everything except grass and fresh air. What will become of him in this world? I have sent word to Mrs. Rhodes that I have promised you, in her name, if you can find your way to Mirehouse, more gooseberries and milk than will be good for you. When you are there you can take the opportunity to settle some theological difficulties with which my two nephews are troubled. One of them wants to know whether God made the world out of nothing at all, and then what He made people for: to which the other (being half a year older, six and a half) replies that he can tell what God made people for: 'He made them to be good, but He know'd they wouldn't be good.' Can more be said on the subject? I am, happily, a layman, but this seems to me to be the sum of all that has been said about it yet. Alfred Tennyson has reappeared, and is going to-day or to-morrow to Florence, or to Killarney, or to Madeira. Or to some place where some ship is going, he does not know where. He has been on a visit to a madhouse for the last fortnight (not as a patient), and is delighted with the mad people, whom he reports the most agreeable and the most reasonable persons he has met with.

Yours ever,

JAMES SPEDDING."

From Edward Fitzgerald to W. H. Thompson (afterwards Greek Professor and Master of Trinity)

" BOULGE HALL, WOODBRIDGE, 1841.
(Doesn't this name express heavy clay?)

" MY DEAR THOMPSON,

You are, I suppose, at Cambridge: and I am buried (with all my fine parts, what a shame!)

here: so that I hear of nobody—except that Spedding and I abuse each other about Shakespeare occasionally, a subject on which you must know that he has lost his conscience, if ever he had any. For what did the phrenologist say when he felt Spedding's head? Why, that all his bumps were so tempered that there was no merit in his sobriety—then what would have been the use of a conscience to him? Q.E.D.

Lawrence has given me a portrait of him; not swords, nor cannon, nor all the Bulls of Bashan butting at it could, I feel sure, discompose that venerable forehead. No wonder that no hair can grow at such an altitude: no wonder his view of Bacon's virtue is so rarefied that the common consciences of men cannot endure it. Thackeray and I occasionally amuse ourselves with the idea of Spedding's forehead. We find it somehow or other in all things, just peering out of all things: you see it in a milestone, Thackeray says. He also draws the forehead rising with a sober light over Mont Blanc, and reflected in the lake of Geneva. We have great laughing over this. You have, of course, read the account of its landing in America. English sailors hail it in the Channel mistaking it for Beachy Head. There is a Shakespeare cliff and a Spedding cliff. Good old fellow, I hope he'll come back safe and sound, forehead and all."

Mrs. Cameron, a friend of Tennyson's at Freshwater, a fervent admirer of Wordsworth and a pioneer in artistic photography, made a successful portrait of this forehead; she softened her outline by taking the face slightly out of focus on a huge lens and with great skill cast a Rembrandt light on the "Spedding cliff." She maintained no woman should be photographed between the ages of eighteen and seventy-eight!

Tennyson said of Spedding, "He was the Pope among us young men—the wisest man I knew." His

quiet but strong sense of humour made him a delightful companion.

Carlyle called Spedding's *Life and Letters of Bacon* " the faithfullest bit of literary navvy work he had met with in this generation." " Bacon is washed clean to the natural skin."

Fitzgerald to Frederic Tennyson

" Boulge, Woodbridge, *May* 24/44.

" One finds few in London *serious* men—I mean, ' serious ' even in fun : with a true purpose and character whatsoever it may be. London melts away all individuality into a common lump of cleverness. I am amazed at the humour and worth and nobleness in the country, however railroads have mixed us up with metropolitan civilization. I can still find the heart of England beating healthily down here, though no one will believe it."

He writes again from town :

" I was at a party of modern wits last night that made me creep into myself, and wish myself away talking to any Suffolk old woman in her cottage, while the trees murmured without. The wickedness of London appals me, and yet I am no paragon ! Oh ! that I could look on my anemones and hear the sighing of my Scotch firs. The reign of primroses and cowslips is over, and the oak now begins to take up the empire of the year and wear a budding garment about his brows. Over all this settles down the white cloud in the west, and the morning and evening draw towards summer."

The rich man is not the man who holds the freehold of a county, but he is rich who knows what sweets and virtues are in the fields, the streams, the flowers, and the heavens, and how to come at these enchantments.

He who knows a sunset is beautiful is richer than the possessor of Grosvenor Square.

Fitzgerald to F. Tennyson

"All the world has been, as I suppose you have read, crazy about Jenny Lind: and they are now giving her four hundred pounds to sing at a concert! What a frightful waste of money! I did not go to hear her; partly out of contradiction perhaps; and partly because I could not make out she was a great singer like my old Pasta. Now I will go and listen to any pretty singer whom I can get to hear easily and unexpensively; but I will not pay and squeeze much for any canary in the world. Perhaps Lind is a nightingale; but I want something more than that. Spedding's cold blood has been moved to hire stalls several times at an advanced rate. Night after night is that bald head seen in one particular position in the Opera House; the miserable man has forgot Bacon and philosophy! Is it not better for weaker vessels to keep out of her way? People rushed up madly from Suffolk to hear her but once, and then die. I rather doubted the value of this general appreciation. And to perform in one's head one of Handel's Choruses is better than most of the Exeter Hall performances. I went to hear Mendelssohn's Elijah last spring: and found it wasn't at all worth the trouble. Though very good music, it is not original; Haydn much better. I think the day of oratorios is gone, like the day for painting Holy Families, etc. But we cannot get tired of what has been done in oratorios any more than we can get tired of Raphael. Mendelssohn is really original and beautiful in *romantic* music: witness his Midsummer Night's Dream and Fingal's Cave."

Fitzgerald to F. Tennyson

"PORTLAND COFFEE HOUSE, LONDON,
April 1750.

"MY DEAR FREDERICK,

It really gives me pain to hear you or any one else call me a philosopher, or any good thing of the sort. I am none, I never was: and if I pretended to be so, was a hypocrite. Some things, such as wealth, rank, and respectability, I don't care a straw about; but no one can resent the toothache more, nor fifty other little ills beside that flesh is heir to. But let us leave all this. Dear old Alfred is out of town; Spedding is my sheet-anchor, the truly wise and fine fellow; I am going to his rooms this very evening; and there I believe Thackeray, Venables, etc., are to be. I hope not a large assembly: for I get shyer and shyer even of those I know. Thackeray is in such a great world that I am afraid of him; and we are content to regard each other at a distance. You, Alfred, Spedding and Allen are the only men I ever care to see again. Spedding came down and spent two days with us at Bamford in those pleasant fields by the riverside. He was delicious there; always leaving a mark, as I say, in all places one has been at with him, a sort of Platonic perfume. For has he not all the beauty of the Platonic Socrates with some personal beauty to boot? He explained to us one day about the laws of reflection in water. And I said then that one never could look at the willow whose branches furnished the text without thinking of him. How beastly this reads, as if he gave us a lecture! But you know the man, how quietly it all came out, only because I petulantly denied his plain assertion. For I really often cross him only to draw him out; and, vain as I may be, he is one of those that I am well content to make shine at my own expense."

John Allen to James Spedding

"PREES, SALOP, *Nov.* 29, 1873.

"MY DEAR SPEDDING,

I have been reading Mill's Autobiography; the book is very interesting, but is it not also very sad? This terrible putting forward of hell as made by God, is it not an unfair, a mischievous representation of the teaching of the Bible? We cannot indeed solve the mystery of evil. But there may be some inherent venom in sin, separating the soul from God, which venom is by no means of God's creation and which is against God's will. What do we atoms of a moment know of these matters? Yet looking within, we in some sense know that we have something of divinity within us, however the divine part of our nature may be hindered by our lusts, our falsehood, our pride, our other devilish ills. Everyone knows that he can strive upwards, looking upwards; everyone knows, when he is yielding to temptation, that it is his own fault. Our moral sense, which J. S. Mill would ignore as so much idle fancy, is real—real as our sense of sweetness or bitterness, though it may be clouded.

When J. S. Mill writes slightingly of Whewell, the question is begged. Whewell, I think, speaks somewhere as if man's constitution were impregnated with certain forms which are not developed till the circumstances of life develope them, as a texture may be marked by a pattern which is not visible till immersed in a dye.

There is one passage in J. S. Mill, which seems to me to overthrow his theories: 'Though our character is formed by circumstances, our own desires can do much to shape those circumstances; what is really inspiriting and ennobling in the doctrine of free will is the conviction that we have real power over the formation of our own character.' This, together with the postulate which all Christian men require, 'God exists, and is a

rewarder of them that diligently seek Him,' seems to me to grant all that any of us can wish for.

Certainly the history of bringing up a child without any religious belief does not seem to help man to the attainment of speculative truth or of happiness. He that says the eye was not made by a designer who knew the laws of light is constituted differently from me. And I see no reason why he should not also say that the Greek letters being jumbled together from all eternity at last composed the 'Iliad.' The world exists; how did it come? I know not why anyone should preach atheism. It is terribly cold to the heart; it separates us from those who in all ages have done most to ameliorate the condition of their fellow men; it cannot (as I think) be preached by anyone without some fears that the preaching is a lie.

Then he who would encourage us to look favourably on speculations that question the principle of hereditary property (see page 163) seems to me to strike at thrift, and he who desires freer relations between the sexes (p. 107) seems to me to strike at purity and at that which proves man's greatest earthly happiness, family affection.

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN ALLEN."

Cecil Rhodes, who professed Agnosticism, always declared he *knew* there was no hell. Here there seems to be some inconsistency.

Edward Fitzgerald writes:

"1850.

"I hope to see Alfred in London. Moxon told me he was about to publish another edition of his *Princess*, with interludes added between the parts; and also that he was about to print but (I think) not to publish, those elegiacs on Hallam. Had I Alfred's voice, I would not have mumbled for years over *In Memoriam* and *The Princess*. What can *In Memoriam* do but make us all sentimental?

Don't you think the world wants other notes than elegiac now? *Lycidas* is the utmost length an elegiac should reach. But Spedding praises; and I suppose the elegiacs will see daylight, public daylight, one day. Carlyle goes on grumbling with his Cromwell; whom he finds more and more faultless every day. So that his Paragon also will one day see the light, an elegiac of a different kind from Tennyson's; as far apart indeed as Cromwell and Hallam. Good night. Before I take my pen again to finish this letter the New Year will have dawned—on some of us. 'Thou fool, this night thy soul may be required of thee!' Very well; while it is in this body, I will wish my dear old F. T. a happy New Year."

"*Dec.* 31, 1850.

"I have heard of Alfred's marriage from Spedding, who also saw and was much pleased with her indeed. But, you know, Alfred himself never writes nor indeed cares a halfpenny about one, though he is very well satisfied to see one when one falls in his way. You will think I have a spite against him for some neglect, when I say this, and say besides that I cannot care for his 'In Memoriam.' Not so; if I know myself, I always thought the same of him and was just as well satisfied with it as now. This poem I did never greatly affect, nor can I learn to do so; it is full of finest things, but it is monotonous and has that air of being revolved by a poetical machine of the highest order. So it seems to be with him now, at least to me: the impetus, the lyrical *æstrus*, is gone. It is the cursed inactivity (very pleasant to me, who am no hero) of this 19th century which has spoilt Alfred; I mean, spoilt him for the great work he ought now to be entering upon—the lovely and noble things he has done must remain. It is dangerous work, this prophesying about great Men, for I think the power of writing one fine line transcends

all the Able-Editor ability in the ably-edited Universe."

Edward Fitzgerald writes:

"*February* 22, 1872.

"What is become of Bacon? are you one of the converts that 'go the whole Hog'? What a pity that Spedding has not employed some of the twenty years he has lost in washing his Blackamoor in helping an edition of Shakespeare, though not in the way of minute archæologic questions! I never heard him read a page but he threw some new light upon it."

Possibly Spedding felt in his subconscious soul some relation between his "Blackamoor" and two-thirds of that heterogeneous work the world calls "Shakespeare"?

In his wanderings when he was dying, he talked of Shakespeare.

Sir James Stephen writes:

"I have a great regard for Spedding. A mind like the trade-wind regions of the Atlantic; always serene, always in motion, always pleasant—not passionless, but never agitated by passion—a most clear-sighted and equitable judge of men and things—wanting only strong impulses to become a great man."

From James Spedding to John Allen

"80 Westbourne Terrace, London, W.,
13 *March*, 1871.

"My dear Allen,

I have not seen more than the outside of Darwin's last book, and only heard in general of what is inside. I cannot say that it is a subject that especially interests me. All investigations into the nature of things are of course to be approved and encouraged; because it is impos-

sible to know what may not depend upon them, or how nearly we may be affected by the knowledge of things that seem so remote from all our concerns. Therefore I would give a man like Darwin, whom I take to be an honest and earnest man, every facility I could for the pursuit of his enquiries. From what I hear of Darwin's book I gather that it tends to the conclusion that man, instead of being made at once out of clay, and made perfect in his present form and faculties, was originally an animal of inferior construction and that he has arrived at his present condition through a long struggle bequeathed from Sire to son through an immense tract of time, against the disadvantages of his birth. I think he deserves the greater credit, and we have reason to be very proud of our remote ancestors, and very hopeful also for our remote progeny. For, if the present race has had virtue enough to grow out of ape into man, why may it not yet grow out of ape into angel? But at the same time the thing does not come near enough to me to interest me. If the faculties which have achieved so enormous a victory are still within us, and if I have my share of them, I presume that I shall contribute my share to the victories that are yet in store for us in virtue of that spirit and faculty, without knowing how I came by it. I am here; this thing I am; a being with a conscience, looking before and after, believing that I have duties for the performance of which I am accountable to God. What matter whether I have grown to be what I am out of a monkey or out of a lump of earth? They tell me indeed that if men should be convinced that they have grown in course of nature out of monkeys they will be unable to believe in a future state. Why not? I do not know, nor do I much care, whether my remotest ancestors were monkeys, but I have every reason to believe that I was myself originally not better than a *homunculus* (see *Tristram Shandy*), and I believe it is not

generally thought that I was then possessed of the title to immortality. It is true there was the germ. But so there was (if Darwin's doctrine be true) in the monkey.

I cannot see, therefore, how Darwin's enquiries can even seem to tend to the conclusion 'that the Universal frame is without a mind,' except as the discovery of second causes seems to some people a negative of the First Cause, in cases where they have been accustomed to think that God acted immediately. I have no doubt there was a time when a scientific exposition of the conditions necessary to produce a flash of lightning would have seemed very dangerous to pious men, who had been accustomed to believe that thunder was the angry voice of God, and lightning the blow of His arm. But we see that belief in God has survived the establishment of that scientific discovery, and I think the belief in a Mind governing the universe will survive the discovery (if it should prove a discovery) that the design of the Creator was that the creatures should develope themselves by their own virtue and industry.

J. SPEDDING."

Edward Fitzgerald writes to Mrs. Tennyson:

"Archdeacon Allen sent me the other day a letter from Spedding about Darwin's Philosophy, so wise, so true, so far as I could judge, and though written off, all fit to go as it was into print and do all the world good."

Edward Fitzgerald writes:

"*Nov.* 30, 1880.

"One day I went into the Abbey at 3.30 p.m., while a beautiful anthem was beautifully sung, and then the prayers and collects, not less beautiful, well intoned on one single note by the Minister. And when I looked up and about me, I thought

that Abbey a wonderful structure for monkeys to have raised."

Carlyle says:

"Animal conditions are miserable to a man, for man has fallen from a higher state, and an instinct he cannot repress raises him; he has in his own soul an Eternal, and can read something of the Eternal, there if he will only look. His heart is a mirror which can receive all that is beautiful and hopeful in this mysterious world, or the images of darkness and despair.

"To forget Justice and Reverence is to have the Universe against us, God and *ourselves* for enemies, and only the supreme Liar as a Friend."

Edward Fitzgerald writes:

"*March* 13, 1881.

"Spedding was a Socrates in life and in death, which he faced with all composure; he died in S. George's Hospital, to which he was taken, run over by a cab, and could not be removed home alive. I believe that, had Carlyle been alive, he would have insisted on being carried to the Hospital to see his Friend, whom he respected as he did few others.

What a man! as in life so in death, which, as Montaigne says, proves what is at the bottom of the Vessel.

He sent me back to old Wordsworth, who sings (his best songs I think) about the mountains and lakes they were both associated with: and with a quiet feeling he sings that somehow comes home to me more than ever it did before.

Spedding's loss makes one's life more dreary, and 'en revanche' the end of it less regretful."

Admiration, if rightly fixed, helps us to perceive some of the features of God's Beauty.

CHAPTER XVIII

THOMAS CARLYLE

FITZGERALD heard Carlyle deliver his six famous lectures on "Hero Worship." He looked very handsome and grand, with a sort of crucified expression. A gaunt figure, with clothes hanging loose upon him, his grave face overlapped roofwise by thick locks, then still black, long and lank, his fine eyes deep-set under their shaggy brows, he looked "with gleams of an ethereal fire" into the mystery of the universe, and with self-possession spoke to a select audience, holding his extraordinary powers, lit up with flashes of effective humour, in easy command.

Edward Fitzgerald writes to F. Tennyson:

"21 *March*, 1841.

"No new books except a perfectly insane one of Carlyle's—on 'Hero Worship'—(he is becoming very obnoxious now that he has become popular), nor new pictures, no music.

I should travel like you if I had the eyes to see that you have; but, as Goethe says, the eye can but see what it brings with it, the power of seeing."

Later he writes to W. H. Thompson:

"Have you read poor Carlyle's raving book about heroes? Of course you have, or I would ask you to buy my copy. I don't like to live with it in the house. It smoulders. He ought to be laughed at a little."

Thirty-five years later he said: "Carlyle's *Heroes* seems to me now one of his best books."

Again he writes :

" Do you see Carlyle's ' Latter Day ' pamphlets ? They make the world laugh, and his friends rather sorry for him. But that is because people will still look for practical measures from him ; one must be content with him as a great satirist, who can make us feel when we are wrong, though he cannot set us right.

There is a bottom of truth in his wildest rhapsodies."

Edward Fitzgerald writes, 1838 :

" Influenza has put a wet blanket over my brains ; this state of head has not been improved by trying to get through a new book much in fashion—Carlyle's *French Revolution*—written in a German style."

John Allen to Thomas Carlyle

" Prees Vicarage, Shrewsbury,
Sept. 4, 1878.

" Dear Mr. Carlyle,

Once Lord John Russell, Sir George Grey, Sir F. Baring, and Mr. Spring Rice laid it down as a rule of the Government that no national system of education was to be encouraged, but such as was based on the doctrines and precepts of revealed religion. This held till 1870, when all reference to Holy Scripture was struck out of the Education Act.

Statesmen with nobler aims than Mr. Forster or Mr. Gladstone have never ruled this country. But when the Bible was left out of the State Education of our children a fatal mistake was made.

Perfect toleration must be right. But where the school managers and the parents of the children do not object, surely the Queen's Inspectors should be free to examine the scholars in their knowledge of the Holy Scriptures ?

If every man and woman in England who could write their names were polled on this subject, an enormous majority, I am persuaded, would be on the side of recognising the Bible as the source of that knowledge which is of prime importance to man.

Your testimony to the value of the teaching of the Bible would be of real service.

England owes much to the recognition of its value, which was acknowledged in the days of Henry the eighth.

Dear Mr. Carlyle, I am with respect your servant,

JOHN ALLEN."

T. H. Huxley said: "When I was a member of the London School Board I fought for the retention of the Bible, that the mass of the people might not be deprived of the one great literature open to them."

Tennyson maintained that the religion of a people could never be founded on mere philosophy; it could only come home to them in the thoughts and facts of a Scripture. "Perfection beyond compare" he called the teaching of the Gospels; and the splendour of Jesus Christ's purity, holiness, and infinite pity was to him more wonderful than the greatest miracle.

Fitzgerald to John Allen

"1842.

"MY DEAR ALLEN,

I have been reading Burton's Anatomy lately; a captivating book certainly. I cannot help fancying I see the foundation (partly) of Carlyle's style in Burton! one passage is quite like Sartor Resartus. Much of Burton's biography may be picked up out of his own introduction to the Anatomy. Maurice's introductory lectures I shall be very glad to have. I do not fancy I should read his Kingdom of Christ, should I? You know.

And now good-bye."

Edward Fitzgerald writes :

" *April* 11/44.

" I smoked a pipe with Carlyle yesterday. We ascended from his dining-room carrying pipes and tobacco up through two stories of his house, and got into a little dressing-room near the roof : there we sat down. The window was open and looked out on nursery gardens, their almond-trees in blossom, and beyond were walls of houses, and over these roofs and chimneys, and here and there a steeple, and whole London crowned with darkness gathering behind like the illimitable resources of a dream. I tried to persuade him to leave the accursed den, and he wished—but —but—perhaps he *didn't* wish on the whole.

Carlyle is very gloomy about the look of affairs."

Fitzgerald to F. Tennyson

" *Dec.* 8/44.

" I heard from Carlyle that Alfred has passed an evening at Chelsea, much to Carlyle's delight; who has opened the gates of his Valhalla to let Alfred in."

From this time onward Fitzgerald often climbed to the Watch-tower where Carlyle sat " alone with the stars, contemplatively gazing into the clouds of his tobacco-pipe in true sublimity, overlooking the life-circulation of the great city in the stifled hum of midnight, while fringes of lamplight struggled up through smoke into the ancient reign of night ; when traffic had lain down to rest ; and the chariot wheels of vanity were bearing her to Halls roofed-in and lighted to the due pitch for her ; and only Vice and Misery, prowling and moaning like night-birds, were abroad ; such work goes on under that smoke-counter-pane ; and that hum, like the unquiet slumber of sick life, is heard in Heaven ! " [1]

[1] See *Sartor Resartus*.

Fitzgerald writes :

" Carlyle had just returned from the neighbourhood of Bury. He is full of Cromwell, and funny enough went over from Rugby to Naseby this Spring with poor Dr. Arnold. They saw nothing, and walked over what was not the field of battle. I want him to go down with me ; but he thinks it would be too expensive."

From a letter to John Allen :

" Do you see Dickens' *David Copperfield* ? I think more carefully written than his later works. But the melodramatic parts as usual, bad. Yet he always lights one up somehow—Carlyle says he is a showman whom one gives a shilling to once a month to see his show and then sends him about his business."

In 1880 Fitzgerald said :

" Dickens was as pure an instance of Genius as ever lived, and it seems to me a man I could love also."

Fitzgerald to T. Carlyle

" Squire told a story taken from an old Journal now burnt of Oliver marching in to Peterboro' Cathedral as the bells were ringing for service ; bundling out canons, prebendaries, choristers, with the flat of the sword ; and then standing up to preach himself in his armour ! A grand picture. Afterwards they broke the painted windows, which I should count injudicious but that I sometimes feel a desire that some boys would go and do likewise to the Pusey *votive* windows ; if you know that branch of art."

E. Fitzgerald to T. Carlyle

"20 *Sept.* 1847.

"DEAR CARLYLE,

I was very glad to get your letter: especially as regards that part of it about the Derbyshire villages. In many other parts of England (not to mention my own Suffolk) you would find the same substantial goodness among the people, resulting (as you say) from the funded virtues of many good humble men gone by. I hope you will continue to teach us all, as you have done, to make some use and profit of all this: at least, not to let what good remains to die away under penury and neglect. I also hope you will have some mercy, now and in future, on the 'Hebrew rags' which are grown offensive to you; considering that it was these 'rags' that really did bind together those virtues which have transmitted down to us all the good you noticed in Derbyshire. If the old creed was so commendably effective in the Generals and Counsellors of two hundred years ago, I think we may be well content to let it work still among the ploughmen and weavers of to-day; and even to suffer some absurdities in the Form, if the Spirit does well upon the whole. Even Exeter Hall ought, I think, to be borne with; it is at least better than the wretched Oxford business.

When I was in Dorsetshire and saw chancels done up in sky-blue and gold with niches, candles, an *Altar*, rails to keep off the profane laity, and the parson, like your 'Reverend Mr. Hitch' [see Carlyle's *Cromwell*], *intoning* with his back to the people, I thought the Exeter Hall war-cry of 'The Bible—the whole Bible—and nothing but the Bible'—a good cry: I wanted Oliver and his dragoons to march in and put an end to it all.

Yet our Established Parsons make good country gentlemen and magistrates; and I am glad to secure one man of means and education in each

parish of England ; the people can always resort to Wesley, Bunyan and Baxter, if they want stronger food than the old Liturgy and the orthodox discourse. I think you will not read what I have written ; or be very bored with it. But it *is* written now."

Carlyle said :

" Faith, for man's well being, is properly the one thing needful, with it Martyrs otherwise weak can cheerfully endure the shame and the cross ; and without it, worldlings puke up their sick existence by suicide in the midst of luxury.

My kind mother did me one invaluable service ; she taught me, less indeed by word than by act, and daily reverent look and habitude, her own simple version of the Christian Faith. With a true woman's heart, and fine though uncultivated sense, she was Religious. The highest I knew on earth I saw day by day bowed down, with awe unspeakable, before a Higher in Heaven ; such things reach inwards to the very core of your being ; mysteriously does a Holy of Holies build itself in the mysterious deeps ; and Reverence, the divinest in man, spring forth undying from its mean envelopment of Fear.

Wouldst thou rather be a peasant's son that knew, were it never so rudely, there was a God in Heaven and in Man ; or a duke's son that only knew there were two and thirty quarters on the family coach ? [1]

A blessed discovery indeed was that of an old Latin Bible to Luther, it taught him that man was saved not by singing masses, but by the infinite Grace of God. He prized it as the Word of the Highest, and as such he determined to hold by it.

" The stone Pyramids stand looking over the

[1] See *Sartor Resartus*.

desert for 3,000 years; instead of journeying to see them, canst thou not open thy Hebrew Bible?

"I call the *Book of Job* one of the grandest things ever written with pen. A noble universality reigns in it. A noble Book; all men's Book! Our first, oldest statement of the never-ending problem—man's destiny, and God's ways with him here in this earth.

"There is nothing written of equal literary merit."

Tennyson was an ardent Hebrew scholar; the Book of Job, the Song of Solomon, and Genesis were his favourite books.

Carlyle says further:

"David's life and history, as written for us in those Psalms of his, I consider to be the truest emblems ever given of a man's moral progress and warfare here below. All earnest souls will ever discern in it the faithful struggle of an earnest human soul towards what is good and best; a struggle never ended, ever with tears, repentance, true unconquerable purpose, begun anew."

Allen's cousin, afterwards Mrs. Charles Darwin, writes in 1838:

"Mr. Carlyle dined with us; his look is quite remarkably pleasant, and he has the most straightforward manner in the world, and talks the broadest Scotch."

Charles Darwin writes to his affianced bride, November 1838:

"On Sunday evening Erasmus took me to drink tea with the Carlyles; it was my first visit. One must always like Thomas; Jenny (Mrs. Carlyle) sent some civil messages to you, but which, from the effects of an hysterical giggle, were not very intelligible. It is high treason, but I cannot think that Jenny is quite natural."

Again, January 2, 1839:

"Erasmus' dinner yesterday was a very pleasant one. Carlyle was in high force and talked away most pleasantly; to my mind he is the best worth listening to of any man I know. Such society is worth all other more brilliant kinds many times over. I find I cannot by any exertion get up the due amount of admiration for Mrs. Carlyle; I am not able to understand half the words she speaks, from her Scotch pronunciation. She is certainly very far from natural; or to use the expression Hensleigh quotes, she is not an unconscious person."

Edward Fitzgerald writes:

"Naseby, *Sept.* 28, 1842.

"Carlyle has shewn great sagacity in guessing at the locality of the battle of Naseby from the vague description of contemporaries; and his short *pasticcio* of the battle is the best I have seen. But he will spoil all by making a demi-god of Cromwell, who certainly was so far from wise, that he brought about the very thing he thought to prevent—the restoration of an unrestricted monarchy.

"This wild wide country looks well on these blowing days with flying shadows running over the distance."

Again:

"1846.

"Carlyle goes on fretting and maddening as usual. Have you read his Cromwell? Are you converted, or did you ever need conversion? I believe I remain pretty much where I was. I think Milton, who is the best evidence Cromwell has in his favour, warns him somewhat prophetically at the end of his second defence against taking on the King-ship, etc., and in the tract

on the state of England in 1660 (just before it was determined to bring back Charles II) he says *nothing at all* of Cromwell, no panegyric; but glances at the evil ambitious men in the army have done; and now that all is open to choose, prays for a pure republic! So I herd with the flunkies and lackies I doubt, but

am yours notwithstanding,
E. F. G."

Again, December 1851:

"Carlyle has been undergoing the water system at Malvern, and says it has done him a very little good.

"He would be quite well, he says, if he threw his books away and walked about the mountains; but that would be *propter vitam*, etc. Nature made him a writer, so he must wear himself out writing Lives of Sterling, etc., for the benefit of the world."

Again, 1852:

"Carlyle I did not go to see, for I really have nothing to tell him, and I have got tired of hearing him growl; though I do not cease to admire him as much as ever."

Speaking of Carlyle to a friend, Tennyson said: "You would like him for one day, but get tired of him; he is so vehement and destructive," and gave, by way of a specimen of his talk in a deep, tragic voice: "For God's sake away with gigs, thousand million gigs in the world, away with them all in God's name, spoke and axle, the world will never be right until they are all swept into the lowest pit of Tophet." Goethe was once Carlyle's hero; now Cromwell is his epitome of human excellence. He once spoke as if he wished poets to be our statesmen; fancy Burns Prime Minister!

Fanny Allen writes to her sister of Ruskin's *Stones of Venice*:

> "Carlyle amused me yesterday by his summing up the moral of the book—that you must be 'a good and true man to build a common dwelling-house!'"

W. E. Darwin (Charles' eldest son) writes to his mother of a drive with Carlyle, with his infinitely sad face looking out upon the world, of which he seemed to bear all the sorrows:

> "*March* 1879.
>
> "My dear Mother,
>
> Our drive with Carlyle was interesting; but it was difficult to catch all he said. He talked about a number of things, especially about his 'French Revolution,' which I happened to be reading.
>
> His face was quite in a glow with an expression of fury when he talked of it, and raising his hand he said it was the most wonderful event in the world, 25,000,000 rising up and saying 'by the Almighty God we will put an end to these shams.'
>
> He spoke of the frightful difficulty of re-writing the first Volume when the manuscript had been burnt; it was the hardest job he ever had, he had not a scrap of note or reference of any kind, and it was like trying to float in the air without wings, i.e. he used some metaphor to that effect. He also said that he thought at one time he should have gone mad with all the horror and mystery of the world and his own difficulties, if he had not come across Goethe; yet Goethe always carried about with him a feeling of the perplexity of things and the misery of the world. . . . I said that Goethe had not felt the French Revolution anything to the extent that he had, and he smiled and said that was true, adding afterwards that Goethe had always been pros-

perous, while he had to struggle with money difficulties. He said too that Goethe was far the greatest man living in his time, and was very kind to him; every three months or so a box of curiosities, books, etc., used to come to him in Scotland; adding with real sorrow in his voice, that want of money had prevented him from seeing Goethe.

Goethe believed he should live again and used to write to him openly on the subject.

When his son died of drinking at Rome, all he he said was that 'his son had stayed behind in the Eternal City.'

I asked him if he ever read any of his own works again, and he said he had read his 'Frederick' all through, and seemed to have enjoyed it. As we came away he asked after my father, and said, with a grin, 'But the "Origin of Species" is nothing to me.' Altogether it was very interesting, and he talked very easily and without any condescension or oracularness."

Tennyson and Fitzgerald were standing before a shop in Regent Street, where were two figures of Dante and Goethe. Fitzgerald said, "What is there in old Dante's face that is missing in Goethe's?" Tennyson, whose profile had then a remarkable likeness to Dante's, responded: "The Divine."

Fitzgerald says:

"Carlyle went to visit Bishop Thirlwall in Wales, and duly attended Morning Chapel as the Bishop's guest should; he said: 'It was very well done; it was like so many souls pouring in through all the doors, to offer their orisons to God who sent them on earth. We were no longer men and had nothing to do with men's usages; and after it was all over, all these souls seemed to disappear again, silent into space; and not till we all met afterwards in the common room came the human greetings and civilities."

Fitzgerald writes in 1879 :

" Only think of old Carlyle, who was very feeble indeed during the winter, having read through all Shakespeare to himself during these latter spring months.

I do not hear of his doing the like by his Goethe. He is now pretty well, scolding away at Darwin, etc."

Again :

" WOODBRIDGE, *Feb.* 20, 1881.

" I have little to say about Carlyle, but that my heart did follow him to Ecclefechan. I think it was fine that he should anticipate all Westminster Abbey honours, and determine to be laid where he was born among his own kindred and with all the simple and dignified obsequies of (I suppose) his own old Puritan Church. The care of his posthumous memory will be left in good hands, I believe, if in those of Mr. Froude."

CHAPTER XIX

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY

DEAN STANLEY was commonly believed to be the fair delicate boy who dared to say his prayers in the school dormitory at Rugby. His *Life of Doctor Arnold* is one of the great books of the early Victorian Age, a book that left its mark there. As travelling tutor to the Prince of Wales he visited with him the Holy Land and Egypt.

When, in 1864, he was both made Dean of Westminster and won the hand of Lady Augusta Bruce, lady-in-waiting to the Queen, Her Majesty said, Lady Augusta and the Deanery of Westminster were two blessings, too good to fall to the lot of one man in one year.

From Miss Wedgwood to Mrs. Russell Gurney

"LINLATHEN, 1867.

"It is curious and ought to be instructive as to tolerance, to see three men whose goodness is so mutually exclusive as Mr. Erskine, Mr. Campbell and Dean Stanley, so far at least as one can form an opinion from mere *demeanour*, which I think is the largest element of one's opinion in any case. In Mr. Campbell there is the look of calm patience in his face, that is more to me the saintly quality than the spiritual insight in which Mr. Erskine goes beyond him. The characteristic quality in each of the three is peculiar to himself. Neither Mr. Campbell nor Mr. Erskine have Stanley's breadth of view, but they have much more that he has not.

Yet he is really a delightful little man, and

here he, as indeed everybody else, shows off to great advantage, in sharing that bond of common love that brings out all sympathy and obliterates all divergence.

He has just been at breakfast quoting a saying of Faraday, that came to me so wonderfully, and yet the words are very commonplace as one writes them down. Dr. Acland, talking to him of a future state, said, 'What do you suppose we shall be, Mr. Faraday?' 'Eye hath not seen nor ear heard what He hath prepared for them that love Him, but I know we shall be with Jesus Christ.' Now it seems stupid to have written that, since I cannot write down the Dean's voice in telling it; and somehow those words and tones come more home to me from mundane men (I don't want to use the word worldly) than from this beloved one (Mr. Erskine) who so often seems to think light is made to see, not to see by.

The Stanleys are just going. I grieve to lose the crisp, cool brightness of the little Dean, so alien from all gloom; but I think I feel this more than Mr. Erskine does. I am spiritually writing advice to the aged all my time, but it is true this must all be prospective to the thirties and forties.[1]

JULIA WEDGWOOD."

John Allen to Arthur Penrhyn Stanley

"PREES VICARAGE, SHREWSBURY,
July 1874.

"DEAR DEAN OF WESTMINSTER,

On Thursday the clergy of two Rural Deaneries meet at this house to consider the question, 'how far can an ordained minister, within the limits of his own parish, co-operate in public services with those who do not usually worship with us.'

The question was suggested by the leading Primitive Methodist in this parish, asking me if

[1] She was now thirty-two.

I would preach in his chapel at Prees. I am under the impression that a parson in his own parish may officiate in any meeting-house without breaking any law of the Church.

Could you send to me references to any serviceable books on the terms of Communion?

I could not preach if I were not episcopally ordained, but I must not judge others. We should not look upon those who do not worship with us as our enemies; we should beg a blessing on the religious labours of all who profess and call themselves Christians, and we should make it our main business, in striving after unity, to draw ourselves to the centre of unity.

Yours, dear Dean of Westminster, sincerely,

JOHN ALLEN."

CHAPTER XX

GUESTS AT PREES—I

Maurice—Fitzgerald—Madame Sismondi

F. D. MAURICE (1805-72) was a Professor at King's College.

Fanny Allen (John's cousin) writes to her sister:

"42 CHESTER TERRACE,
Nov. 28, 1847.

"I wish you had been with us to-day in Lincoln's Inn Chapel. Mr. Maurice gave us a beautiful discourse and I heard every word. It amply repaid me for my walk. It was partly on the forgiveness of our sins and what Luther had done.

It is a sermon I should like to read. It began with our quelling selfishness, but the link that bound that to the latter part of his sermon I cannot recollect. It was a sermon in contrast to Dr. Pusey's in the morning, which was striking and terrific."

Maurice received but little of what Carlyle calls "the gross incense of preaching popularity" during the earlier years of his ministry.

Sir James Stephen writes:

"On Sunday in the afternoon I went to Lincoln's Inn Chapel. We had a sermon from Maurice, a man whose thoughts wear so loose, strange and cumbrous a dress that one might as well try to make out the figure of a Turk in full apparel."

His books contain a great deal of what is true and what is new, but unfortunately what is true is not new, and what is new is not true.

John Allen said:

> "I never can understand any book that Mr. Maurice writes, but I am never with him for ten minutes without feeling that I am a better man for it. He is so unaffectedly humble, so full of love for others, and so unselfish that it is a constant sermon of the most helpful kind to be in his company."

Fitzgerald said, Maurice seemed to him in his demeanour to say "You may trample on my body; I lay it in the road for you to walk over."

Samuel Lawrence said the face of the Child in Leonardo da Vinci's "Madonna of the Rocks" reminded him of Maurice.

F. D. Maurice to John Allen

"*Oct.* 18, 1847.

"My dear Allen,

I always had a great reverence and affection for the Bishop of Lichfield and a high opinion of his wisdom; you may be sure that his last act has increased all these feelings prodigiously. I rejoice that the Church has one more office well filled, and that you will have more work to do for her. The honour I should rather condole with you upon, if I did not feel you would be able to bear it, whatever it is, better than most men. You have been kept hitherto from officiality, have been taught to be *a man* in Office, and why should we doubt that the same grace will be continued and increased to you? That it is grace I know well, feeling how much I and others want it, and that we might have it if we would; but that increases the security. If you had to depend upon yourself, each new duty would be something

very terrible; as you have not, it is as good a ground as we can have for congratulation and thankfulness. I think I could be glad to see you a Bishop, which is saying a great deal about a dear friend, but I have a strong faith that by God's mercy you will not be spoiled by shovel hat and lawn sleeves, or anything else that is most dangerous.

Ever very affectionately yours,
F. D. MAURICE."

Maurice was a disciple of Mr. Erskine of Linlathen, whose faith was: God is real; He made us and sustains us; we and all things are but the shadow of Him; a transitory garment veiling the Eternal Splendour. God is great; we must submit to Him. Our whole strength lies in resigned submission to Him whatever He do to us. The thing he sends, were it death and worse than death, shall be good, shall be best; we resign ourselves to Him. The worst and cruellest to our eyes is not what it seems, evil itself is but undeveloped good. We must receive whatever befalls us as sent from God above and say, "it is good and wise."

Allen's cousin Julia Wedgwood writes to Mrs. Russell Gurney from Linlathen in 1867:

"I do so long in this house for a little vista towards the world. The eternal principles seem to me somewhat impoverished by being contemplated so exclusively apart from all illustration in the things of time. While we are changing our king, electing a new sovereign by lot as the *Spectator* puts it; while we watch such a tragedy as the Mexican issue; and while all the thought that connects itself with the physical world is so active and potent—it is to me almost stifling to recede into this little nook where there is no glimpse of these things.

Do you think me very wicked to feel all this on the second day of my stay? But the fact is,

one feels this most at first. After a long time, indeed, one comes back to it, but it is the first taste of life without so many of its intellectual condiments that is unpalatable, even when the bread of life is a large part of one's fare."

Mazzini said of Goethe (who held this faith) that he stood amid the storm and convulsion of Europe, like a majestic stork that casts a glance at the warring elements around him, and standing on one leg with his head under his wing, composes himself to sleep.

Allen's cousin, Mrs. Charles Darwin, writes:

"*Saturday, March* 1884.

"I am deep in Maurice (Maurice's Life), and if I could keep to my resolution of never even trying to understand him I should quite enjoy the book. I think his influence must have arisen entirely from what he was and not from what he taught."

Mrs. Darwin continues:

"*Monday, April* 1884.

"I find I do get more glimmerings about Maurice's opinions; but why could not he be happier? One feels almost angry with all his self-reproach about his wife, whom he evidently adored. Man was certainly intended to be made of stouter stuff."

From Mrs. Russell Gurney to Julia Wedgwood:

"Did you see F. D. M. on the Athanasian Creed? I liked it particularly, but Russell says he cannot see a glimmer of meaning in it as applied to the Creed; that it no more touches the question than the system of Copernicus or anything else!"

Lonsdale thought Coleridgism—by which he meant Modernism in its germinal or milder form—greatly impaired the usefulness of some very able teachers.

Julia Wedgwood (1836–1911), Allen's cousin, the granddaughter of Sir James Mackintosh, was a favoured devotee of Linlathen. She wrote the *Moral Ideal* and other books, and as a friend of Mr. Hutton was a regular contributor to the *Spectator* in his day. But successful as she may be called in literature, she would warn her younger friends off its " thorny path."

From Julia Wedgwood to Mrs. Russell Gurney

" *Dec.* 8, 1865.

" I went in to Mr. Maurice for a little while, and he was talking so characteristically of those Pall Mall letters on Prayer.

I said I had not much sympathy with special prayers.

He said, ' I don't think I should have much, either, but those letters of Tyndall's have converted me to that side.' And he went on very emphatically, ' When anyone says " Disorder is a part of order," I feel that at all events the argument which leads to that must be wrong.'

I never can quite make out what Mr. Maurice ultimately means ; he was arguing in favour of the prayers against the cattle plague, yet he said he entirely sympathised with my feeling that it was unwise to bring wishes about *wants* into that influence of prayer (so that we might ever feel that God had disappointed us), and I cannot see the consistency of these two views.

There is something in his mind which curiously does not see that if a thing is true the contrary of it must be false. I cannot quite make up my mind whether it is that he sees further than most people or (in this direction) not so far, for it is something quite distinct from Robertson's feeling about *opposite* truths, which always seems to me the cardinal point of all truth."

From Julia Wedgwood to Mrs. Russell Gurney

"*April* 21, 1869.

"We had the Maurices here for three days, and it was such an anxious time to me that, though all went on velvet, and there was not a jar anywhere, I could not help a sense of relief when the poor dear people drove off.

It was all outside intercourse but nothing could be more satisfactory. We sat spiritually in 'the parlour' all the time, and were not at all 'cold'—I should not have been afraid altogether of getting into the inner chamber, where the fire is, but illness turns the key and one thinks *thrice* before unlocking it. Everybody felt his goodness. I wonder what it is. I have nothing to quote, yet those two days gave me the feeling of coming near a good man. Some souls are allowed to manifest that directly. Still there is something in what I should call (but how angry he would be if he heard me) the rhetorical character of his mind that jars against me; the pouring out of his indefinite yet vehement ideas *over* all the difficulties that they do not touch, stirs in me an almost bitter sense of all the difficulties."

Julia Wedgwood writes to Mrs. Russell Gurney from Cambridge, March 1869, of F. D. Maurice:

"I believe his is one of the most saintly natures that ever were condemned to sojourn in this world . . . every now and then one comes in contact with such a lovely soul, one feels as if there must be something in his most rhetorical flights. He spoke yesterday of his own love of arguing in such a beautiful spirit. He said his whole life had been punishment for the indulgence of this tendency in early life. I said I should not mind any punishment if it did not always make me worse; and he said all changes, whether of adversity or prosperity, made us worse at

first : somehow there was something in the words that comforted me under a sense of strange wickedness that was stirred up in me. But perhaps you would have attained goals that I do not see, which you would have felt more completing and perfecting."

Maurice stayed at Prees two or three times, and preached in the village church there. His look of concentrated attention as he knelt upright at the family prayer was almost severe to a child's fancy.

His reading of the prayers at Freshwater was to the poet's mind the " most earnest and holiest reading he had ever known."

The exploits of the saints are the record of their prayers.

Mrs. Maurice was an invalid who seemed to endure life rather than to enjoy it, and when their divine philosopher was seen by his admirers at the side of her bath-chair, his humility almost shocked them as a humiliation.

His boys, Fred and Edmund, came with him sometimes to Prees. Frederick joined the army, and wrote his father's life; Edmund was a philanthropist, and married a sister of Miss Octavia Hill. F. D. Maurice's portrait may be seen on the right-hand side of Ford Maddox Brown's great picture, " Toil and Vanity."

F. D. Maurice writes, June 6, 1849 :

" I have been spending a most grievous five hours at the National Society public meeting, listening to speeches from clergymen that it almost broke one's heart to hear, and seeing demonstrations of a spirit which betokens schism and destruction. The man who opened the debate used the most sacred phrases for claptrap, and throughout confounded the right of the clergy to have their own, with Church principles. No ' declaration of rights ' in France or Germany ever more confounded the two most opposite things in the world—the powers with which God

has entrusted us, and for which we must give account to Him, with our privilege to claim a position for ourselves and so lift ourselves above others. Dear Allen spoke earnestly and affectionately, and therefore impressively, but without sufficient coherency, yet I think his right feeling and heart a little turned the tone of the meeting. The poor children are passed by while we are fighting. 'Tis very fearful.

F. D. MAURICE."

FITZGERALD

Edward Fitzgerald (1809–83) writes in 1852 :

"I am really going from home next week towards the famous expedition into Shropshire, which I mean to perform one day. Tom Churchyard is going to America on Monday ! He makes less fuss about it than I do about going to Shropshire."

Something in his reserved but courteous mien and tall uncouth figure made Fitzgerald formidable to strangers ; his skin was dark and weather-beaten, his lower lip drawn down by his pipe.

When strolling through the pastures and skirting the flower-fringed meadows that slope southward towards Hawkstone, Grinshill, and Ness Cliff ; and westwards to the Long Mynd, the Breidden, the Berwyn range, and Moel Vamma, with her troop of sister hills, with Allen's daughters and their governess, little recked he of the fame of the man now lifting the little maid, with his merry "Come, little Ticket, it is your turn now," over the frequent stiles leading from field to field, or to the adjacent covers.

Such a man loved to brood over Gray's "Elegy" on his walks ; but nevertheless fame pursued him.

Of an evening at Prees he would sit at the piano and imitate "Madame Squalleany" with a brilliant accompaniment and plenty of shakes and trills, or teach the children to act Molière whether they knew what they were talking about or no. The greenery of

the place with his best-beloved friend's companionship suited him well ; at last Allen had to urge his reluctant departure to fulfil a duty incumbent upon him.

Their friendship remained unbroken to the end, but the later letters of the long series sent by Allen to a friend were lost. Fitzgerald burnt all Allen's letters before his death.

In 1868 Fitzgerald wrote to E. B. Cowell :

> " You, I and John Allen are among the few, I do say, who, having a good natural insight, maintain it undimmed by public and private regards."

At Freshwater he only stayed once, and seldom wrote to Tennyson, grudging to give his delicate wife the trouble of answering him. Little Grange, Woodbridge, was small and not very comfortable. Fitzgerald was too kind to his servants to let them waste their strength in waiting upon him, so when the great poet, who rarely paid visits, looked in on him, Fitzgerald had to put him up at the inn. The two friends were together after twenty years' separation, as if they had never been parted.

Endowed with a happy nature, enthusiastically devoted to music, art, and literature, with a noble passion for friendship ; a delightful companion, with a heart so pure that vice, gambling, drink, or the pleasures of the table had no power over him, Fitzgerald was yet too fastidious to hear much music, too indolent to enjoy the pictures he could so aptly appreciate, too modest to care for his own art ; so as middle age came on a grey mist crept over his life. Too shy to visit his friends, he wrote to them with diffidence, thinking men occupied with the serious business of life might not care for conversational letters, and corresponded chiefly with men across the water, such as Lowell and Sir W. F. Pollock. Longfellow's poetry he loved, Hawthorne he admired, but said he could not care for as he ought. In writing to them he never forgot to put the possessive pronoun plural before the name of Cambridge to give their University its due respect.

In later life a weakness of his eyesight interfered with his classical studies; during the day he walked in the fields thinking of music, and read Cervantes and Madame de Sévigné, of whom he made a personal friend, loving her Brittany life even more than her Court life, for "she loved the country" as he did. At night a boy came to read to him, and he took a delight in Scott's novels, especially the Scotch ones. Anthony Trollope he also liked, but not George Eliot.

MADAME SISMONDI

Notwithstanding all Fitzgerald's crescent fame, John Allen possibly thought that the friend of his youth had not made the use of his magnificent gifts which God had intended, that use to which Allen had so perseveringly prayed he might turn them.

Madame Sismondi (1777–1853), John Allen's cousin, a handsome woman of seventy summers, possessing still the charm of a beautiful disposition, came to visit him at Prees.

In the early years of the century she had known Madame de Staël, Byron, and other stars of that date. Byron she described as an interesting-looking man, his pale face marked with strong lines; when he spoke his countenance, unlike most men's, took a much severer expression; he did not look ill-natured until he spoke.

Lord Holland called Madame de Staël the most presumptuous woman he had ever met! After dinner at his house in 1813 she stood up and harangued the company against Peace! having already attacked Lord Wellesley (the Duke's elder brother) for his speech on the Swedish Treaty. Her assault was repelled with such skill and courtesy that Wellesley won the admiration of the table. She praised Bernadotte; saying the Swedes loved him, for he did all he could for their happiness.

Mrs. Maclagan told a curious story of Bernadotte, who when he was made King of Sweden by Napoleon was fairly well received at the Court, except by the

Queen-Mother, who could not endure him. When at last she was persuaded to invite him to an evening party an anonymous letter reached him on the morning of the day, warning him against eating anything there. As Bernadotte sat by the Queen-Mother on a raised dais, she ordered the attendant to bring coffee, took a cup and handed it to him. The King bowed and said, " Après vous, Madame." She changed colour, but drank the coffee. The following morning the news was published that the Queen-Mother had died suddenly in the night.

He was a tall, graceful man, and although he spoke with a strong Gascon accent had a most pleasant address. He went into battle in a purple, gold-embroidered tunic, with a plume of feathers in his hat, and sat his horse unmoved amid a hailstorm of bullets.

Madame de Staël's harangues were generally so eloquent, fraught with such outbursts of feeling, and full of deep thought expressed with so much action that they fascinated the world.

In common conversation she appeared only like any other clever woman.

One evening she met Byron at Sir James Mackintosh's house. Such celebrities should have glorified any gathering. Not so ; the Baronne de Staël arrived out of humour ; to make her talk Sir James put forth all his brilliant powers in vain. She followed Lord Byron restlessly about the room, while he continually escaped from her. When he said he was going to Athens, and thence to Persia and India, she affected to believe he was not in earnest, that he could not seriously mean to leave England, and proposed to him the misery of " finding himself alone, abandoned, and dying in a distant land."

" One is sufficiently fatigued with one's friends during life," he replied. " I should find it hard to be bored with them in death also."

" Ah my lord ! you are happy ; you have felt the happiness *d'être entouré, moi, je crains d'être abandonnée.*"

Her response sounded as she spoke it, inexpressibly elegant.

Madame de Staël was at this time forty-five years of age.

Sometimes this celebrated lady would arrive in a charming humour and talk openly of her books; it was thought a sign of special favour when she brought her daughter Albertine with her, a rather pretty, modest, silent girl, afterwards the Duchesse de Broglie. She came to England, she said, for the religious education of her children.

Of Sir James Mackintosh Madame Sismondi saw much; he married her sister. When she was at Dulwich he invited a breakfast-party to her rooms intending to give her great pleasure, summoning Madame de Staël, the poet Campbell, etc. As he asked fourteen guests and she had only room for eight, she had to borrow an apartment in which to entertain the distinguished gathering!

> "I dared not tell him how very far from a pleasure it was to me," she wrote, "or he would accuse me of a brutal disregard of genius. The fact is, I have little pleasure in such company; after all, these people put forth their best in writing. I would much rather read their works; that is surer than their society, which fails in giving one pleasure, at least six times, for once that it succeeds; and then is seldom equal to one's expectation. I foresee that Talleyrand will not be the only one 'si fatigué d'esprit.' There are a few already that venture to laugh, one or two that acknowledge she wearies them, and some prophesy that in the long run 'Mme. de Staël would be very tiresome.'"

After her marriage, Madame Sismondi saw something of Hortense, ex-Queen of Holland, now no longer beautiful; she talked openly of her past life, and gave an account of Bonaparte's divorce from her mother. Notwithstanding his sternness of purpose, there was

tenderness and strength of affection in the bitter tears, tears even to sobs, which broke from him at times in carrying it through. She had a cast of Bonaparte taken after his death, affecting, from an expression of deep yet quiet suffering. His dying eyes were fixed on the portrait of his second wife and child which hung over his little camp-bed at St. Helena. Louis Napoleon, a youth of twenty-five (in 1832), was with the ex-Queen ; and when in 1838 they came to Geneva many people in France objected to his proximity lest it should disturb the peace of the realm. The people of Geneva resented this feeling, and mocked at it, but Sismondi saw, in the quiet, rather heavy young man, the elements of danger.

Mrs. Marcet, whose writings had a vast circulation as school-books (*Conversations on Political Economy*, etc.), often came to Madame Sismondi's evenings, but did not often add to their pleasure. She had a way of spoiling conversation by creating a double strain in which she spoke so loudly as to overpower that of greater interest. Sismondi said conversation was an art learnt by foreigners from the moment they could speak, and tried to convince his English nieces of the solid virtue of benevolence they could exercise, by practising its art, and that in many moments of ennui they might, by such a power, divert a real sorrow.

Sainte-Beuve speaks of the beneficent influence upon Sismondi of his English wife, and notices that he pointed out the insidious sophistry of Gibbon's arguments against Christianity. Gibbon, in the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, asserts that the tide of human happiness rose highest under Vespasian and the five good Emperors, losing sight of the misery four-fifths of the population (the slaves) endured.

CHAPTER XXI

GUESTS AT PREES—II

Sir James Stephen—Colonel Martin

SIR JAMES STEPHEN

Sir James Stephen (1789–1861) was a link with the great past: he had known Thomas Clarkson, basked in the sunshine of Wilberforce's spiritual enthusiasm, reverenced Zachary Macaulay's long life of resolute self-sacrifice in the cause of slaves, and had been the friend and companion of Granville Sharpe—the heroes who spent their lives in winning relief for the oppressed. Himself the son of James Stephen, and a barrister by profession, he administered in the Colonial Office—no easy task—the Act which these men had carried through an unreformed Parliament.

His wisdom and energy, his conscientious work and diligence, gave him such influence with his superiors that his colleague, Sir Henry Taylor, said that for more than twenty-five years he "literally ruled the Colonial Empire"; in derision he was called "King Stephen." Not that he was otherwise than profoundly subordinate, but he found the way to bring men to his own conclusions. When Sir Henry once said to him, "But surely the simple thing to do is, to do so-and-so," he answered doubtfully, adding. "The truth is, I am not a simple man."

Stephen deeply appreciated Allen's friendship, the beauty of his character, and the combination of simplicity of life, with abundant interests, to be found at Prees Vicarage.

His brilliant *Ecclesiastical Essays* were written as a relaxation from his work. He said a man should always write, as great singers sing, from a full chest. Dr. Vaughan preferred them before Macaulay's.

Behind each word of his book the force of a noble character is felt, the weight of a large capital of thinking and of being. His wisdom and insight, his firm faith in the influence of God within the sanctuary of the human heart, his passages of magnificent eloquence, his pleasant irony, set his work on a level with the best writing.

A man of marked dignity, good-looking, with abundant white hair, neatly dressed (although it is said he turned his mirror to the wall), he made his presence felt wherever he went. Dinner-parties he loathed; his remembrance of the table of Dives and the couch of Lazarus became painfully vivid to him at the sight of them. A large college dinner-party he thus described: "Nothing multiplied by nothing will still be nothing; and dullness is not the less dull because there is a larger quantity of it."

On May 16, 1847, he wrote:

> "I went to breakfast with Tom Macaulay and met Hallam and Milman, and Bishops Wilberforce and Thirlwall, Lord Glenelg, Empson, Robert Wilberforce, Monckton Milnes, and Charles Buller —a very goodly company—a most luxurious use of the highest faculties for the mere purpose of persiflage and entertainment. Many a good story (good to laugh at), many a strange quotation from Macaulay, but I did not and do not like it. Too trifling for Bishops by a great deal—and for a society of men all above forty, most above fifty, some turned sixty, too thoughtless, careless and light, at least for noonday.
>
> Have I done ill in declining this society almost wholly? I think not."

On December 9, 1854, he writes:

> "There was need of national humiliation; and humbling enough to us it is, to be the Allies of such an Emperor as Louis Napoleon, and of such a vile portion of the human family as the Turks.

Some one described Louis Napoleon as a 'lazy glutton.'"

To Allen he wrote:

"East India College, 18 *August*, 1857.

"This is a sad society in which we are living at Haileybury. We have no associate here whose domestic affections are not deeply wounded by the mutiny in India. Hodson is now among the besieged of Delhi.

The problems, moral and political, to which our Indian Empire gives rise would be more than enough to puzzle Aristotle were he amongst us, to speculate on the subject."

Stephen's "piety was reserved and unobtrusive like the blood throbbing in every pulse and visiting every fibre; it was the latent and perennial source of his mental health and energy."

Of his own religious views he said:

"In the great conflict of opinions and arguments, one thing only seems to me clear, namely, that the Words of Jesus Christ and His deeds, earnestly studied in devout exercises and interpreted to the conscience by the Divine Spirit, and familiarised to the heart by an obedient life, must lead us right; or that there is no trustworthy leading at all."

Once, after parting with Carlyle, Sir James wrote him a long letter of apology, accusing himself of the disposition to acquiesce in truths, if truly uttered, whence the speaker deduced inferences from which he dissented: a beautiful letter, setting forth at some cost to himself the faith by which he lived. Carlyle had concluded their talk with these words: "Well! I believe that, after all, you think on these subjects much as I do."

He responded in a charming letter of retractation beginning thus:

"CHELSEA, 16 *Oct.* 1853.

"DEAR SIR JAMES,

You are infinitely gentle, polite, and considerate with your fellow creatures. I could only have meant that the '*soul*' of your religion was analogous to the '*soul*' of mine, however much their *embodiments* might differ."

And concluded affectionately hoping "for another long talk soon."

Sir James talked with his eyelids cast down, a nervous trick which inclined him to a monologistic style of conversation. His talk was never commonplace; he always used the right, if sometimes an unexpected, word; while his clear-cut phrases and lively illustrations put even familiar topics in an effective light.

He placed Sir Robert Peel among really great speakers—"vehement, sarcastic, humorous, comprehensive and full of large views and energetic resolves; everything short of the world in which poets live, and into which orators attempt usually to soar. His is the perfection of the human understanding of the second order; under the influence of the highest possible and the most protracted culture."

His daughter Caroline joined the Society of Friends and wrote a book, *Quaker Strongholds*, which, the Quakers say, has unveiled their own religion to them. Their hours of united silence are a Waiting to hear the still small Voice; and their Waiting in fellowship is based upon the Master's promise to be among those who gather around Him, and the pledge He has given to those who *agree* in what they ask of Him.

Early in the nineteenth century one old woman went alone every week to worship at a Friends' Meeting House beneath the shadow of Skiddaw. Later in the century the sacred gatherings which have blessed the Church were inaugurated at Keswick.

Year by year Caroline came to Prees and wrote:

"The picture of life at Prees is peaceful, and gathers a deep interest from the Archdeacon's fatherly figure, with its noble head and strongly-marked, profoundly expressive features, the black eyebrows and white hair in picturesque contrast, the tall, spare form, and the deep impressive voice, so ready to break into the heartiest laughter, so gently lowered to ask pardon of the youngest child or humblest servant for any little oversight or accidental omission of courteous form. The accents of his voice, the reverence of his bowed head and lifted hand at family prayer, live ever in my memory.

The influence of his life appealed to the deepest, not to the most easily uttered feelings; we felt in his presence some sense of awe; yet there was nothing to check any innocent freedom, only a moral effluence winnowing our words and thoughts. The deep spring of reverence in his spirit so diffused itself around him that other hearts were drawn to revere what he felt worthy of reverence. The instant and perfectly involuntary change in his manner warning us of any danger in conversation to fairness or charity, an earnestness in his sudden gravity when any matter of principle was touched, together with his tenderness at any mention of suffering or weakness, exercised a restful spell over his dinner-table.

Truth and justice, the law of kindness, good men and little children, the face of nature, things lovely and of good report, and, as shewn in word, look, and manner, whatever related to the service of God, all held the Archdeacon's mind as by some spiritual law of gravity in a frame of profound, but unconstrained veneration.

His rare and profound modesty with regard to what we could not fail to recognise as the mainspring of his daily life guarded as with a sacred jealousy the enclosure of the Fountain from which all powers of healing and blessing must flow.

It never seemed to occur to him to put himself or anything that was his forward.

He was before all things a Priest ; not as having been called to that office by any outward ordination, but as having been set apart in the divine ordering, to be to others a channel of heavenly influences, and a sustainer in others of the spirit of worship. In his own household this was strongly felt, and it must have affected anyone who came into relation with him. Its depth was unmistakeable, but it would be difficult to estimate its extent.

There was nothing rhetorical in his language ; it had the vigour which comes of the rejection of all superfluous conventional expressions. He spoke simply and with that dignity which a freedom from self-conscious considerations often gives. His sermons had, in common with those of F. D. Maurice, a power to help at times hearers who may have carried away nothing at all of the thought set forth there. Face, voice, and manner were all imbued with the eloquence of a holy life. ' Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as He is pure.' To listen to him in his own church was like catching a glimpse of that process at its source. The human nature of the speaker brought the possibility of victory home as nothing else could have done ; it taught us that the faith which was overcoming everything in him was not untried—that it was not immunity from temptation but faithfulness in service which was working out that visible purification.

There was, too, a quaint charm in his homely handling of local matters which he felt to be bound up with important issues.

His unconventional methods, too, of carrying out in daily life the teaching of our Lord, e.g. with regard to telling a brother of his fault, had a picturesque effect ; the outcome of a childlike sincerity and single-mindedness, combined with an instinctive courtesy. Although incapable of un-

kindness, and ready to be judged by whatever law he laid down, he may often have given offence, no culprit could well have failed at last to love him better for his reproof.

He never guessed how permanent was the influence of his life; had he known his hold upon our hearts he might possibly have been led, even against the grain, into wider fields of activity; but it seems doubtful whether any more freely uttered appeals could have conveyed to his generation so precious a blessing as the humble presence among us of this servant of God."

Sir James Stephen wrote of the difficulty of finding "thoughts and language meet to be addressed by the ephemeral dwellers upon earth to Him who inhabits Eternity," yet so fervid and so eloquent were the words which flowed from his own heart in family prayer that his wife took them down in shorthand and printed them for the benefit of those who could neither feel as he felt or speak as he spoke.

Caroline Stephen to May Allen

"Petersham Terrace, W.,
April 1869.

"My dearest May,

I had an interview with Miss Nightingale the other day, which was very interesting to me. I took a great personal liking to her, to her cordiality and heartiness, which added to the pleasures of the visit. Her talk was, like her writings, not very orderly, indeed, decidedly disorderly, but occasionally pointed and keen, and always interesting. She had various things to tell me about religious Orders abroad and about Sisters of Charity in the Crimea and elsewhere which I was glad to be able to inquire into from herself. . . .

Ever, dear May, your very affectionate
C. E. S."

Colonel Martin

Colonel Martin was a man of prayer. When in 1849 Lord Hardinge subdued the Punjab, Martin was serving in the Indian Army. Exactly three months after Hardinge's successor had written, "The last obstacle to the complete pacification of India has been removed," a Sikh revolt broke out and two English officers were treacherously murdered at Multan; one, as he was dying, sent off a pencil note to the Commissioner on the Frontier, and died exclaiming, "We are not the last of the English." The Commander-in-Chief hesitated to move his British soldiers across the burning plains to Multan; but the note fell into the hands of a Lieutenant Edwardes, who with 400 men dashed forward and, assisted by some Mohammedans, drove 4,000 rebel Sikhs back into Multan, and for some months held them there alone and unaided. When, after this exploit, he was invalided home and was, as some thought, being needlessly honoured, the Duke of Wellington said, "My Lords, Lieutenant Edwardes's services have been unprecedented; his reward must be unprecedented, too."

After the advance into the Punjab had been successfully accomplished, Captain Martin, with some other officers, believing that God had given India into our hands not for our glory but for India's good, sent round a circular to all the military stations to raise a subscription for the establishment of a Christian Mission in the Punjab as a thank-offering to God for our victory. Daily Martin shut himself up for a well-understood season of prayer, and, knowing that effort without prayer is presumptuous, and prayer without effort is hypocrisy, he himself subscribed more than a thousand pounds to the work, and later supported one of the missionaries sent by the C.M.S. by riding with him through the dangers of his first missionary journey over the mountains into Kashmir.

In 1853, when Peshawar, then a perilous outpost, was occupied by the English, Martin came up there with his native infantry. After solemn prayer (a

prayer-meeting was held weekly at Peshawar by eight officers), Major Martin went to the Commissioner and asked his leave to establish a mission. "No missionary shall cross the Indus while I am Commissioner of Peshawar," was his answer; "do you wish us all to be killed?" The Commissioner, a magnificent officer and brave man, had not over-estimated the danger in which he stood, for soon afterwards, in December 1853, a crafty Afghan crept up to him as he was sitting in his verandah and, presenting a petition, plunged a knife into his heart. Lord Dalhousie appointed as his successor to this post the hero of Multan, Herbert Edwardes: "You hold the outpost of the Indian Empire," he said; "God speed you in your career." Then the dauntless Major went to the new Commissioner and renewed his request to establish the Mission. "Certainly," replied Sir Herbert; "send for a missionary, call a meeting, and I will preside." Martin fell on his knees in the Commissioner's office and poured out his heart in thanks to God. Men's souls were stirred within them as they heard the brave words of Sir Herbert at that meeting, while the blood of his murdered predecessor was not yet effaced from the verandah. "We may be quite sure," he said, "that if we do our duty we are much safer than if we neglect it." Major Martin gave anonymously a thousand pounds at this meeting also to the Mission.

In the time of the Mutiny the Punjab had a large share in saving India. Ruskin classed Herbert Edwardes with Gordon and Havelock, and made him the hero of his sketch, "The Knight of Faith." "I put full confidence in Jesus," said Edwardes, "and I couldn't do more if I lived a thousand years."

After Colonel Martin returned to the homeland he came to Prees. John Allen was a lover of good men.

CHAPTER XXII

GUESTS AT PREES—III

Bishop Lonsdale—Lord Grimthorpe—W. H. Thompson—Bishop G. A. Selwyn—Bishop John Selwyn—F. W. H. Myers—Julia Sterling.

Bishop Lonsdale

When John Lonsdale (1788–1867), the Principal of King's College, with some misgivings accepted the vast Bishopric of Lichfield, he, knowing the dignity of Allen's soul and character, and realising the heavenly mystery in that strong heart, asked him to join him in his work, and offered him the best living in his gift.

Allen loved Lonsdale, for he instinctively apprehended in all men and things what is good and lovely.

Bishop Lonsdale often stayed at Prees. A wealthy man, he lived in simplicity, and spent much money on his diocese. Fastidious in scholarship and manner, he was ever humble in heart. He could not say a harsh word to anyone; when it was necessary to call a man to greater exactitude in duty his admonition was mainly given by increased gentleness, kindness, and affection. By his silent conduct he preached the most necessary duties, ever overcoming evil with good.

He felt that one charged with the work of a diocese must take up the burden of everyone in it, and, putting his shoulder constantly to the wheel, must be the servant of all, striving to remedy the error of the least experienced curate, and to remove stumbling-blocks out of the way of the weakest under his care.

He would often on a winter's morning be up by candle-light responding to the claims of his clergy upon his sympathy. His patronage he regarded as a sacred charge from God, and instead of using it as a

convenient promotion for men who had served long in his diocese, or pleased him by their acquiescence, he sought out for each flock of immortal souls committed to him the man who, whether polished or unpolished, learned or unlearned, would be most helpful to that parish. "If a man's eye is single his whole body is full of light"; so, during a long Episcopate, he hardly made more than two bad, or what men call "indifferent," appointments.

"In one sense," he said, "Holy Scripture is man's word, in one sense it is God's. There is the human and the Divine element. God works in us to will and to do of His good pleasure. The writers claim Divine inspiration for themselves and we admit the claim."

John Allen also realised that the Holy Scriptures, the Voice by which the silence between heaven and earth has been broken, reveal our awful destiny and the law of our hidden, as well as of our external life.

One of the family once made some jokes, asking riddles out of the Bible, at which the others laughed. On the following morning he called his children separately to his study and solemnly rebuked them, saying, to make a joke of God's Word was to warm our spirits at the flames of the fire of hell.

The Bishop entertained his candidates for Holy Orders with large-minded hospitality. An Irish candidate for priest's orders was once discussing the doctrine of justification by faith with too much fluency; and to check irreverence the Bishop said the subject was a difficult one. "Oh, my Lord," rejoined the candidate, "if you will just read my sermon on the subject you can have no more difficulty about it."

The Bishop was seldom absent from his diocese. To look forward to a holiday like a school-boy would have seemed to him an impertinence. His diocese was his home; his work was his life. In his eightieth year he did a long day's work, wrote his letters, sat down to a late dinner, drooped his head, and passed into the presence of the Master he had loved and served with his harness heavy upon his back.

Lord Grimthorpe

Lord Grimthorpe (1825–1903) was a well-known man in his day. As the leader of the Parliamentary Bar he made a large fortune ; with Professor Airy, the Astronomer Royal, he designed Big Ben and had much to do with the casting of his bell, the largest in the world. He wrote an amusing and severely critical book on the Revision of the New Testament. His devotion to the Bible was sincere. At his own expense, and as his own architect, he restored St. Alban's Abbey.

" On Sunday afternoons," he said, " I sometimes went to King's College Chapel, where Allen used to preach to a small congregation (and almost in the dark in winter), for the students were not required to go in the afternoon. I was at once struck with his originality and quaintness, and a kind of oratorical genius without any pretence at eloquence. I have always taken likes and dislikes pretty quickly, and soon became much attached to Allen. He was then married and I was not, and he sometimes asked me to his house, and I was very glad to spend quiet Sunday evenings with him and his wife, for whom I acquired as much regard as for himself." Grimthorpe often stayed at Prees with his wife and without her, and would walk out making parish visits with Allen, " though he did not join in the visitations."

He said :

> " Allen was very good company when I was walking with him among his cottages and in his house. He was a lover and sayer of humorous things, which owed some of their force to his peculiar voice between a laugh and a lamentation. While we were walking I once asked him, ' What does that young Hill do ? ' He stopped and struck his stick on the ground as his manner was, and said, ' Well, he kills rats.' His severest things often had a kind of fun in them, which was never ill-natured, and he was never sarcastic. I by no means mean to condemn sarcasm universally,

which is often the best weapon to use (except for people in authority, to whom it is fatal); but it was not the line that his severity took."

On Sunday Lord Grimthorpe read the lessons in church.

So fond of clocks was he that he would drive over to Whitchurch and spend the whole day in a clock-maker's workshop. As a child of six, he took a clock to pieces and put it together in working order.

At the Vicarage he said he was like the Emperor Caligula, who wished that all Rome had but one neck, that he might sever it at a blow; for he wished all the Allen girls had but one hand that he might say "good morning" as summarily. When John Allen was having his hair cut in the work-room, he chose to sit there with his book; so Grace, the operator, asked him if she might exercise her skill on his hair.

"Yes," he replied, "if I may cut yours afterwards."

"Very good, if you will promise to cut off mine only as much as I take off yours."

"No, but I will leave you *on* as much as you leave me." She wished, she said, she had taken him at his word, and left her brown tresses to his mercy.

"I was afraid perhaps you might," he retorted; "but I would have been even with you."

At a dinner-party, if the company didn't interest him, he would read a book, while his wife made herself agreeable to everyone. He could sometimes be fierce, even when out of the Law Courts.

W. H. Thompson

W. H. Thompson, Master of Trinity (1810–90), wrote, Easter 1866:

"My dear Allen,

I know a little of your country, and shall be very glad to renew my acquaintance with it under the guidance of your amiable daughters.

I am thankful you have sent away 'Mill on

Hamilton.' I had a good grind at that Mill last summer. Ὀψὲ θεῶν ἀλέουσι μύλοι, ἀλέουσι δὲ λεπτά.

This line, one would think, must have occurred to the great ghost of Sir William, if posthumous criticism reaches the souls of departed authors.

Let us hope that someone will be found to perform the same pious task for the critic after his departure.

I shall be very glad to turn the autumnal leaves with you of some of those old divines and others which we used to read, or pretend to read, on Sunday evenings in the Queen's Gateway, you and Alfred and I.

From you I shall drop down to Freshwater, where I shall see the Laureate.

Yours ever,

W. H. Thompson."

Thompson's strength lay, more even than in the amount of his reading, in his sure judgment and fine tact. His criticisms were those of a lover of literature rather than of a grammarian. He associated himself with his pupils, and had their best interests at heart. Still handsome, a stately man, rather repressive in general society, one who could hold his own with anyone, he passed a day or two in the Shropshire fields with Allen, visiting the cottage folk, who repaid their pastor's labours with untutored reverence.

When the Judges came to Cambridge and took possession of Trinity Lodge, it was Thompson's duty to call upon them in his own house, and to ask them at what time they would require the service in the chapel on Sunday. Shown in by his butler, to his own drawing-room, where he found them smoking and much at their ease, he stood before them.

"Sit, sit, Dr. Thompson," said Judge Bramhall; an agnostic, but the cleverest Judge on the Bench.

"Thank you, I prefer the standing posture," said Thompson. "What time would it suit you to have the service to-morrow?"

"Cleasby and I have talked it over, and he will attend at ten."

"And for yourself, my Lord?"

"Cleasby will attend at ten."

"And for yourself, my Lord?"

"Cleasby and I have talked it over and we are of one mind."

"And of one *soul*, too, I take it."

"Very good, Doctor, extraordinary good," said Bramhall, and used to tell the story against himself as the only occasion when he was nonplussed after a snub; adding, however, "But it was not in court, it was not in court."

When Kingsley took his son to Cambridge he introduced him to Thompson at the Lodge. The Master received him with chill courtesy. "I am glad to see you; a scholar I presume, Mr. Kingsley?" (Kingsley himself had been in the first class of the Classical Tripos, though low down, and was afterwards Professor of History.)

"No, sir," said Kingsley; "my son is a healthy dunce, and I thank God for it."

Edward Fitzgerald to W. H. Thompson, in 1859:

> "I read, or was told, they would not let old Alfred's bust into your Trinity. They are right, I think, to let no one in there (as it should be in Westminster Abbey) until a hundred years are past; when, after too much admiration (perhaps), and then a reaction of undue dis-esteem, men have settled into some steady opinion on the subject; supposing always that the hero survives so long, which, of itself, goes far to decide the question. No doubt Alfred Tennyson will do *that*."

Allen wrote to his daughter, Mrs. Codrington, October 31, 1870:

> "I went to tea with the Master of Trinity, and had a very pleasant talk with him. I said he must convert our old seventy-fours into ironclads.

'Thompson: You speak in parables.'

'Allen: You, with your capacity, your pursuits, your position, are the man to tell our younger clergymen how to get out of the old ruts of thought into the new roads; how, having received the old statements of truth, they are to surmount the difficulties raised by modern speculations.'

I then went to see F. D. Maurice. We talked about Mr. W. E. Forster and his unflinching honesty of purpose in carrying the Education Bill, and discussed France. Maurice said that a friend, when talking with him, had said that what France needed was the Decalogue.

At breakfast at Trinity Lodge the next morning, we were talking about my having first known Thompson in Oct. 1828, and I laughed at a bad pun he made the first time I ever spoke with him—how he said he had been breaking his peace with the *Peace* of Aristophanes.

Thompson told Mrs. Thompson[1] that I had not altered in manner since I was eighteen—not altered at all he made out, except that I was then short, and my hair as black as my eyebrows are now; but he was full of kindness, and I was full of cheerfulness from going back with him over old days.

I said he ought to take up Renan by the scruff of the neck, and give him a severe flogging for what he said about St. Paul; but Thompson said that Matthew Arnold had already done this in a very courteous, but effective manner in Macmillan.

We laughed at Lawrence's portrait of Thompson. When he went to be painted Thompson said, 'Now, Lawrence, I am come to that age that I want to be flattered.' But Lawrence had gone strongly in the other direction.

We both agreed that Spedding, with all his pains and equity, had established that view of Bacon's character which he wished to dissipate."

[1] Bishop Selwyn's sister.

Bishop Selwyn

Bishop Selwyn (1809–1878), the world's hero and the Church's saint, was known at Cambridge as the man who always took the labouring oar. When the undergraduates scampered to the boats of Trinity to secure the better oars, he headed the gang to appropriate the heavy unmanageable oar they all shunned; and, when rallied on his virtue, would say, smiling, "Now, no one is in a bad temper." He was stroke in the first University boat-race.

Once in New Zealand, a native lad, travelling with him through the Bush, said he remembered shivering in the chilly night, and then falling asleep until the morning. On awakening he found the Bishop had taken off his own coat to cover him.

A great athlete, Selwyn used to swim across the Thames, like Leander, to woo his bride, the daughter of Sir John Richardson.

The call of his distant Bishopric came to him when he was a Master at Eton, a much-admired man in delightful surroundings; but with one who lived habitually in that state of mind in which the remote is converted into the present, the unseen into the visible, all the charm of his position could not for one moment weigh; and his bright, fascinating bride put her hand in his and consecrated her life to the Cause he served. When she was breaking up her attractive home in Eton, the centre of much intellectual pleasure and mirth, a friend asked her how she liked her prospect. "I hate it with all my body," was her reply, "but love it with all my soul": for happiness can never be the aim of a noble life; wealth is less easy to satisfy than poverty, and luxury than hunger. On self-sacrifice, not on comfort, life's fortress is built.

The voyage out took some six months. In after-years, when people complained to her of any quarters, she would say smartly, "Well, if your room is small, make the best of it. I have been very happy in a ship's cabin, very happy indeed." Happier possibly than in her lovely palace at Lichfield.

Mrs. Selwyn was a woman of great vivacity, more fitted for a salon than to be a missionary. Some say she had great beauty (there was but little trace of it left in her old age); others that it was the charm which is above beauty that drew her circle round her. When the Bishop visited the Melanesian Islands, he left her at Norfolk Island. She did her best to teach her pupils the elements of the Faith, and would only say of her lonely stay, "They were very good to me; very good, very good indeed."

When the Bishop brought a girl to Norfolk Island —for he wished the boys to have Christian wives—he made a garment for her out of an old sail, sewing it with his own hands, and adding a red bow at the fastening, cut out perhaps from a Union Jack.

No work was too humble for the disciple of Him who was the servant of all men. When he was Bishop of Lichfield this handsome, stately man would sometimes on market days go down to the public-house, where the market women set off homewards, to help them with their baskets into the common trap in which they drove, and so encourage them to go home in a sober, orderly way. His kindly nature attracted children; his palace at Lichfield was always full of nieces and grandchildren who in a bevy lay in ambush at the drawing-room door when he was expected home, to suffocate him with their embraces.

In after-years a doctor from Lichfield, inspired possibly by the example of the Bishop's own son, gave up a good practice to follow in the Selwyns' steps. He landed, and was left alone to draw the people to God on an island two hundred miles in length. When, after twenty years, Dr. Welchman laid down his life, he left the island, once a barbarous head-hunting wilderness, transformed into a well-ordered Christian kingdom.

Coleridge Patteson, who went out to carry on the Melanesian work Selwyn had begun, was endowed with a Pentecostal gift of tongues. How he could talk languages he had never heard before puzzled his fellows. He explained it in some simple way, saying, he caught a word or two, and by the help of another

dialect pieced together a sentence. But it was the gift of God. His martyrdom was a grief from which the Bishop of Lichfield never recovered.

John Selwyn

John Selwyn (1843–1901) was Bishop of Melanesia in succession to Patteson. He came to Prees in 1867, a vigorous, handsome, happy lad, stroke of the Trinity boat, devoted to his father. When the news of Patteson's death came to England nothing could withhold John Selwyn from snatching up the banner fallen from the martyr's hand.

The Bishop had a long talk with his son the week before he sailed, and when he had poured forth the stores of his wisdom and great experience he concluded with the words, "Now John, none of your dash!"

Before Bishop John set sail for the last time he took a men's Bible-class in Lichfield, and explained the seventh chapter of the Book of Revelation. "I like to know that all nations will be standing before the Throne," he said, with his invigorating smile; "the black people as well as the white. Palms are the sign of victory. We like singing heavenly songs here, but what will it be like there? Here there is tribulation, sorrow, and temptation. You men know what temptation means, and God knows how you have to fight. The black lads fought, too, in Uganda. There were two young Christians there who would not give up their faith; and they had to fight for it! A cruel, persecuting chief cut off their arms and legs and hung their bodies over a slow fire. But they conquered, they won their palms; as they hung there they sang their hymns of victory."

The night before he went out, Wednesday, November 11, 1885, he preached in Lichfield Cathedral, and referred to the beauty of the services, the help they had been to him. "Christians," he said, "belong to God; to make everyone believe this would help men to live better lives." On the bronze screen of the

cathedral there is a brass cross. "As the lights of the cathedral go out this cross shines brighter against the darkness. Let us pray," he said solemnly, "that, as life darkens around us, the Cross may stand out clearer before us." After the service he went to the west end of the cathedral with his children to watch the shining of the cross.

He returned in a few years entirely broken in health, unable to stand, and died not long afterwards.

John Selwyn's mother lived on to a great age, a bright-eyed frail old lady, in a pleasant house looking eastward across Stowpool which lay "clear and earnest" between her and the Saint's Well and church; but she dwelt in a little room looking west on her husband's grave. When a friend spoke to her of her sorrowful hours in her old age, she said, "THEY SHINE."

F. W. H. MYERS

F. W. H. Myers (1843–1901), a highly gifted man, looked more like an overgrown school-boy than a poet. Such a man stands in a workshop well stored with sharp instruments; with many he may do ill unless he take heed; and good with *all* if he have the will so to employ them. A pleasant man, ready to give forth of his best, he claimed the enjoyment of life, saying that his breakfast hour was agreeable to him; so was the reading of the newspaper afterwards. His journeys from school to school were refreshing; school inspecting was not tedious; and recreation after work was always welcome.

In early life he lost his faith and had displeased the Cambridge examiners about a Prize Poem. Then that sublime woman Mrs. Josephine Butler met him, and assuming in him a spiritual discernment that enables the mind to recognise God's Voice, subdued his unbelief. Religion, the soul of man's history, bore fruits in his heart. His poem "St. Paul" is a contribution to our sacred literature of such value that it has been reckoned the best transcript of the mind of St. Paul we possess.

At the time he came to Prees, in 1872, this sacred influence had passed and he was already bewitched by the magic of Spiritualism. Psychological magazines accompanied him, illustrated with photographs in which ghostly figures interfered with the subject of the picture. The Archdeacon's laughing daughters were set round the table to discover their latent powers in the occult realm. But the long Prees drawing-room was hardly conducive to the atmosphere of a séance, and the heavy round rosewood table stood stable as Gibraltar's Rock. The next morning the Archdeacon summoned his daughters to his study, and asked them never to trifle with such a science again ; for, if there were anything in it, the influence must come from below, not from above.

On cold afternoons Myers would sit by the fire learning German, using a good deal of dictionary, and marking the words looked up to admonish himself if they should be forgotten. The way to learn a language is to abjure dictionaries and to discover the meaning of words by comparing the passages of a book where the same word occurs.

On other occasions he would join readily in drawing-room games, making a poem out of a given question with random rhymes, or would read poetry aloud, perhaps Tennyson, or Wordsworth, whom his mother had taught him to love. In early years he could only appreciate his "White Doe of Rylstone" (a poor imitation of Sir Walter's poetical tales). *That* he liked "because it was so unlike Wordsworth!" But when he loved the great poet, he loved him enthusiastically, and would repeat with glee the "Reverie of Poor Susan," etc.

He refused to read his own poems, "the work of a poetaster," with such great men at hand. His reading of his own poetry in the schools was a monotonous canter, with the middle of his long lines strongly emphasized ; his voice was sonorous rather than melodious.

In the commonplace book of one of the Prees daughters, a tall, pale girl, he wrote a composi-

tion of his own about a fair, impassive Spanish maiden :

> " I paused, I would not wake to life
> The tinted marble maid."

He was fond of foreign travel, but Venice he had never visited. " Some day," he said, " I may want an earthly paradise to frame my happiness." He married Miss Eveleen Tenant.

After Spiritualism had dazzled him he wrote scarcely anything of value, except a book on Wordsworth, and some essays. Spiritualism paralyses great powers. He lived in a pleasant house at Cambridge, and seemed to look forward with a reverent curiosity to the Great Change which should reveal so much to him. He made some after-death promises which he has not been able to fulfil.

Julia Sterling

Julia Sterling (1836–1910), John Sterling's daughter, was the " J. M. S." to whom Miss Wynne-Williams's Letters were addressed. She said :

> " The Archdeacon's simplicity, his humour akin to pathos, his laughter akin to tears, made him unlike commonplace people. His sympathy was loving and living ; the heart of a little child shone out of his bright eyes shaded by wonderful black brows, ready feeling and fun trembled in his voice. His power of enjoyment in simple things made his company refreshing, while the wisdom and cultivation of his mind gave depth to his conversation. His unworldliness lent a rare dignity to his character, behind all the intense naturalness and fresh feeling which made conventional people seem tame in comparison. So affectionate was he that he won regard even from those he rebuked. His humility was lovely and unmistakeable, and his transparent truthfulness was a constant lesson and a standard to live by."

She was present at Maurice's remarkable death-bed. Deep depression meekly endured had clouded his spirit during his last illness, but when the doctor thought all was over he raised himself in his bed and said, solemnly and distinctly, " The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you—*with us* all evermore," and then fell back still for ever.

Julia was Maurice's niece. When Mrs. Maurice was dying John Allen came to visit her ; she said, " I feel that a man of God has been here." Julia added, " His prayer reminded me that the pure in heart shall see God. Happy is it that one such human spirit can open for us windows into the infinite."

Julia Sterling built a charming little house near Falmouth where she and Hester lived among the myrtles. Julia was a guardian of the poor, and had more friends than she could spare friendship for.

CHAPTER XXIII

GUESTS AT PREES—IV

Luke Rivington—Rowland Corbet—Mary Cholmondeley—R. M. Grier—William Lyttelton—Athelstan Riley—Canon Norris—Archdeacon Holmes—Edward German—Randolph Caldecott—Mrs. Wightman—R. Catterall—Newman Hall—Samuel Morley—John De Soyres—James Allen.

Luke Rivington

Luke Rivington (1845–90), for a short time one of the greatest preachers in the Anglican Church, was Father of the "Stoke Brotherhood" in Shropshire. A small man, with small eyes, he mounted the Prees pulpit one Sunday morning, gave out his text quietly, and began with a simple illustration. "A man leaving home for some years supplied his agent with a store of precious materials to build him a house, and found, on his return, when he looked for a palace, nothing but a little mud hut—the materials wasted, and nothing there but a little *MUD HUT*!" These words he repeated with impressive emphasis, and then, raising a voice as musical as an angel's trumpet, he applied his parable, revealing with thrilling eloquence the responsibility of life, its magnificent opportunities, what God expected of His servants; then, wringing men's hearts, he showed them the paltriness of their endeavours, the evanescence of their wealth and earthly hopes, and pictured the patient face of the crucified Christ waiting, waiting for their fealty and their love. As he concluded his voice sank from the melody of Heaven into the tones of common men.

In the afternoon of that Sunday, the large village church was packed from end to end; benches were brought in from the school, and chairs from the vicarage kitchen. Luke Rivington began again as

quietly as before, with a simple illustration, a man doubting which road to take. The narrow, steep path led to his destination, but the wider way, with its pleasant flowers and sweet fruits, might perhaps curve round into the right direction. Then, as the divine afflatus swelled the preacher's heart, he urged in tones liquid and penetrating, the pleasures that must be forsaken, the wealth to be forgotten, the fame to be despised ; concealing no thorn of self-sacrifice or steep rock of difficulty, until at last, his lovely voice quivering with emotion, he concluded with some grand appeal, e.g. " Will you go back with Heaven before you ? " and, as the afflatus passed, sank again into the same little uninteresting and apparently uninterested man.

But Luke Rivington was no actor. Every word of his sermon, the crucifying of the flesh, the taking up of the cross branded on his own life, was no picturesque sublimity with him. Soon he resigned the Headship of the Stoke Brotherhood to become a subordinate among the Cowley Fathers. The rule at Stoke was strict enough, but now this man of power and genius meekly bowed his head to the command to retire into silence, not to preach again for two years !

Eventually he joined the Church of Rome, and, going forth as a missionary to India, sat upon the ground among the natives plaiting rushes to win their confidence. The colossal image of St. Peter in the Westminster Cathedral, more imposing than that at Rome, has been erected by the Roman Church in memory of their humble saint, Luke Rivington.

Rowland Corbet

Rowland Corbet (1845–1918), was a man of good family, and, being at an early age appointed by his father Rector of Stoke, founded there a promising Brotherhood. Much of his patrimony was spent on the rebuilding of the church ; the spacious rectory rang with hymns and psalms ; and a neglected parish became a centre of joyous church life.

In 1874 John Allen wrote to Dean Stanley :

> "It would rejoice your heart to see Stoke-on-Trent church rebuilt after the old pattern, opened last May. The Rector, Rowland Corbet, has a Brotherhood of clergy and a noble library in his house."

The young rector did not appoint himself Head of his Brotherhood, but gave that office to Luke Rivington. One or two lay brothers were admitted who did the work of the house, sat among the Brethren, and helped in the service of the church. One, a shepherd's son, acted as cook, and was also a magnificent organist.

Rowland himself, with an ardent, affectionate nature, had a face with its large eyes, aquiline nose, and enthusiastic brow resembling one of the best types of our mediæval monks. That God had called him into being to wage war with sin was his conviction, and in that service he sacrificed health, fortune, and repose.

The life at Stoke was ascetic; and Rowland, on one of his missions, took typhus fever, and became desperately ill. His sister-in-law who nursed him said that he died, but she restored him by pouring down his throat (he was a teetotaller), a whole bottle of wine. His account is this:

> "I lay feeling so weak that consciousness seemed fading from me. It was a grey evening and the window was open to the west; a little cloud floated there. I seemed to lose myself in that cloud and thought, 'Is this dying? How dull it all is!"

On his recovery he reviewed his old methods, convened the Brotherhood, of whom he was now the Head, and suggested they should retire for six months from the world to learn the will of God. At the end of the six months the Brotherhood dissolved, the threefold cord encircling them of poverty, chastity and obedience was united, and they dispersed.

Rowland, now a disciple of Linlathen, a sympathetic

man much dependent on the atmosphere in which he found himself, became in some circles an admired preacher. His letters to Mrs. Russell Gurney were published by her as *The Letters of a Mystic*. To be misty is not to be mystic.

Catholic in his views, he gave the Nonconformist Minister £5 a year, as he said he helped him in an outlying corner of his parish. Richard Cholmondeley (the father of "Mary") the Rector of an adjoining parish, became a disciple.

Rowland married and had an interesting child, who was taught when she hurt her little head against a table to pity the table and apologise to it, "Oh, poor table!" Once, when she had lost her temper with her governess, she said, the tears of passion still upon her cheeks, "Oh, mother, why does God let me be so wicked?"—thus overthrowing in one sentence Mr. Erskine's Tower of Babel.

The monastic life at Stoke had not, Rowland said, been hard to him; "When you are all living it together it comes easily enough." The old Brotherhood days were ever mentioned with affection. Later he gave up his living and lived in London, where on Sunday evenings, he gave addresses in a handsome drawing-room. Some intellectual ladies, as well as others, gathered to hear him; not always without conscientious scruples as to how far it were right to attend in church hours a meeting not held in a consecrated building; to go to a chapel would certainly be wrong. He was much at the Broadland meetings, where great people gathered in the pleasant summer weather for mutual edification. Mr. Edward Clifford, the artist, who went out to the leper island to visit Father Damien; Antoinette Stirling, whose magnificent rendering of "O Rest in the Lord" would sometimes swell forth in a prayer-meeting; F. W. Myers, and others, frequented them. Rowland was especially welcome as the interpreter of thought. When some words were faltering from the lips of a diffident speaker, he would interpose with all his charm of manner—"I know exactly what you want to say; you mean this,"

and so forth. "Oh, thank you; how perfectly you understand!"

Mrs. Russell Gurney left in his hands £20,000 to build and illustrate with sacred pictures the Chapel of the Ascension in Bayswater (near the Marble Arch), that in the hurry and turmoil of life a refuge might be found by weary souls wherein to rest and meditate on holy things. The pictures by Shields are original and suggestive; but the Chapel is no house of prayer, rather a house of merchandise for postcards. St. Martin's-in-the-Fields answers better the purpose for which it was intended.

Mary Cholmondeley

Mary Cholmondeley (1858), a tall, delicate girl, dined at Prees in a white muslin gown. She was remarkable for her quiet manner, and not sought out for brilliant or amusing conversation. Her mother, a handsome woman, could talk of books or politics equally well. When, as a girl, she dined out, her mother, a good talker before her, used to signal on her fingers to her across the table, "T-a-l-k." Mrs. Cholmondeley had the perfect manner of a beautiful nature. She fell early into ill-health, and as she lay on her sofa, would gather her daughters round her and read to them the Parliamentary Debates, explaining the character of the speakers and the pros and cons of the contest. "Living as they do in so quiet a place as Hodnet," she said, "I am anxious to keep my girls' minds bright."

The younger daughters were handsome, with beautiful eyes and long lashes, especially Victoria; but Hester was far more remarkable for her social instinct. As a girl of eleven she had all the modesty of a child with all the tact and intelligence of a woman, and would entertain her mother's guests by drawing their attention to some illustrated paper and talking cleverly about it. When Mrs. Cholmondeley was asked how she had brought her up to follow so delightfully in her own steps, she passed the question off with a

laugh. "I don't remember teaching her anything, except I believe I taught them all when they came into a room never to think of themselves, but only to try and find out if anyone there could be amused or made happier."

Mr. Cholmondeley chaperoned his daughters to the balls, and always stood through the evening in one place, that after each dance they might have a safe resort.

R. M. Grier

Richard M. Grier (1833–94), an advanced Churchman and an orator, had a horror of sin only equalled by his compassion for sinners. Finding a drunkard lying in a ditch not far from his own door at Rugeley, a degraded clergyman unknown to him, he raised him in his arms, took him into his Vicarage, laid him in his own bed, and, having nursed him into recovery, kept him for many weeks in his house, while he endeavoured to rescue him from his vice. As a man blesses, he gains power; as his heart flows forth in mercy, he learns God's secret.

His compassion for and success with inebriates became so notorious that he opened a home for them in his parish. His method was to allow them no money in their pockets, to keep the sight, sound and smell of drink from their senses, to forbid the public houses to serve them, while he brought all the good influences he could to bear upon their hearts. When these men were under his immediate care his success was great, but as soon as they left him relapses were apt to sadden his hopes. One man behaved perfectly for two years, and then, as a reformed son, was allowed to visit his widowed and anxious mother. Stafford Station and half a crown in his pocket were too much for him; he reached his mother's door quite drunk. Again and again he was received back by Mr. Grier, and again and again he failed. At last, after ten relapses, his benevolent, patient friend told him he could never on any condition or on any plea receive him again, unless he had the self-control to keep him-

self from touching a single glass of any kind of alcohol. Solemn promises were made amid many protestations of an unchangeable resolution. On his return to Rugeley he alighted from the train at Lichfield in a drunken and disgraceful condition. In his despair he went into a field, took out his pocket-knife, and was preparing to open the artery in his wrist and so to put an end for ever to the failure of his life. While he was in that field God spoke to him ; a flash of lightning, followed by an imminent clap of thunder, startled him in the depth of his wickedness. He saw Eternity before him and Hell seemed to open her mouth beneath his feet. Putting up his knife, he dragged his painful steps to Rugeley, forced his way into Richard Grier's study, and entreated his pardon. No, this had happened too often ; it could not be. Mr. Grier was very sorry, but for the sake of the other men in the Home he could not, it would not be right to readmit him. Then the poor drunkard told the awful story of his desperate effort in the field, of what he had seen, and how God had come to him. Grier's mercy was divine in its length as well as breadth ; the man was once more restored.

God must have more power than the devil over a man's will ; so, if he cannot change his nature, he can control it ; and good is stronger than evil. A temptation conquered is a blessing earned ; each man gains the strength of the temptation he resists. This drunkard became so eminent a penitent that he was put in charge of the other men, and used to go round the country winning sinners by his contrition more than by his eloquence (for he was no speaker) to look up and hope from the abyss of despair. And when, some years afterwards, he was dying, and his doctor insisted on his taking some brandy, he closed his lips against it, saying, " Doctor, I am not afraid to meet my God sober, but I am afraid to go before Him drunk."

A humorist and orator as well as a philanthropist, Grier knew how to use his humour in a good cause. Public opinion was enlightened by his efforts ; the

medical and economical aspects of temperance were cleared up, and, above all, he established by his experience the possibility, questioned by some able men, of reclaiming a drunkard.

When, at a great meeting, a speaker had worn out the patience of an intelligent audience by his heavy voice and dull proclamations, Mr. Grier springing to his feet as the men were filing away fast to the door, called out in his resonant voice, "Gentlemen, I feel like that bachelor, who would fain enjoy the happiness of the married state, but had not the courage of his opinions. He had not the courage to woo a wife." Immediately the stampede to the door ceased, some resumed their seats, and all stood still to listen. "A friend suggested to him a lady suitable in character and habits to make him happy. 'Yes, yes,' he replied, 'but, to tell you the truth, I have not the courage to ask her.' 'Don't let a trifle like that spoil your happiness for life,' said his friend. 'Why not put the banns up and have done with it? I feel sure the lady would be willing to fall in with your views.' So the following Sunday the banns were solemnly given out between Thomas and Maria." Here the audience sat breathless with interest. "But the lady was deeply offended; she called upon the unfortunate bachelor, and reproved him sharply and at some length for the liberty taken with her name." (A sigh of sympathy with him (not her) went round the great hall.) How had he dared to do such a thing? With a humble apology he promised to go at once to the clerk and stop the banns. "No, no," said the exasperated dame, "as the thing has gone so far, the only thing now to be done is to carry it through—and I want," continued the speaker in one breath, "to carry through a very important resolution and to ask our member to present such and such a petition," etc.

And so Mr. Grier won his audience and won his way.

He married Allen's daughter, Grace.

William Lyttelton

William Lyttelton (1834–90) and his brother, Lord Lyttelton, understood that God's commandments are laws that can be kept; not arbitrary notices such as "Keep off the grass," but warnings like "Keep off the ice." That they are not grievous, William Lyttelton proclaimed by a joyous life. The spell he exercised was a charm none could resist, though few may be able to explain it; the earnest sincerity of his manner, the animation and ease of his pleasant talk, fascinated his compeers and his younger companions. The glad voices of his many nephews found in his a merry echo, and, rising to the level of their mirth, his spirits appeared as unbroken as their own. At Hagley, with all the cares of a parish on his shoulders, a responsibility to which he was keenly alive, he and his brother would romp like school-boys, and yet his thoughts, actuated by heavenly wisdom, were ever guiding the young men's steps. Nor was he ashamed to lead a lad into his study and, kneeling down with his hand in his, pray that he might continue God's for ever and daily increase in His Holy Spirit. Purity and courage go hand in hand; Zoroaster said long ago, "Purity is, next to life, the greatest good for man"; for a pure life is an antiseptic. The world may thank God for the Lyttelton family.

To the lowliest cottager Mr. Lyttelton would render an office of personal kindness with the same flowing courtesy with which he interchanged the pleasantnesses of society among his equals. His gay laugh filled the Prees drawing-room with sunshine when he came there as best man to Richard Grier.

Athelstan Riley

Athelstan Riley (1858–) was as modest about his wealth as generous in the bestowal of it. When the Archdeacon, on leaving Prees, bequeathed a library of folios of the old English divines to the Vicars to come, Mr. Riley had a book-plate fixed into the volumes

of his gift; these books still clothe the walls of that audience-chamber of God.

He only knew the Archdeacon in the winter of his days after illness had crippled his usefulness; but he says, "Full of enthusiasm as I was for the Church, and deeply interested in religious matters, the old man, of quiet, self-possessed confidence, with all his religious lines clear-cut and distinct, the man of faith, whom no power on earth could move from his position, made an impression upon me which, difficult as it is to describe, was nevertheless a profound one. Brought up in the Tractarian school, I was as rigid as the Archdeacon; perhaps it was his very rigidity that appealed to me? At any rate, it was his firmness and unflinching loyalty to ideals. To be popular, a man must be like a weathercock now, but such men as he are the men that really count in human affairs; if his character impressed itself upon me, a chance and passing visitor in his parish, and if his memory still inspires my humble effort in battling for the right, how much more must his life have meant for the Church of which he was so worthy a servant!"

Riley, as a great entertainer, had some influence at Oxford. His almost romantic attachment to the Church led him at one time to think of taking Orders; but he determined to serve her as a layman. Those were the days of *John Inglesant*. That book, seldom asked for now, was by a friend of his perused in a night of rapturous sympathy.

Mr. Riley went one summer to St. Petersburg to study the Orthodox Church, and brought home some eikons, valuable, not for their beauty—they are all "mediæval" and many of them uncouth—but for the feeling consecrating them, or, from another point of view, for the jewels framing them, and taught his babes to share his devotion. Another summer he went to Mount Athos and stayed in the ancient monastery, where no woman is allowed to enter, not suffering the drawbacks of a mediæval resting-place to cancel his interest in the monastic worship, which often lasted through the night.

Bishop Maclagan shared Riley's yearning for union with the Greek Church, and, when on some occasion he went to Russia in full canonicals, was elated by the friendly reception granted him. At the Walsall Church Congress he asked Mr. Riley to read a paper on his experience of it.

Athelstan Riley was able to do yeoman's service in the cause of Church schools at the beginning of this century; but the "Passive Resistance" which his and Mr. Balfour's success called out did much to establish the Radicals in their long reign, with their Trades Disputes Act, and Minimum Wage interference, which has filled London with salaried idlers, and also to stifle the House of Lords. Lord Salisbury foretold that that House would come to grief when he forsook its helm.

Canon Norris

Canon Norris (1830–98), of Bristol, wrote some books; a small volume, *Key to the Gospels*, was prized by Bishop Patteson, who said that men at home with leisure to trace the chronology of the Master's Ministry could do much for those who, busy with the ups and downs of life at the Antipodes, cared to know what they had not time to work out.

In the days when ladies' skirts resembled the petals of an inverted full-blown rose, he asked his beautiful wife to drape hers like a hyacinth bell; in after-life she said the notice this contravention of fashion attracted to her had been trying.

At Allen's table Canon Norris related this incident. Sir Robert Peel always secluded himself for an hour before going down to the House. Once his wife was obliged to interrupt him, and his tall figure rose from its knees. "I beg your pardon," she said, "I did not know. . . ." "My wife," said he, "you don't think I could attempt to guide the councils of this land unless I sought wisdom from Him who has promised to grant it."

Of John Allen he said:

"His courtesy was perfect to all. I can see him now, hat in hand, at the door of a cottage, asking pardon for having disturbed them at a meal, 'Well, ma'am, you are always very good to me,' when pressed to enter. With all whom he respected he was humble."

Archdeacon Holmes

Dr. Holmes, Archdeacon of London (1854–), as an ideal deacon, tall and lissome, came to Prees for his Vicar, Richard Grier's, marriage, and exercised his latent literary gift in the composition of an account of it for the *Shrewsbury Chronicle.*

Like his books, his goodness was charmingly illustrated, not only remarkable in his sermons, but in the warmth and graciousness of temper that poured itself into all the channels of social intercourse, as he wandered ever in the green pastures and smiled beside the sunny waters of religion. The early services in the sweet, crisp, morning air, or the calm Evensong in the light of a summer sun, were more lovable for his infectious delight in them.

When asked how he had reached so fair a height on the upward path, he said the study of the Life of Jesus had helped him.

But he was delicate, and a troublesome throat, by driving him to South Africa, put, as his admirers thought, a full-stop to his career in the Anglican Church. Now in the precincts of St. Paul's his pleasant temperament, kindly and gay, balances the gloom of the extreme new School of Criticism presiding there.

Edward German

Edward German (1862–) performed for the first time in public at the age of nineteen in the Prees schoolroom. What sums of money would its benches have fetched could England have known that her great modern composer, the musician who has conducted every orchestra in the land, was to express

his soul on the four strings of a violin on that January night to that rustic audience in 1881 !

Randolph Caldecott

Randolph Caldecott (1846–86) used to cash the Archdeacon's cheques in the Whitchurch bank. Lodging at a Cheshire farm, he had many opportunities of studying milkmaids, kindly cows, and flat stretches of green pasture, and the characteristic action of many kind of horses. He was the first man to introduce or to make popular the method of drawing with strong outlines (to guide the inexperienced eye) filled in with flat washes of colour, which Kate Greenaway followed in her own charming manner, and John Hassall has used with magnificent èffect on his Posters. Yet it was not his method alone, but his humour and grace, that made Caldecott what he was to children and to lovers of Art.

In modern Art there are many clever lines, but humour is for the most part lacking, and grace not there. An artist looking at a modern picture of some dancing children full of spirit and life, said gently, " I think it is almost too ugly."

Mrs. Wightman

Mrs. Wightman (1825–95), a clergyman's wife, neither beautiful nor interesting in appearance, leading an invalid life, was so much affected by the wailings of the women in her Shrewsbury district over the cruelty and degradation of their good husbands through drunkenness that, taking her courage in both hands, she went out with a lantern in the winter nights into the dark alleys of the town, and in the cottages reasoned and pleaded with these men. Men do not dislike being talked to if they are approached respectfully, and are allowed to respond in their own way.

Mrs. Wightman convinced so many of the folly and wastefulness of their sinful conduct, of the shortness of this life, and the length of the life to come, that they,

reforming their ways, gathered round her in a Bible-class, and the Working Men's Hall in Shrewsbury had to be built to entertain them ! The character of the town was changed. Her fame spread to America. J. B. Gough alludes to her in one of his orations. She was a modest, quiet woman, with a gentle, deliberate, not dictatorial way of speaking. Her power lay in the hidden, although real intercourse she maintained with One who had taken up His abode in her heart, and in her (consequent) heartfelt care for the men she influenced ; the loss of a diamond brooch would have meant less to her than the relapse of any one of them into sin.

Robert Catterall

Robert Catterall (1859–1917), the son of the Prees postman, who, living in a thatched cottage, earned twelve shillings a week, drew to him a crowd when he preached in his village church. A man is the artificer of his own circumstances ; it is God's work to give and ours to receive ; to receive is to make use of a gift. Having been educated by John Allen's help, Catterall took Orders, and was appointed Diocesan Missioner in the Manchester Diocese. With some histrionic gift, and a far-carrying voice, he was a remote reflex (perhaps the last) of George Whitefield. When he preached, the church doors were barred to prevent men crushing each other in their determination to hear him. He preached of eternity and the life to come ; of Him who is still here with the key of Heaven in His hand. Sometimes 800 letters of repentance and fresh resolutions, black with coal-dust and wet with tears, would be handed in to him at the close of a service.

Newman Hall

Newman Hall, the great Nonconformist preacher, came to Prees to beg for funds for a hall in building. The Archdeacon lent him his school and took the chair at his meeting. A tall, fine-looking man, he gave an earnest address upon Bartimæus, delineating

his advance from darkness into light, and afterwards begged with modest dignity for his hall. When the meeting was over he bent down and spoke earnestly to a little girl on the front bench; the child responded with a solemn gaze. She died young, having developed into an intelligent good woman, a school teacher; and through her prudence and care Beverley Minster was saved from a conflagration. A tablet there records Churchmen's gratitude to "Caroline Hanks."

Samuel Morley

Samuel Morley (1809–86) realised a great fortune, not by advertising his wares, but by the simple method of selling at a moderate price goods so flawless that no other firm could compete with him; one hundred shillings are worth more than twenty half-crowns. His athletic sense and administrative gift were associated with a warm and generous heart; his work-people were in his eyes breathing beings; he required good work of them, and gave them generous pensions.

From 1868 to a short time before his death he represented Bristol; his statue, which a careless observer might mistake for John Bright's, still graces that busy port.

A philanthropist, with the courage of his opinions, he supported Mr. Bruce's Bill for closing public-houses at 11 p.m. That first hour of the darkness of night, when the theatres and music-halls have poured forth their excited throngs, is the disastrous hour for London's morality. A river of sin, corrupting men, and ruined, broken-hearted women could have been averted had a few more men stood by those heroes in 1870. In the public-houses men still call the striking of eleven "the clock striking Bruce."

In the early days of the Salvation Army, when its endeavour was scorned by the rich, and pitied by the poor, Mrs. Booth called upon Mr. Morley and laid the spiritual needs of the country before him, with her husband's efforts to supply them. He listened atten-

tively to her story, and immediately wrote a cheque for £1,000. She thanked him.

"Are you satisfied?" he inquired.

"I had rather you had made it two."

"Give it me back then; two thousand it shall be."

When he went with Allen to St. David's and saw the restoration of that outwork and outcome of faith, unsolicited he subscribed £50 to the work.

The hallowed concurrence of all the passages of his own life, and the trend of them all towards one design, rendered his conceptions of duty broad and consistent. Late as the House often kept him at night, he read prayers every morning with his family; and refused the peerage that would have strengthened the position of his sons.

John de Soyres

John de Soyres (1846–99) was Fitzgerald's nephew. A great contrast to his uncle, he was for a time the voluntary Curate of Prees, staying at the Vicarage. A clever man, an ardent bibliophile, familiar with the various editions of many valuable books, he had written a learned book on Montanism (which had won for him the Hulsean Prize) and would rather read the most trifling writing in a cover than join in an ordinary conversation that might have ventilated his thoughts, or that he might have instructed; but with a worthy interlocutor he would pour forth his glittering rhetoric.

An "orthodox Broad Churchman," zealous and generous in his work, of aristocratic appearance, he created some sensation in his fine linen surplice and embroidered stole, in the rustic church. His brilliant sermons, with their heads developed pleasantly like the branches of a symmetrical tree, never overpassed the limit of fifteen minutes, and were delivered in a rapid flow of perfect language without one faltering pause or misplaced epithet. His notes were models of composition, on a card the size of a square envelope, the three heads in large characters I, II, III, were developed by their respective subdivisions *a*, *b*, *c* in

smaller writing. One unsophisticated lady said, "I am not sure that Mr. de Soyres' sermons seem to have been quite as good when they are over as they promised to be at the beginning, nor do they seem to have done one quite as much good as they should."

When, after some weeks' ministry, he left the parish, and the Archdeacon sent him his salary, he refused it, saying he had dedicated all his professional service to God. The Vicar of Prees, however, returned it to him, saying he might make what use of the money he pleased, but as Vicar he could not allow him to share the duties of the parish without sharing its income. The cheque was sent back with a still briefer refusal. "When Greek meets Greek. . . ." Allen then sent the sum to the S.P.G. in de Soyres' name, but when the official receipt for his "handsome donation" came to him, De Soyres was really offended, and never, it is believed, wrote again to the old friend of Edward Fitzgerald.

James Allen

James Allen (1801–97), the brother of John and the Dean of St. Davids,[1] had an unusual career. As a lad at Cambridge, his interest was so much diverted by the construction of Caius College, then in building, as to interfere with the success of his degree. Later he took Orders and became the Vicar of a little Welsh parish with a solid church. At the age of seventy-two he was made Canon, and afterwards Dean, of St. David's. A man of means, he lived with his beautiful daughter in the most ascetic simplicity; exercising hospitality to all, whether prince or peasant, that came to his door; lavishing nothing on himself, he devoted his time and wealth to the restoration of the ruined cathedral. A luxurious table and gay equipages glitter and pass; the Dean, when at ninety-six God called him home, left a cathedral strong to withstand the storms of another thousand years, a cathedral

[1] See Allen's Diary, Chapter II.

that, with many additional beauties, had lost no single grace of its ruined condition. Now St. David's Cathedral, perhaps the most successful restoration on our island, stands on its remote peninsula, the pride and ornament of a romantic land.

CHAPTER XXIV

DAUGHTERS

A CLERGYMAN who had joined the Church of Rome said that one of the fairest pictures to him, in the gallery of memory, was John Allen of a summer's Sunday evening in the garden at Prees among his daughters in their evening dresses.

But when, one evening, Margaret, Maurice's god-daughter, told her father she wished to go to a hospital to nurse sick people, his heart stood still, and very gently but firmly he refused his consent (she was but twenty-three): "My child, you don't know what it would mean."

"You have always taught us, father, to serve, to be useful."

"Yes, but there are sick and suffering people in your father's parish to care for."

So Margaret continued praying, and in November 1870 alighted with her father's consent at the door of King's College Hospital. Her knees may have faltered as she mounted the stone staircase, but those first months of service were the happiest of her life. One lad said to her, "Sister, have you not been praying for me? I have felt a great light come into my heart since you talked to me yesterday."

Then, when next she went forth, "May," Allen's brilliant daughter, the friend of F. D. Maurice, who illuminated, carved, and sketched all the churches and old fonts in the Archdeaconry, who could talk to a Bishop as charmingly as to a butcher, said she, too, must learn to nurse: not that she cared for nursing, but she "must serve." Then Grace, who was fond of riding and dancing, followed; and the younger,

Beatrice, as soon as she was old enough to be admitted to the work, with no love for nursing, took up her cross and went into a hospital.

John Allen's Letters to his Daughters

"TENBY, *9th August* 1865.

"I breakfasted this morning with Miss Fanny Allen; she said Lord Cranborne is, though sarcastic in public life, most sweet in his temper at home."

(Sir Henry Lucy says that behind his aloofness and scornful mien he only partially concealed a kind heart and highly sensitive nature.)

"Someone told Lady Alderson (his mother-in-law) that Lord Palmerston said of him he was the only man in his party who could think on his legs.

When in town I went to the National Portrait Gallery and saw there Mr. Clive of Styche (nephew to the great man). Lord Clive's picture is by Dance, who married a lady of fortune, and then, ashamed of being a portrait painter, bought up as opportunity offered all his excellent pictures; this has made them extremely rare."

John Allen to May (then Superintendent of a Convalescent Home for Ladies in Scarborough)

"*30th January*, 1873.

"Your Mother and I were rejoiced to see the last Report of the Convalescent Home. There is no greater happiness on this side of the grave to a parent than the hope that his children are living to do God's work in the world. Can there be any work nobler, happier than that of soothing the worried or helping the distressed to look to the Source of all sympathy and help? I have from the first thought of the work as suited to your attainments, ability, and experience. We miss

your loving and serviceable help at home much; but the work you are called to is a higher work, a more enduring work.

A clergyman's Home hangs on one cord and we are constantly warned of the uncertainty of life. To live here is not our desire, but to bear fruit as long as life continues. Thomas Scott, the commentator, saw an apple-tree laden with fruit suddenly blown down. 'Ah, this is the end,' said he, 'that I desire: to be taken laden with good fruit.'"

"*Aug.* 13, 1873.

"Lately I went to Denstone for the laying of the Foundation-stone of the Chapel of Denstone College. Sir Percival Heywood laid the Stone and spoke solemnly and earnestly. The Bishop of Carlisle (Harvey Goodwin) preached an excellent sermon. He was in high spirits and great force. In giving away the prizes he said that, some fifty years ago, he thought he knew some little Latin and might have had some acquaintance with Greek; but now distance lent enchantment to the view, and he felt, bowing his head before the boys, that if they examined him, he would be plucked. Whether this were calculated to stimulate their efforts may be questioned, but the joke elicited much laughter and applause, and many doubtless understood it as an expression of sympathy. In private he told us of a man who said he had never been flogged by his father but once, and that was for telling the truth. One who knew him retorted 'Ah, this explains it: your father cured you.'"

To Gertrude Codrington

April, 1877.

"We have been thinking, day after day, of you and dear Richard, and of your children. If we in humility cast all our care on God, He will most

assuredly make all our burdens His care. When those we love are taken from us, we must look to God with thankfulness for all the mercies which we have received during our intercourse with them. These mercies are permanent in their character; their recollection is a constant help to us. Certain it is that the Lord will provide. 'O fear the Lord, ye His saints; for there is no want to them that fear Him.' We know, not merely think and hope, but we *know*, that all things work together for good to them that love God. The thirty-fourth Psalm brings me comfort.

Bishop Field of Newfoundland, in his lonely journeys in his ship on the coast of Labrador, through a region of fog, tried sorely by the cold and ill-fed, used to repeat this Psalm again and again as he lay in his hard, narrow bed."

Some years later he wrote:

"How great a blessing is God to the fatherless and widow! Richard Codrington's prayers have indeed been answered. The comfort of prayer is great. 'And as He prayed the fashion of His Countenance was altered.' Whatever our Master did was done in prayer."

Gertrude's six children all grew up to do good work in the world. One was the gallant Colonel Codrington, who laid down his life at Kut.

CHAPTER XXV

LETTERS TO MAY

In 1875 May asked her father's leave to go as a missionary to Zanzibar. He earnestly dissuaded her: "You are doing a good work where you are, God's placings, as well as God's calls, must be considered." Her reply was: "If you refuse your consent I shall not feel it right to go, but there must be no divided responsibility at the last day." Then he wrote: "I cannot refuse my consent, though I do not wish you to go."

So, blessed by Selwyn, the missionary Bishop of her diocese, and followed by her father's prayers, May went to Zanzibar. After she had sailed he said, "She went against my wishes, but I am thankful to God she persevered."

To promote the interests of the work to which she had given herself became now his care; he sent her letters to the county paper, had her sketches of missionary work photographed that he might disseminate them, published his missionary sermons in religious periodicals, and, with a life charged with diocesan labours, went through the land preaching for the "Central African Mission." Many pulpits were open to him, and many subscriptions and donations were won by his energy, for the snows with which old age had loaded his head could not quench the fire within.

"The more publicity we can give," he said, "to the history and the aims of missionary enterprise the better for the world. The Acts of the Apostles are mainly a record of missionary work."

He broke down his health by his exertions, sometimes preaching five times in the six days of Convoca-

tion, filling up his annual twelve days' holiday with sermons and addresses, travelling in winter across England, preaching now at Kidderminster, where Richard Baxter ministered two hundred years ago, now for Dr. Gott, the pupil of Canon Pindar, or wherever he could find a welcome; sometimes collecting forty-four pounds and sometimes four, but never weary so long as the missionary cause were advanced. He said, "When one strives to do one's best one feels that all is somehow right."

Twice each month he wrote affectionate letters to Zanzibar, full of spiritual encouragement and family news, expressing his deep interest in the work and collating all the stories and facts which he thought might interest or amuse his daughter.

John Allen to May

"*January* 2, 1878.

"May God pour upon you the abundance of His mercy. Life is measured to us by love. Every effort we make to shew love to our brethren deepens in our hearts the love of God. We have delightful accounts of Margaret giving herself to the care of the Hospital at Rugeley; a blessing seems to have come upon her as she waited by her mother's bedside in her dangerous illness last year.

I trust I may get some extracts of your letters into the *Record* newspaper so that all parties may sympathise in your Christian and happy work.

Dearest May, I pray that God's grace may ever shield, comfort, and strengthen you."

"*May* 29, 1878.

"It makes me thankful to God that you are at work with good Bishop Steere, though it makes my heart bleed to think of him left without proper support.

Mr. Body [the great Mission preacher] told Beatrice that he heard your work among the Arab

ladies was a successful part of the Missionary endeavour at Zanzibar.

I am sure you are continually looking upwards for guidance and thus you will influence those who come under your teaching; may you, as you give yourself to God, as you strive and pray to do His Will and if need be to suffer His Will, receive blessing from Him. What more can be desired for this dying life? The day will soon dawn with unutterable joy.

However we may be scattered here, if we strive through God's mercy to be united to our Lord, we shall be sure of a happy meeting at last in His life-giving Presence. Here am I, with every mercy round me, looking out on the shrubs and trees and lawn lit up by the sun. Although I sadly feel all my dear daughters being away, I am thankful, hoping that they are doing God's work. We have had great Mercies. I pray God that we may be made more and more sensible of the greatest Mercy, so that by His help we may live conformably to It."

"*September* 1878.

"I am thankful to God for your letter and for your work. We shall, as I trust, continually help one another forward by our Prayers.

"I have been interested reading Smiles' Life of George Moore, a successful merchant who began as a shop boy. During the last three years of his life he gave away sixteen thousand pounds a year, in works of piety and charity. His experience was that the more he gave the more he received. Yet he was ever careful to get a good return for the money he laid out in charity. When, of a morning, his begging letters came in, he was often riled, but quieted himself with the thought that his money was God's money and that he must seek to give it back aright to Him."

" *February* 3, 1879.

" We are pleased to get your interesting letter. May God Almighty watch over you and direct every thought, word and action for good; and bless abundantly the good seed sown. We know not how far the Divine Spirit may be working in the hearts of those who make enquiry about our Saviour. All hearts are in His hands. And if we use the means that He has given to us—if we study to fulfil His parting command, we may leave the issue to Him.

We have been thinking much of you, the Bishop away, your friend away, and one nurse taken to her rest, but you have our Lord by your side, and while by His help you lighten the sorrow of the world your work will not lose its reward.

May we by earnest prayer hold up your hands.

Richard Grier heard from Ellice Hopkins some praise of Beatrice; she said, ' She is full of energy yet strong in administrative judgement; there is none like her.' It rejoiced my heart. I thought how, under God's blessing, all your mother's children had turned out well.

An abandoned woman had come under Beatrice's teaching, she was willing to go into a Penitentiary but had two children to be provided for, so Beatrice arranged for the maintenance of them both. Miss Hopkins gave a graphic account of her carrying the boy to Dr. Barnardo, and the mother the girl elsewhere; of the little boy clinging to her as if he knew he had found a friend, and of his unwillingness to part with her when left at Stepney Causeway."

Beatrice was at this time managing her brother's house in Brompton Crescent, and giving herself with enthusiasm to Rescue Work in London. She was Hon. Secretary of the Pimlico Ladies' Association during the fifteen years of its noblest achievements. When her brother could spare her, she, too, went forth as a missionary, under the C.M.S., to Japan, and in

ten years laid down her life. The angels of Martyrdom and Victory are brothers. A short account of her, with her letters, full of holy zeal and interesting missionary exploits, have been published—*Our Sister Beatrice*—by Messrs. Rivington.

Allen continues:

"Sir Edmund Beckett[1] has written an able article on Herbert Spencer's agnosticism. He says Spencer's natural temperament was such, that many things other men got along with placidly gave him acute pain, or, as Sir H. Lucy puts it, he was perhaps the most irascible man who had ever been faced by the inconvenience of other people presuming to inhabit the same globe.

Sir Edmund has also published a little book against Professor Huxley's theories, for these people crawling on a grain of dust are unwilling to believe in any intelligent Being greater than themselves. He has given a lecture on 'How can the World evolve itself?' He says Ritualists are only Papists with every man his own Pope; and that Blomfield (the architect) has spoiled Trinity College Chapel with painting and gilding!

Lord Powis was out shooting with his brother-in-law, and by a mischance received shots in his thigh and hand; the results were not serious, but all were deeply moved. This happened on January 10th, the very same date on which his father was accidentally shot by one of his younger sons and died of his wounds.

Your account of Mrs. Pritchard is very touching. How much misery comes from war! I can hardly think of anything short of the invasion of one's country that could justify it."

"1879.

"When I was at Lichfield last week Mrs. Maclagan told me that when her uncle, Lord Barrington, was Chancellor of the Exchequer he

[1] Later, Lord Grimthorpe.

brought home a ten-thousand pound Bank of England note to shew some friends dining with him. It was handed round for inspection, but when the company were going to dinner the note was missing.

'Well, gentlemen,' said Lord Barrington, 'you may go to dinner, but if I cannot find this note I must leave the country to-night.' The note had been shuffled under some papers on the table and was in the end safely forthcoming. She also said that when Tom Raikes (a dandy born about 1770), a very ugly man, was told by Lord Glengall, famous for drawing a long bow, that he heard he was going to a fancy dress ball as Apollo, he replied at once, 'Yes, and I shall take you as my lyre (liar).'

I went with the Bishop to Stafford, where he was holding a devotional meeting with the clergy.

He gave a beautiful address on our Lord's words, 'Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you,' and called upon us clergy not merely to visit so many of our people, to preach so many sermons or to go so many times to the school, but to seek to bring forth fruit, fruit that should remain.

At Condover I met Lord Tollemache, Lord Aberdare, G. S. Venables, an eminent Parliamentary counsel who is commonly pitted against Sir Edmund Beckett. He said that the misfortune of being pitted against Sir Edmund is that he declares your clients to be always fools or knaves. Lord Aberdare talked about police; I said we ought to go back to 'stripes for the backs of fools.' Lord Tollemache talked of the division of the Diocese of Lichfield.

I hope and pray that God in His infinite mercy will continue to bless you more and more.

. . . . . .

The Report of the Archbishop of York's[1] speech at the opening of the Sheffield Congress

[1] Thomson.

seemed to me excellent, but the high church newspapers shew him little mercy. What was said there on the light thrown on Bible history by Assyrian and Egyptian monuments should help forward faith in the Bible, yet the atheists grow bolder every day. The line that Mr. Gladstone has taken about Bradlaugh doesn't appear right to me; surely he should not have been helped to proclaim himself an atheist before the House of Commons. The silence, too, about religion in our national system of education distresses me.

I went yesterday to Mr. Mundella, the new Vice-President of the Board of Education, to ask him if the Ministry could not formally recognize Holy Scripture as the storehouse of that knowledge which is most necessary for man. He said he entirely sympathised with me in theory, and wished some practical means of bringing the matter forward could be devised. When Mr. Forster's Bill passed he had spoken of his sense of the value of Holy Scripture in Education, and if I would write to him a plan he would carefully consider it. I do not know if I can produce any plan that he will consider worthy of attention."

"*February* 1879.

"Bishop Wilberforce's Life is candid in its revelations. He was continually desirous of setting forward true religion. In the Oxford Movement he separated from Newman and Pusey; at one time he wrote in *The British Critic*, but the Editor (Newman) saw he was not of their way of thinking. He held that the Catechism and Creeds are, after Holy Scriptures, our ultimate appeal in matters of faith; and that union with Christ by faith is the one thing necessary for spiritual life. The difference between a living faith and a dead faith he illustrates by two seeds: both appear alike, yet one may be dead and one alive; God sees the difference, and

when these seeds are planted the living seed sends up flowers and fruit, while the dead seed remains inert and perishes. When he asked his brother Robert to preach the sermon at his Consecration, he asked him not to dwell on his peculiar views, but on the more spiritual aspect of our ministry, the work of testifying of Christ and converting souls by the power of His name.

Robert's views led him at last to Rome.

Once, when sitting by Bishop Magee, Wilberforce had to propose the health of an Alderman Pigeon. Turning hastily to Magee he said, 'Alderman Pigeon? What can I say of him?'

'Oh!' said Magee, 'say that you hope he will die in a mayor's (mare's) nest.'

When the Foot and Mouth disease first broke out he asked this riddle, 'What is the most aggravated form of the Foot and Mouth disease?'

'Kissing the Pope's toe.'

One thing in the book is perhaps unequalled in literature, i.e. his Diaries and Letters when he lost his wife; out of this crushing sorrow he drew the best of blessings. These pages, eight or ten, ought to be printed as a comfort to mourners. His life shews that, notwithstanding all his acceptance in society (he was a great favourite at Court in the time of Prince Consort) his trials lay heavy on his heart, yet acutely as he felt them he bore them as a man would wish to bear them.

Bishop Maclagan told me that the year he died he was talking to him of his engagements, and after reckoning them on his fingers, Wilberforce said, 'Yes, and after June 18th I can make no further engagements,' meaning he must have rest. On June 18 he was taken to his Eternal Rest.

Thomas Carlyle said, when he heard of it, 'A glad surprise.'

Farrar's 'Life of St. Paul' I like better than his 'Life of Christ.' It will help many to appreciate St. Paul's teaching.

" 1880.

" I am thankful to God when I think of you and your work.

Here am I on Holy Thursday before our early Holy Communion sitting down to write to you. I cannot help feeling anxious about your health, but when we are turning our faces in the right direction to live is to do our Master's will; to die is gain. When the Bishop of Lichfield stayed here I asked his leave to invite the Congregationalist Minister and the Primitive Methodist Minister to breakfast with him; the Congregationalist Minister came and was courteous and pleasant; he is a true Christian gentleman, modest yet not shy.

At the Wrockwardine Chapter the subject was Home Reunion. I said we ought to keep our lips shut about Nonconformists; 'Judge not'—neither praise them, nor dispraise them.

We should pray for a blessing on the efforts of all who profess to be Christians; we should gladly work with them where we could, e.g. in the Bible Society, and we should show them acts of social kindness.

I heard a story of the King of Prussia; he doesn't look upon himself as made of finer clay than the rest of mankind, but has a great consideration for others. He went into a Prussian School and, holding out a rose, asked the children 'To what kingdom does this belong?' The answer came readily, 'To the vegetable kingdom.' Then, holding up his ring, he asked, 'To what kingdom does this belong?' 'The mineral kingdom.' Then, putting his hand on his breast, the aged Monarch asked, 'To what kingdom do I belong?' There was a pause. Perhaps some doubted whether he meant 'the kingdom of Prussia.' At last a little girl held out her hand; the King encouraged her to speak. 'To the Kingdom of Heaven,' she said. 'Ah, my child,' said

the King, 'if I become one of you I shall belong to that Kingdom.'"

"*27th July*, 1880.

"Greatly thankful am I that you are a healer of bodies as well as, I trust, a help in God's hands in the healing of souls. Four and a half years have past since we had you, dear May, with us face to face, but if by God's unspeakable mercy we can be united to our Lord we shall be with Him, and with each other in His unclouded Presence for ever in Paradise. This ought to fill our hearts with joy.

Your drawings in the margin of your letters are excellent; Thackeray used to make admirable drawings on the margins of his letters to Edward Fitzgerald, but E. F. G., fearing they might come into the hands of one who should publish them for their value, burnt them all.

England is so powerful and has such great responsibilities that she claims from us all help in every direction for Missions. Claudius Buchanan's life tells of his earnestly pleading at the beginning of this century that provision should be made for the Christian occupation of India if we are to preserve our power there."

"*Aug.* 1880.

"Although I do not contribute to Nonconformist Missions, I long for more unity of action among those who confess that the Eternal Son came into the world for our redemption and bore the punishment of our sins. I see more in Thomas-à-Kempis now than I ever saw before. I heard of a Captain nursed by you who thinks he owes his life to your care; whenever he opened his eyes you were at his side."

"14 Brompton Crescent, *May* 1881.

"I have come here for Convocation. It is a subject of thankfulness to God that you are enabled to work for Him.

On my way to Lichfield last week at Stafford I saw Mr. Gladstone in the train. He stretched out his hand, saying, 'I must speak to you of the Lichfield Book (*Sister Dora*, written by Margaret Lonsdale). He spoke in the warmest terms of the character drawn, and the skill shown in drawing it; when I left him at Lichfield I said, 'Mr. Gladstone, you delight in doing acts of kindness; write what you have just said to Canon Lonsdale. Your words will be very pleasant to him and to his daughter.' He said, 'I have written.'

The Bishop of Zanzibar has written to me; you must ask him to show you my letter. I only wish for the best blessings on you—and on your work; we ought to be able to give up all for our Master. I am greatly thankful that you went out, though I much disliked the idea of your going. But I had little idea of how God in His great mercy would bless your work. Your going out has certainly stirred me up to do more in speaking for Missions. We may humbly believe that the more we do in His service, the more God gives us the inclination to do; the reward of bearing fruit is the inclination and power to bring forth more fruit."

A man who had once spent in 1866 a pleasant afternoon with May, riding in the cork-woods of Spain, seeing Allen's name and address in the newspaper, wrote from America to inquire after "that bright-eyed companion." John Allen replied that his daughter was now a missionary, and all the five years she had been abroad no single murmur or word of complaint had come from her.

"*Nov.* 1880.

"At Condover Reginald Cholmondeley told us that in Parliament an Alderman Moon, having a grievance, was continually trying to get big men like Harcourt and Knightley to take up the matter.

Sir William said it put him in mind of Addison's lines, 'The Moon takes up the wondrous tale and Knightley to the listening earth repeats the story.' Once at Nuneham, a stately mansion where Harcourt's brother lived, Sir William was asked, 'Why is it that you are such an acid Radical when your brother holds this magnificent property?' 'Oh!' he replied laughing, 'if my brother would give me his property I would gladly make him a present of my opinions.'

An excellent clergyman, at times a little forgetful, who was marrying a couple, read by mistake the words of the wife to the husband. The bridegroom tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Doctor, I doubt not the facts will be so, but I prefer being married in the words of the Prayer Book.'"

"*Dec.* 1880.

"I strive and pray that I may not make of this earth my home; but I have had here so many blessings that I feel I do not as I ought set my affections on things above. I think of you and pray for you every morning, and especially every evening. May it be one of my practical convictions that in acts of love we are really in union with our Lord, one with Him and one with the Saints; so that, when our earthly career is finished, we may hope to be with Him for ever."

"*4th April,* 1881.

"I am glad to see the notices of our Mission work getting more and more into the newspapers.

Your dear Mother is well; if we are spared to the close of July we shall have had forty-seven years of happiness together, and we have had the joy of seeing all our nine children, as we trust, living to do God's work in the world. I ought to ask myself what can I render to God for all the benefits I have received. Great indeed is the mercy God has shewn us in giving us such

children. May our blessings draw us nearer to God. What a help your Mother has been to me! happy will be her portion when she meets our Lord face to face. We must not think of our removal in any other light than of our meeting with our perfect happiness. What men call death is to all true Christians the Gate of Joy. Let us pray that we may be found faithful unto the end. My prayer is that I may daily set my heart more and more on that Eternal Resting-Place where true joys are to be found.

It is an honour from our Master that you should be joined with Bishop Steere in his efforts to make the Holy Scriptures plain to the people."

"*May* 1881.

"In Convocation we each received a handsome gift of the Revised New Testament and two Greek Testaments with the revised text.

We should, I think, welcome the improvements in the Revised Version. I am sorry so many alterations have been made; some seem needless and insignificant. The enemies will take occasion by them to snarl and find fault with a good work for which we must thank God. As the oldest member present, I moved a vote of thanks for the Revised Version; Archdeacon Denison opposed with a scant following."

"*Jan.* 1882.

"I write these words on my knees in thankfulness to God and in prayer, that if it be His gracious will He may give us a happy meeting. I feel that it is desirable for your work that you should do all that you can to repair your strength. And your presence will invigorate your dear Mother and me. You will not see good Bishop Selwyn, but you have, as I feel assured, been blessed by the answers given to his, to dear Mrs. Selwyn's, and to Bishop Abraham's prayers.

I slept at Lichfield last Monday and heard a

story of Whitefield after he had quarrelled with Wesley, saying, when one of his adherents asked him, 'Shall we meet John Wesley in Heaven?' 'O! no, he will be far above us out of our sight.' Another story was of a lady who had a favourite gardener 'John,' and who, having quarrelled with every company of Christians, was finally reduced to worshipping with the gardener alone. Someone expostulated with her thus: 'Surely you cannot think the whole family of God consists only of you and John?' 'Well,' she replied, 'I have me doubts about John!'

You must expect, if God gives you an opportunity while you are at home, to do some work in shewing your sketches, and in speaking at Drawing-room meetings. We all of us need to be stirred up to take more interest in Missions; and our interest in Missions depends on the knowledge we have of what is being done.

With regard to finely dressed ladies, it seems to me a duty to preach a crusade against the tyranny exercised by a junta of Paris milliners over the dresses of English Christian women. I wish for a quaker-like simplicity of dress in those who believe in the teaching of our Lord.

The prospect of your coming is a great joy to me; six years' labour may well be crowned with a sabbath at home."

" 1881.

"It will be a great happiness to have you worshipping again in Prees church; and you must tell us for what church privileges you wish, so that they may be provided.

I have been pleased with Bishop Thirlwall's Life. The girls are reading out to us of an evening 'Middlemarch.' George Eliot is said to have received £10,000 for it, the largest sum ever given for a work of fiction. It is amusing, but shews the infidel tendencies of her mind and some other displeasing features. We left

'Romola' in the middle; I was made so wretched by it; one seemed to be watching the machinations of the Evil One.

You must have enjoyed the first volume of 'John Inglesant'; the second volume is wholly different in character. There was an interval of some twelve years between the writing of the two books. The teaching of the book may be the danger of surrendering our conscience to another."

In March 1882 May came home, and during that year her father's health so failed that he felt it right to resign his living, and accept the Mastership of St. John's Hospital, Lichfield, a religious Foundation for twelve old Brethren established in the days of King John.

When called to leave his parish he said, "This place has been a Paradise to me," for our best joys are found in communicating to others the joy we have made our own.

"*May* 1883.

"To-day is one of the most beautiful days of the year; the green of the trees, the lilac, the fair scenery make me feel how sad it will be to leave this place for ever at the close of June. But I must endeavour to fasten my affections on a better place. I feel that the relief from the pressure of this parish will be happy, though never had anyone kinder or more loyal parishioners. Not that they are what one would desire in spiritual matters, but in this respect a younger man will be of service."

In the early spring of 1883 May had returned to her work in Zanzibar.

John Allen to May

"20 *July*, 1883.

"We are all well, and if I can find time for no other words than those of loving affection to you,

these will be worth sending half across the globe. May the best blessings be with you and with your work now and ever.

The parting from Prees was a severe trial, I preached my last sermon June 24th, without any thought of its being my last. I had intended returning from town for July 1st, but my plan was frustrated.

The Bishop at the meeting of Church-workers at Wolverhampton used a happy illustration, saying: 'We are all familiar with tools; there are tools of various kinds, but a master can only use tools that are fit for his work. Some need much sharpening and brightening before they can be of service; so some of us may have to go through severe discipline before our Master can use us as He would.'"

An allusion to the suffering the severance from his parish cost him.

"Lady Martin has been taken home. Mrs. Selwyn could not go to her, for she was ill herself. She asked someone, 'What news? I only expect to hear what people call "the worst." Yet I am sure I do not know why it should be called the worst!'"

CHAPTER XXVI

ARTHUR FOLEY WINNINGTON-INGRAM (1858)

ARTHUR FOLEY WINNINGTON-INGRAM is one of a family of ten. His father, the Rector and squire of Stamford in Worcestershire, was a man full of bright spirits and fond of jokes; his mother, a handsome, dignified lady, is the daughter of Bishop Pepys. Arthur was of an affectionate disposition as a child; he would take his mother's hand out walking and say, "O mother, I do love you so." After being educated at Marlborough, as a scholar he went to Keble, where his high standard, his clean life, his sobriety, and attractive brightness changed the character of the College while he was there. He was nephew by marriage to William Lyttelton, and saw something of him as a boy.

When he took his degree, first in Mods, second in Greats, he was uncertain what line of life to pursue; he could not take Orders, being harassed by doubts, although he never gave up saying his prayers. While he was considering his vocation, he accepted a pleasant tutorship and went to Dresden to superintend the education of four lads. Their mother was a little startled, when she first saw him, by his youthful appearance. "Don't miss him on any account," said a friend who knew him at Oxford; nor did she wish to.

An incomparable teacher, he was for two or three years happy enough teaching all day and dancing three or four times a week, ever a welcome partner with his easy address, perfect dancing, and winning smile.

But a sharp attack of illness recalled him to his higher self, and about the same time a friend of his own age died. He was in England at the time and

followed the still form he had known so full of life and spirit up the long ascent of the Great Orme to the little church of St. Tudno that crowns it. Infinitude above and the blue ocean below, "In the centre of Immensities in the conflux of Eternities," he learned to realise the meaning of life, and never read Browning's "Grammarian's Funeral" without thinking of that ascent.

So, with an established faith in Him who holds the Keys of Life and Death—a man capable of rapture, with instincts for the godlike—acknowledging dependency divine, he took Orders in 1883. The motto "I serve" ever appealed to him. Nature, he said, must be forced to do violence to itself; self-denial is the passport to Heaven, and should be branded on lives laid down for a crucified King. A man ought to be ready to give up what seem to him important works for trifling services, and to learn that he has no right to some of his rights; the gate to Heaven is narrow, but by drifting the way to Hell is reached.

He set himself with ardour to work in Shrewsbury. Bacon says that a man discovers his own nature best in a new case or experience, for there custom forsakes him and he has a fresh opportunity of adjusting his best energies to his noblest purpose. All men value goodness above any or all other qualities; so his success was immediate and complete. Character consists in the subordination and self-fashioning of circumstances, turning possibilities into acquisitions. Day by day he applied himself to his task; in the morning he read and composed his sermons, in the afternoon he went from house to house visiting his people; compassion assumed with him the form of a master-passion, and he indulged it with a sublime disdain of the good advice the generous have to undergo from the judicious; his rule was to give as much as he could possibly afford, so as not to be at the mercy of his passing feelings. Before you drive in a nail, he said, it is better to bore a hole lest you split the wood: so prepare the way of kindness for the message you are sent to give. Conscious of no aims but such as might

invite the scrutiny of any man, he pursued them in his own happy fashion. Discord never agitated his eager heart, lassitude never brooded over it; those demons quailed at the aspect of a man in whose soul peace had found a resting-place, though his intellect was incapable of repose.

His tenderness with the dying was divine. Holding the trembling sufferer's hand in his, whispering to her to rest her soul on Jesus, he would pray, while her spirit passed, to God to support her in the Valley of Death and land her safe upon the further shore. And when, in long illnesses, some sufferer's pain became almost more than she could bear, he would tell her to send for him in the middle of the night that he might watch with her in her agony.

The sinful he would seek early and late. "When we see a man," he said, "we have known or passed in the street, standing before God's Judgment Throne, how the wish to help him will come to us then, yes, even if we had hated him before! To convince men of sin is hard; it is a good plan sometimes to take a commandment, e.g. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,' and say to a man 'have you done this?' or to remind him of the fig-tree in the Gospel and ask, 'What fruit have you borne?' this is better than speaking of particular sins which put men on the defensive. The way to improve ourselves is to feel deeply our want of improvement. In a deep sense of moral evil more perhaps than in anything else, abides the knowledge of God. Improvement is ever within the grasp of human effort."

The commonplace he would inspire, and rallied them into a devoted staff of district visitors.

His sermons in St. Mary's Church were a revelation to Shrewsbury; he knew how to adapt the shows of things to the desires of the mind. His text he gave out with authority as a message from God. A great sermon, remembered for years after he preached it, was on the True Vine. Having portrayed a dismantled vine dark against the sky, he asked after a moment's pause, "Is that vine a failure? ask the sick man."

Then, pointing to the extended arms of the cross, he asked again : " Is that Cross a failure ? ask the saints of old and the sinners of to-day." And in vibrating tones applied the lesson of the Cross to his people. " You are the branches of that vine ; is the vine careful of her leaves, her flowers, or her grapes ? Waste not your souls on pleasure, business, or popularity, draw up the life of that Cross into your life ; the Vine cannot bear fruit without her branches, your crucified Master needs you. Won't you work for Him ? Never mind if your earthly happiness is pruned away, the life of love is sacrifice. Self-sacrifice is no negative endurance ; it is the positive offering of a man's self to his Master. To give out is better than to receive ; yield all to Jesus, whatever He asks. Try and live so that if a soul you care for ever reach Hell it shall be over your mangled body, and, as you seek the Gate of Heaven, go not in empty-handed but stand there grasping some brand plucked from the burning. The long winter will soon be over, the time of reaping will come. Measure thy life by loss instead of gain, not by the wine drunk but by the wine poured forth ; love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice, and he that giveth most hath still the most to give." The aptly chosen quotation with which he concluded, well within the due fifteen minutes, was always magnificently recited.

Soon, however, a change came ; his fame reached the Bishop of the Diocese, who asked him to become his secretary and to be the Chaplain of St. John's Hospital, where Archdeacon Allen was now the " Master." Such a request could not be refused ; it meant much ; but it was unwelcome to his mood. So on a grey October day he drove into the sordid little city where he was to write episcopal letters in the morning, and on Sundays preach to twelve old men, some stone-deaf and others troubled with interrupting coughs. Letters he never liked writing, although he could pen them faster than anyone else ; perhaps this is the reason why, to like writing letters, a man must sit chatting pen in hand, and spend a happy hour with the friend he has summoned to his side.

However, with a heart fitted for Lichfield because fitted for every duty, he attached himself in his vigorous youth to the ebb of the current bearing John Allen to his eternal reward. A man's dignity is not found in space, but in the quality of his thoughts. He became a lecturer at the Theological College, and recognised at once the importance of the campaign to which he was called.

His kindness expanded with such a happy promptitude that he might have passed as the brother of every youth in the college; and, having won their friendship, he set himself to do them good. A man's unconscious is greater than his conscious influence. We help men more by what we are, he said, than by what we say; the one power is like light, the other like lightning. The way to do good is to be good, to take in great heartfuls of God and bear witness to Him, as the planets in the darkness of the night bear witness to the hidden sun. One young priest went back from his ordination with a totally new conception of the pastoral life.

He took up the work of the Archdeacon's daughters, teaching their Bible-class, and visiting the sick, the sinful, and the dying in their districts. Spiritual work is the highest occupation, and that most resembling his Creator's a man can busy himself with. At the Bible-class he taught the men that our daily work would be all joy could we but feel the love of the Son of God for us; "as the Father hath loved Me, *so have I loved you.*" "Do you think," he would say, "I could come here and talk to you without asking the help of the Lord Jesus before I came? Do what God wills, and soon God's Will will come to mean what you will. When you pray over your Bible and try to understand it, God will lead you to right conclusions. The virgins' lamps are the outside profession of holiness, the oil within is the Holiness of God. Loving one another means caring for one another's souls; in that short two hours after a long day's work seek souls for God. The talent God gives us has two sides to it: the power of helping men more, and the power

of growing more like God. At the Judgment Day we shall see things as they are." His power with souls was so great that a degraded sinner who had seen him but once pleaded within an hour of his death, "*Send that young man to me again.*"

Then came a check. A new Vicar was appointed to the parish, a well-meaning, unpopular man, who said he did not wish for help with his people; so a great spiritual power was driven away from them, with results disastrous to their souls and not without serious loss to him to whom God had given so much. Powers we do not use pass from us. An old woman in the parish, whose mother may have been present at the scene, reported that when John Wesley preached in Lichfield he was stoned by the people, and, as the blood streamed down his face he denounced the city, saying it would ever drive from its streets the messengers sent there by God. While the door was being shut on God's servant, the ministers of Satan were hard at work. A powerful bricklayer was preaching night by night in every public-house that "man dies like a dog"; another artisan was affirming that there was no devil and no hell; and, too, a Christadelphian enthusiast was propagating his doctrines; a welcome Wesleyan was visiting the sick-beds; and the Romanist priest was busy; the only voice the pastor could silence was the episcopally ordained minister of God. No Bishop can, by the laying on of his apostolic hands, transmit authority to any man to hunt away from his hungry flock the bearer of the Bread of Life.

However, Mr. Ingram's popularity as a preacher increased; he was called for hither and thither, and helped in the Derby Mission, the last of the great Missions; for sermons no longer ran on the eternal themes of the darkness of Hell, the craft of the Tempter, and the Saving Power of the Cross. Here he worked a little Mission Hall under Canon Draper, a missioner at one of the churches, a great Browning scholar, now Master of the Temple. The current of the felt presence of the invisible Master before whom he stood swept men's minds from their foothold into deeper waters

with a drift they could not, or would not resist. "When a funeral passes you," he said, "you heed it not, maybe, but some day that funeral will be your funeral, your body will be lying there, your soul standing before the Judgment Seat of God. When we speak to men of the justice of God they reply that 'God is merciful,' meaning that He is indifferent to sin. What must sin cost you? No torment can exceed the torment of an accusing conscience, and a man can do more harm in an hour than he can forget in a life-time. What does sin cost God? Look at the Cross and learn it there. Sin is atheism; if a man believed that the Holy Ghost has made his body His temple, sin would be impossible to him. Those earnest pleadings you have heard in the silence of the night or in an hour of trouble are Christ knocking at the door of your heart. When you sin you think God forsakes you, but He does not; He is seeking you, He is standing here in this church now before the altar ready to help you and make you holy; but some day He will come again to meet you as your Judge. Life is short compared to eternity, a short hour in which to earn eternal glory."

He always came back from such missions exhausted and ill, but Bishop Maclagan said a man cannot expect to go on to the battle-field and come back without a wound.

Mr. Ingram did, too, a good deal of reading at Lichfield. He was not exactly fond of reading, but he was a diligent and intelligent reader, and had won Canon Liddon's prize for ecclesiastical study at Oxford. Gibbon said he would not give up his love of reading for all the wealth of the Indies; a man of strong will can make himself read whether he likes it or no. While at Lichfield he read Maurice's Life, which is said to have had a deeper influence on the minds of the clergy than all his sermons; its publication in the eighties was an epoch in the Anglican Church. He asked the Archdeacon whether he advised him to read it. "Read Bishop Saunderson," was the reply; "men went to him to have their consciences awakened."

Mr. Ingram said it was often easier to find out what Maurice did not wish you to believe than what he did; but reading his life made him so love the man that he felt drawn to read his books.

In 1888 he was made the Head of Oxford House, and in ten years was Bishop of London.

CHAPTER XXVII

CONCLUSION

As for John Allen, the soul that had touched at many places and performed much business had now reached its goal; the long self-sacrifice of life was over. His life was work.

From Anna Allen to Miss Lisa de Bunsen

"St. John's, Lichfield,
Dec. 21, 1886.

"My dearest Lisa,

Thank you for thinking of us and for your beautiful letter. It is hard to begin life again without him. We all feel as if our standard of truth and righteousness had drifted out to sea. On Tuesday, when Beatrice helped me to venture into the chamber of awe, he looked like a war-worn Warrior who, having fought the good Fight and finished his course, was still suffering from the strife. On Wednesday a calm look of deep rest had hallowed his features and we thought of the verse, 'Lo, He giveth His Beloved Rest.' On Thursday the look had changed again into an expression of Divine Peace. 'The Peace of God which passeth all understanding.' On Friday, when we took our last Farewell of him as he lay there in his robes of office in the little Temple of his shell, there was a slight flush, as of the dawn, on his face, and a look of celestial Love. We could only say to each other 'Greater Love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' Life does not seem quite worth living

now he has gone, but when pleasure flies duty remains to us.

Ever yours very affectionately,

ANNA O. ALLEN."

On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Miss not the discourses of the elders.

EPILOGUE

"LET us now praise good men. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through His great power. There be of them that have left a name behind them, that their praises be reported. And some there be which have no memorial; which are perished as though they had never been.

"God hath chosen and appointed them to bring forth fruit—fruit that shall remain."

FINIS

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